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CHAPTER I.

VLACH WOMEN: THEIR SOCIAL STATUS AND ACTIVITIES—FAMILY CEREMONIES—BELIEFS AND SUPERSTITIONS—AND FOLK-POESY.

BEGINNING my account of the Women of Turkey with the women of the Christian nationalities, I shall deal with them in the order of the historic antiquity of these nationalities, as indicated in the foregoing *Introduction*. First, then, as to the Vlach Women. For the Vlachs appear, as has been pointed out, to have the best claim to be regarded as the representatives of the ancient Thrakian Stock of the Western Aryans. Now, we have every reason to believe that the Primitive Aryans of some 5000 years ago were nomad shepherds. And it is exceedingly interesting, therefore, to find that the best contemporary representatives of that ancient Thrako-Phrygian Stock from which first, perhaps, the Kelto-Italiots, and then both Greeks and Armenians, appear to have been off-shoots, are to this day characterised by their wandering habits, both as shepherds and as traders.

The Vlachs are, indeed, such an essentially pastoral race that their very name has become, among the surrounding people, a synonym for "shepherd." In this they are singularly unlike the Greeks, who are passionately attached to their native towns or villages,

and to the dwellings of their fathers. The Vlachs have their homes in the mountain villages, where they pass the winter, but all the rest of the year they wander in communities, with their wives and children and their united flocks and herds, often travelling long distances in search of pasturage. When on the road, they make use of their tents of black goat's hair, and carry all their goods and chattels in capacious bags of hair-cloth. A Vlach encampment is a very picturesque sight. The place chosen for it is generally the common, or green, found on the outskirts of every town and village. I remember especially a large encampment outside the Vardar gate of Salonica, under the picturesque towers and bastions of those old mediæval, and, in their foundations, pre-Hellenic, walls, which have witnessed so many a siege. While the men pitch the tents, the women and girls milk the sheep and goats, and prepare the evening meal. Arrived at the pasturage, which they rent from the villagers, or, in the case of Crown lands, from the Forest-inspectors, they build themselves huts or shealings of branches, set up their *stánia*, or sheepfolds, into which the flocks are driven every evening at milking-time, and prepare for some months of dairy work. The passionate fondness of the pastoral Vlachs for this wild, out-of-door life has given rise to a popular belief in the country that, if a shepherd attempts to adopt a settled life by purchasing a field and building a house, he will soon fall ill, his flesh will rot, and engender worms.

Even the Vlachs of the burgher class, who are not flockmasters, are mostly engaged in pur-

suits which require them to lead a more or less nomadic life. The wealthier class consists of merchants, who trade in Italy, Spain, Austria, and Russia, and who are often absent for periods extending over many years—a mode of life which they seldom renounce until obliged by age to do so. The inferior class of traders do not, as a rule, leave the Ottoman Empire, but travel with goods of all kinds for sale from one town or village to another, like the peddlers in England in the Feudal Period, when, as in Turkey at the present day, shops were few in towns, and non-existent in the country. And there is also another industrial class of Vlachs who go to the towns for the greater part of the year to work as tailors, embroiderers, gold- and silver-smiths, &c.

The homes to which these nomadic shepherds and wandering traders return are now, as has been said, in the mountains. Previously to the Ottoman conquest, the Vlachs occupied the plains of Thessaly in such numbers that the province acquired the name of "Great Wallachia," while Ætolia and Acarnania were called "Little Wallachia." But with the true Aryan hatred of servitude and passion for self-government, they preferred a life of hardship, with freedom, in the mountains, to one of comfort, with subjection, in the plains; and, retiring before the Turks, took up their abode in the ranges of Olympus and Pindus. Here they founded numerous large villages or townships, the most considerable of which are Vlacholivádia, "The Meadows of the Vlachs," on the west of Olympus, and Mezzovo, "Mid-mountain,"[1] in the

[1] According to Aravandinos, the name of this town is an abbreviation of Mesovouno—*Μέσο βουνόν*: *Συλλογὴ δημωδῶν ασμάτων, Πρόλογος.*

heart of Pindus. The former contains some four hundred houses and five handsome churches with bells, presided over by a bishop; while, grouped around on the neighbouring hills, are four other Vlach villages, surrounded by fields and vineyards. Mezzovo is the most picturesquely situated town it is possible to imagine, clinging to both sides of a sublime ravine, and overhung by the highest crests of Pindus, which tower so perpendicularly on either hand that not till long after sunrise is the *Prosélion* (πρὸς ἥλιον), or "sunny side" of the town, out of shadow. The opposite side is appropriately called the *Anélion* (ἄν ἥλιον), or "sunless." Several Vlach villages surround Mezzovo also; and the most remarkable of them is Kalyarites. The hill on which it stands is so steep that the highest houses are five hundred feet above the lowest, and the vertical streets are mere zigzag paths formed into steps. In these elevated situations the snow lies for five months of the year. The villages are inhabited in winter almost exclusively by old men, priests, women, and children. Under these circumstances, there is little communication with the surrounding country, and it is customary for each family to lay in a store of oil, rice, flour, and other provisions, and also a stock of firewood.

Another of the Vlach centres is Voskopoli, "the shepherd town." A large number of Vlachs are to be found in Albania, between Antivari and Dulcigno, and also in the mountainous districts near El Bassan and Berat. And their villages are scattered all through Macedonia, Thessaly, and Epirus. The total number of Vlachs inhabiting Macedonia is computed to be

some 500,000.[1] But there appear to be no trustworthy statistics of the total number of Vlachs in Turkey.

Yet, even in these mountain homes, the industry of the Vlach is conspicuous. Cornfields and vineyards clothe the hill-sides, and grapes, apples, and vegetables flourish in the gardens. The houses are small, but generally neat and well arranged, and in many cases also well furnished, according to native notions. Like those of Greek mountain villages, they are roofed with broad limestone slabs, which require, in addition to their other fastenings, heavy stones to keep them from being displaced by the furious winds to which these elevated regions are exposed, and which, in spite of all these precautions, frequently unroof the houses. The terraced gardens which surround every dwelling are well watered by streamlets from numerous fountains, which supply every part of the village with a pure cold water of which the inhabitants are justly proud. Hospitality is a marked characteristic of the Vlachs, who in this respect at least contrast favourably with the Greeks, the most inhospitable perhaps of all peoples. But though it is no uncommon thing to see a company of Vlach shepherds with their flocks, on the road to their summer quarters, it is rarely that an English traveller has an opportunity of seeing anything of the family life of this interesting people. Mr. Stuart Glennie, however, chanced to have such an opportunity; and I am indebted to the proof-sheets of his forthcoming work on *Ancient*

[1] Picot, *Revue d'Anthropologie*, tom. iv. p. 414.

Hellas for the following description of the household of a Vlach burgher at Mezzovo.

"Most snugly furnished, but in Eastern fashion, was the room in which I was installed by my Vlach, or, as he would have called himself, *Armeng*, host. There was neither chair nor table; but the floor was covered with thick, richly coloured rugs, the handiwork of the household; and along the wall on either side of the hearth, and under the windows, was a range of comfortable cushions. All the wall opposite the hearth was occupied by a most artistically designed and elaborately carved wardrobe, also of native workmanship; and thence the additional rugs, &c., were produced with which at night my bed was made up. . . . . While supper was being prepared, the usual Turkish service of coffee and cigarettes was preceded by the Græco-Slav service of preserves and a glass of cold water. For my evening meal, a Turkish *sofra*, or low round table, was brought in, and an excellent repast of various courses was served, of which I partook seated on my cushion on the floor, in the warmly coloured, brightly lighted chamber. Like the Vlachs generally, my hosts were handsome, pleasant, kindly people with innumerable pretty children. Among the bairns, particularly, the arrival of the stranger from the West appeared to cause great excitement and curiosity. But when their mother tried to put them out of the room, and away from the room-door, I begged that they might be allowed to remain. So, after a time, one after another they mustered up courage to approach, take my hand, kiss it, and press it to

their little foreheads; and I kissed their fair little faces in return."

The frequent and protracted absence of the men of the family to which I have just referred, naturally throws great responsibility and various duties on the women, and these give them a social independence and influence which they would not otherwise enjoy. For the legal status of the Vlach, as of all other Christian women, is determined by the Christian Law of Marriage, and that, as we know, enforces an absolute subjection of the wife to the husband, as the necessary consequence of the indissolubility of marriage, while it gives no rights whatever as against men to any other woman than a legal wife. The Christian law of the indissolubility of marriage has been greatly relaxed by the facilities given to divorce among the Roumanian compatriots of the Vlachs in the Trans-Danubian Kingdom. But there is a great difference of manners in this respect between the Roumanian Trans-Danubian town-folk, and Cis-Danubian village-folk. And such a difference of manners the reader will at once see must necessarily arise from the social conditions above described. In hard-working village-communities where the men are only at home for short periods, causes of divorce are not likely to arise.

But though there is thus a legal subjection of the Vlach women, the circumstances of their lives give them at once great responsibility and independence. Far away as the men of the family may be, each cottage and homestead has its little field or vineyard and garden, which must be culti-

vated, its harvest reaped, and the produce converted into winter provisions. The domestic animals must be tended, the sheep shorn, and the wool prepared for the loom which occupies a corner of every dwelling. The Vlach women excel in the manufacture of the thick cloth called *skouti*, used for clothing and domestic purposes, and they also weave the carpets and rugs of which the furniture of their houses chiefly consists. The daughters are from an early age accustomed to both domestic and out-of-door labour, and in their capacity of shepherdesses—*Vlachopoúlas*—figure frequently in Greek folk-song. The *Vlachopoúla* may often be seen returning from the fountain or the riverside, bearing on her back, besides a barrel of water, the load of wet linen which she has washed, a metal basin poised on her head, and her untiring hands occupied in twisting thread with a spindle. Nor does she lack time to embroider in bright wools and silks, dyed with her own hands, her picturesque native costume, or to knit and stitch with coloured wools the socks she sells to the shepherds.

The proceeds of these sales she invests in the coarse silver jewellery which she delights to wear on Sundays and festivals. It requires a strong frame to support the weight of the gala dress when completed with belt, collar, bracelets, and headgear of this alloyed metal. But such a frame is characteristic of these hardy daughters of the mountains, who are often tall, and always above the middle height, well-knit, well-poised, and incapable of fatigue. For the Vlach women are, as a rule, ex-

ceedingly handsome, with regular features, dark hair and eyes, and small hands and feet. The women of Voskopolis and Monastir, and those living in the neighbourhood of Lake Ochrida, are considered the most elegant and refined of all the Southern Vlachs. The "Voskopoliotissas" are distinguished by the fairness of their skins and their lighter-coloured hair. Their countenances are fine and open, their gestures and movements most graceful, and their demeanour is particularly affable and obliging. Speaking of the men of this town, M. Picot says, "They make use of elegant phrases and refined language to every one, even to their wives."[1] The women, however, notwithstanding their greater refinement, are as industrious as the other women of their race, and do not disdain to work in the fields, tend the flocks, and fulfil all the other multifarious duties which fall to their share.

The Vlach women submit cheerfully to their laborious life, and the wives of the traders willingly add to their many duties that of waiting on their husbands with the most assiduous attention during the short and rare periods they spend in the bosom of their families. No stranger, however, can command their services, for they have an invincible repugnance to leaving their homes, to which they are devotedly attached.

The women belonging to the more sedentary portion of the Vlach population may be said to be equally well educated with the Greek women of the country towns and villages; but their nomadic sisters

[1] *Les Valaques de la Macédoine*, Revue d'Anthropologie, tom. iv.

naturally receive little or no education. Previous to the union of the Principalities, in 1861, under the name of Roumania, the Greek language was alone taught in their schools and used in the services of the Church. Close contact and every-day intercourse with the surrounding Greek population had also Hellenised the men of some villages, and caused them to a great extent to abandon the use of their mother tongue. But, *Γυναῖκες αἱ περ μάλιστα τὴν ἀρχαίαν φωνὴν σώζουσι*[1] ("It is the women who retain the old forms of speech"); and the Vlach women, though conversant with Greek, still clung to their nationality and continued to use their soft Roumanian tongue. Bolintineanu, who was greatly struck by this conservatism, as other travellers have also been, remarks that, "If ever this people escapes from servitude, if ever it possesses a cultivated language, a literature, a history—in a word, a name—it will owe it to the women."[2] The language spoken by the Vlachs of Southern Turkey still differs little from that used in the kingdom of Roumania, save for a certain admixture of Greek words, referring more particularly to modern civilised life. And within a year of the creation of Roumania, a propaganda was organised with the object of substituting, in the Vlach settlements south of the Danube, the Roumanian for the Greek language in the churches and schools. The leader of this movement was Mr. Apostolu Margaritu, a Macedonian Vlach educated at Bucharest, who, despite Greek opposition and intrigue, succeeded in many places in exciting a national feeling in his fellow-countrymen, and in

[1] Plato, *Κράτυλος*, 74 (Bekker, t. iv.). [2] See Picot, as above.

inducing them to employ Roumanian instead of Greek teachers in their schools. This propaganda received a fresh impulse on the elevation of Roumania to a kingdom in 1877, by the appointment of a Roumanian Consul-General at Salonica, which city immediately became the head-quarters of an active rivalry between the two nationalities.

The customs of the Vlachs at the birth of a child do not differ materially from those of the Greeks. The Nereids feared by the latter on these occasions are merely replaced by the *Stringæ* (στρίγγοι), who, like them, are wicked spirits bearing ill-will especially to new-born infants. It is usual for those in attendance to cast a stone behind them with the words, "This in the mouth of the *Stringæ!*" The baptism is also performed according to the rites of the Orthodox Church, described at length in the chapter on Greek Family Ceremonies.[1]

Although the Vlach communities, in Thessaly and Macedonia especially, maintain, as I have already mentioned, various social relations with the Greeks, they do not to any great extent intermarry with them. Indeed, it is said that while the Vlach men occasionally take Greek brides, no Vlach girl ever marries out of her own community. But the customs connected with marriage among the Vlachs, with the exception, of course, of the religious rite, differ materially from those observed by the Greeks, and bear a considerable resemblance to the ceremonies of the ancient Romans. A young man,

[1] See below, Chap. III.

wishing to marry, employs no go-between, but goes in person to the father of the maiden of his choice, and asks his permission to wed his daughter. If he is considered an eligible match, the father assents, and the suitor ratifies the contract by opening his purse and placing some pieces of gold in the hand of his future father-in-law. A similar sum is also paid on the wedding-day, and recalls the *Coemptio* customary among the ancient Romans. The bride brings no dowry to her husband, only a trousseau and "plenishing," which she has herself manufactured from the raw material supplied by the flocks and fields, dyed in brilliant and lasting colours, and embellished with thick embroidery.

The preliminaries settled, the betrothal is publicly announced in the *stani*, or village sheepfold. A week before the day fixed for the commencement of the marriage festivities, the girls of the village go in a troop to the forest to cut firewood for the use of the young couple. They choose at the same time a branch having at its extremity five twigs. On one they fasten an apple, and on the other four, tufts of red wool. The apple is an emblem of love and maternity, and the wool is symbolical of the household thrift and industry which are the glory of every Vlach woman. This *flamboro*, as it is called, is carried in triumph back to the village, accompanied by shouts of "*Troé, flamboro ! Troé, cokkella !*" when it is fixed on the roof of the bride's abode. The home ceremonies attendant upon a wedding occupy several days, and, as with the provincial Greeks, are made the occasion of great merry-making by the village

maidens, who are invited to dress and adorn the bride for the ceremony, and to assist in the various domestic preparations for the important event.

On the Sunday of the wedding week the bridegroom goes, accompanied by his friends, to fetch home the bride to his father's house. On the morning of this day, while some of the girls are busy "busking the bride," others assemble, dressed in their holiday costumes, at the bridegroom's home, and while he is being carefully shaved for the auspicious occasion, they dance round him, singing wedding songs. The marriage which, so far, has taken rather the form of a sale, the singers now transform in fancy into something like a wedding by capture.

He found the maiden all alone,
Beneath a willow-tree;
And lightly took her 'neath his arm,
And with her far did flee.[1]

The bridegroom's toilet completed, he sets out on horseback, escorted by a number of friends on foot, for the abode of his betrothed. The arrival of the procession is announced by one of the party, who starts a little in advance of the rest. In return for his news the herald receives at the cottage door a large ring-shaped cake, for pieces of which a struggle ensues as soon as the other young men come up, the original possessor doing his best to retain it. The bride, bedizened in all her wedding finery, is led forth and mounted on a horse, and accompanied by her own friends in addition to those of the bridegroom,

[1] Heuzey, *Le Mont Olympe*, &c.

is conducted to her new home. On the arrival of the procession at its destination, a similar struggle takes place for a cake presented by the bridegroom's mother to the messenger who announces the approach of the bridal party. A singular rite of purely Latin origin is now performed by the bride. As she is lifted from her horse at the threshold, butter or honey is handed to her, with which she proceeds to anoint the door, signifying that she brings with her into the house, peace, plenty, and joy. The word *uxor*, originally *unxor*, is derived from *ungere*, "to anoint." A commentator on Terence thus describes this ceremony: "Uxor dicitur . . . . ab ungendis postibus . . . . hoc est quod, quum puellæ unberunt, maritorum postes unguebant."[1] The bride respectfully salutes her future father- and mother-in-law by kissing their hands before the assembled company, and is then conducted to a sofa corner, where she passes the night. On the following day the marriage ceremony is performed according to the rite of the Greek Church.[2] Feasting and dancing occupy the remainder of the day, and are resumed at intervals until Wednesday evening, when the wedded couple are left alone for the first time. On the following day the young wife may be already seen busily spinning or working at her loom in the open air, still dressed in her wedding costume.

As members of the Orthodox Church, the Vlachs have assimilated all the Christian, and many of the classical, observances of the Greeks relating to death. They still, however, retain among their funeral

[1] Heuzey, *Le Mont Olympe.* [2] See Chap. III.

customs some which would appear to be survivals rather of Roman, than of Greek, pagan rites. The Lares, for instance, are still honoured on the anniversary of the saint under whose special protection each family is placed. On the days previous to these celebrations the house undergoes a thorough cleaning and whitewashing, the furniture is scrubbed and polished, and the mats and rugs are shaken and beaten, and everything is washed that will bear washing. The day is observed as a festival, and the poorest family will spread a table with dishes prepared specially for the occasion. While these are being partaken of, allusion is made to deceased relatives, to whom invocations are addressed by name. They are prayed to seat themselves at the table, where covers are laid for them, and to take their share of the good things prepared in their honour. This custom bears in some of its features a strong resemblance to the ceremony of the *Saïa*, hereafter described,[1] and in others to the family festivals, observed by the Greeks. Another pagan festival which the Vlachs, in common with the inhabitants of Roumania, celebrate in honour of the dead, is the *Rusalŭ* or *Rosalia*. This festival is held in summer, and every day of the six weeks during which it is prolonged, a tribute of fresh roses is laid on the graves of departed relatives and friends. Women and girls are careful not to wash anything in warm water while the feast of the *Rosalia* lasts, as this would be sure to bring them ill-luck. This may, perhaps, have some reference to the warm

[1] See Chap. III.

water with which it is customary to wash the dead.

The Christianity of the Vlachs, like that of the Greeks, consists chiefly in keeping fast and feast days, in the adoration of saints, holy pictures, and relics, and in the observance of all the legendary customs by which the events of the ecclesiastical year are honoured. These customs, though in the main similar to those of the neighbouring Greeks, differ somewhat in their details, and others are identical with the religious folk-customs of the Trans-Danubian Roumanians.

On New Year's Day the children take olive-branches and go from house to house to compliment the neighbours with their good wishes, in return for which they receive little presents. On the second day of the year, every stranger who may enter a house is required to throw on the fire small quantities of salt, which are placed in cups on the table for that purpose. He must then go to the hen-house and placé an egg in the nest for the hen to sit upon. If the hen comes and does her duty, the guest is considered an auspicious person, and is fêted in that house until evening. This custom is called "The lucky foot."

"The Feast of the Kings" is celebrated at Epiphany, and even all through the Carnival, by boys and youths who stroll through the towns and villages performing a Scriptural play, something in the style of the "Miracles" of the Middle Ages. These players, called *Vikliemi*, or "Bethlehems,"

personate Herod and the "Three Kings," or "Wise Men," under the names of Melchior, Balthazar, and Gaspar. Bedecked with all kinds of frippery, and crowned with gilt paper, they present an absurd travesty of the poetical old legend of the Adoration of the Magi, all the original sacred character of the custom having disappeared in the ludicrous extravagance which now accompanies its observance. The following is a literal translation of one of the verses sung by Herod:

I am the Emperor Herod,
Who have mounted on horseback.
I have taken my sword in my hand,
I have entered into Bethlehem,
I have cut to pieces thousands of children,
And made the whole world to tremble.

Other bands, called *Stea*, or "Stars," make the round of the neighbourhood, carrying a great paper star with a rude representation of a cradle, and singing songs describing the apparition of the Star of Bethlehem.

Another custom which the Vlachs observe in common with the Roumanians of the kingdom is the *Filipi*. During the first weeks of Lent, cakes are made in every house and distributed to the neighbours and passers-by in memory of a legendary lame individual named Philip (Filipŭ celu schiopŭ), whom popular reverence has raised to the rank of a saint.

Thursday and Friday are still to a certain extent, as among the ancient Romans, sacred to Jupiter and Venus. During part of the spring of every year Thursday is observed as a holiday, in order to

guard against hail and stormy weather which would damage the young crops. Tuesday and Friday are both considered unlucky days by the women. A vindictive female spirit, called the *Marz Sara*, or "Fairy of Tuesday Even," is particularly active on the former day, and must be guarded against; and on the latter day women and girls avoid, if possible, working with sharp instruments, such as scissors or needles.

The procession of the *Perperuda*, which I shall have occasion to describe more at length in a subsequent chapter,[1] is also an institution among the Vlach women. They, however, have their children drenched by proxy in the persons of gipsy girls. The third Thursday after Easter is the day chosen for this propitiation of the Water Deities. Crowned with flowers, the gipsies go from house to house, dancing and singing the invocation, and every housewife, after throwing over them a jar of water or milk, rewards their exertions with a cake, some flour, or a small coin.

The ceremony of the *Klithona*, observed by the Greeks on St. John's Eve,[2] is also performed by the Vlach youths and maidens under the same name, but with slight differences of detail. While the articles are being taken out of the jar, little snatches of song are sung by the girls, and good or bad luck is predicted according to whether the object has been withdrawn to a gay, or to a melancholy air.

The custom called the *Craciunŭ*, observed on the eve of Christmas, would seem to be, like our baking

[1] See Chap. IV. [2] *Ibid.*

of mince-pies, a survival of the Feast of the Winter Solstice. On the night of the 23rd or 24th of December, circular cakes with a hole in the centre are made in every house, and in the morning the children come round singing this Christian salutation:

Good morrow, the advent of the feast!
Good morrow, the advent of the *Craciunŭ*.

Then, changing their tune, they recall the Pagan character of the custom by adding these words:

Give to me a ring-cake,
For I am dying of cold!

A relic of ancient serpent-worship would seem to survive in the consideration paid by Vlachs to that reptile. If one of the harmless white snakes common in the country happens to enter a Vlach cottage, it is allowed to remain unmolested and supplied with food, its arrival being considered a good augury. When it has again gone forth, snake dainties are placed outside the door, and finding itself so well treated, it not unfrequently gets into the habit of paying a daily visit, when it receives the title of *Serpa di Casa*, or "house serpent."[1]

It is customary among the Vlachs of Thessaly, and also to a certain extent among those of Albania and Macedonia, to administer on a certain day in February a beating to all the dogs in the village in order to prevent their going mad during the ensuing summer. I have not, however, ascertained that this curious precaution, which is also observed by the Bulgarians, has the desired effect on the dogs, whose

[1] Todorescŭ, *Incercari Critice*, &c. See also Picot, *Les Roumains*, &c.

howls during the operation are certainly calculated to drive mad any unlucky auditor.

In the folk-poesy of the Vlachs, as in their folk-customs, the influence of long contact with Slavs and Hellenes is seen in the large admixture of Slav and Greek mythology with that which the Vlachs have in common with the ancient Romans. Under the names of *Babū* and *Stringa* we have the malevolent Nereid of the Greeks and the *Strouga* of the Bulgarians. The *Znok* is directly borrowed from the Slav demonology, in which he appears as an elemental demon of the same character as the Greek Stoicheiòn. This spirit is also the jealous guardian of hidden treasures, and wily and daring indeed is the mortal who succeeds in outwitting him. Sometimes, as in the Bulgarian folk-songs, he appears as a winged dragon and carries off young maidens into the clouds, with which he is also identified. Some of the *doïnas*, as the Roumanian popular ballads are called, contain, like those of the Greeks and Bulgarians, an element of rugged savagery, here, however, accompanied and in a degree modified by the poetic grace which is characteristic of Roumanian folk-literature. The ballad of the "Monastery of Argis," while illustrating the widespread custom of offering a human sacrifice at the foundation of every important building, at the same time presents us with two types of men—Negru Voda, the *boyard* who founded the principality of Moldavia in the thirteenth century, the ruthless and capricious tyrant; and Manoli, the master-mason, the man of

strong affections, who is yet capable of sacrificing everything in order to fulfil the task he has undertaken.

Many of the ballads are purely idyllic, and are full of the graceful personalising of Nature so often found in Greek folk-song. The Roumanian language possesses such cadence and harmony that in poetry rhyme can be, and is, dispensed with. The words ending in *e*, with which the lines so frequently terminate throughout a poem, are merely an accident of the language, and do not constitute a rhyme. For this, as in French, the preceding syllable is required. I have, consequently, in translating specimens of the *doïnas*, from Mr. Alecsandri's collection, followed his example in translating them into French; and, instead of cramping the expression by attempting to present them in metrical form, I have rendered them literally into poetical prose.

The Ring and the Veil.

There was once a prince, young and handsome as forest-pine on mountain-summit, who took for his wife a girl from the neighbouring village, a lovely Roumanian whom all adored, and who could be compared only to the flowers of the field which shine in the sun's rays.

But soon there came an order from the king his father, a written order commanding him to return to the camp. Sadly and mournfully he thus addressed his partner:

"My well-beloved! my soul! take this ring and

wear it on thy finger. When thou seest the rust gather upon it, know that I am dead."

"O! my dear one, take thou this silken veil with the border of gold broidery. When the gold shall melt, know thou that I am dead."

The prince mounted his horse, and started on a long march. Arrived in the depths of an ancient forest, he kindled a great fire near to the Fountain of the Raven. He put his hand into its bosom, and drew forth the silken veil. At the sight of it his heart broke with grief.

"My friends," he said, "my dear companions in arms, brave children of the *Zméï*,[1] halt here to dine, and rest in the shade of this forest. I will return to the village to look for my two-edged sword which I left on the green table in my house."

So said, he retraced his steps. On the road he met a warrior mounted on a little horse.

"Hail, young hero! What news is there in the country from which thou comest?"

"If thou must needs be told, my lord, know that this news might perhaps be good for another, but for thee it is fatal. Thy father has devastated the country, and drowned thy wife in a wide and deep pond."

At this news the prince shed bitter tears, and said: "Young man, take thou my horse and go to my father. If the king ask thee where I am, say that I have sought the shores of the pond, and have thrown myself into its waters to rejoin my young wife, my well-beloved!"

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[1] Plural of Zmok. See p. 22.

The father assembled all the men from the country side to drain off the water from the pond; and when the pond was emptied he found the two children lying on the sand in a tender embrace; their hair shone like gold and their cheeks were rosy red. The king placed their bodies on richly covered biers, and had them interred near the church, the prince near the holy altar towards the east, and his bride near the door towards the west. And from the grave of the prince soon grew up a tall pine-tree, which bent over the church; and from the grave of his young wife sprang up a vine-stem, whose pliant shoots climbed along the walls until they met the pine's branches, with which they lovingly interlaced themselves.

The Cuckoo and the Turtle-dove.[1]

"Dear Turtle-dove, sweet bird, be my love till Sunday!"

"I would not say thee nay, but I say nay to thy mother, who is a wicked witch. She would reproach me ever for loving thee too much and caressing thee too often."

"Sweet Turtle-dove, be not mine enemy. Love me till next Sunday."

"No, dear Cuckoo, I will not listen to thee. Let me live in peace, or I will change myself into a little

[1] These two birds appear very often in Roumanian popular poetry. The cuckoo is regarded with a certain mysterious respect by the country people, and his note is considered a good or bad augury according to whether it is heard on the right or the left.

cake of white bread, moist with tears, and hide me among the ashes on the hearth."

"Whatever thou wilt do, and whatever thou wilt become, I will not leave thee alone; for I too will change myself into a little shovel, and though I may be consumed by the fire, yet will I seek thee among the ashes, and shield thee from burning. Then I will refresh thee with my breath, and cover thee with kisses, so that thou must perforce be my love, beloved Turtle-dove!"

"I would not say thee nay, but I say nay to thy mother, who is a wicked sorceress. She would reproach me ever for loving thee too much, and would throw evil spells upon me, so that I could no more caress thee. And rather than be the butt of her fault-finding, and rather than be bewitched, I would change me to a bending reed, and hide me in the bosom of a mere to escape thy pursuit."

"Whatever thou wilt do, and whatever thou wilt become, thou shalt not escape me. For I, too, will change myself into a shepherd, a player on the pipe, and I will seek in the mere for a slender reed of which to make me a flute. Then shall I see thee, and I will cut thy stem, and my lips shall cover thee with kisses. So that perforce thou must be my love until Sunday, dear Turtle-dove!"

"No, I will not listen to thee, dear and pretty grey-plumaged Cuckoo. I know how sweet life would be with thee. But, alas! thy mother is so wicked. Rather than live with her, I would change myself into a little *eikon*, and, hidden in the recesses of the church, think ever of thee."

"Whatever thou wilt do, and whatever thou wilt become, I will not leave thee in peace. For I, too, will transform myself into an acolyte or a deacon, and I will be so pious, so pious, that I shall come every day to church, from Monday to Sunday, to bow before the holy pictures and to kiss thee,[1] so that perforce thou must be my love, dear Turtle-dove!"

The Sun and the Moon.

Brother![2] one day the Sun took a fancy to be married. For nine years he, drawn by nine horses, rushed over sky and earth with the swiftness of an arrow or of the wind. But in vain did he fatigue his steeds. Nowhere could he find a spouse worthy of him, nowhere in all the universe did he see one who rivalled in beauty his sister Helen,[3] the beautiful Helen, with the long golden tresses. The Sun, when he met her, thus spoke to her:

"My dear little sister Helen, Helen with the long golden tresses, let us go and plight our troth together, for we resemble each other in our hair and in our features, and in our incomparable beauty. I have shining rays, and thou golden tresses. My face is resplendent, and thine is radiant."

"Oh, my brother, light of the world, thou who art free from all sin, such a thing as a brother and

[1] It is customary in the Eastern Churches to kiss the *eikons*, or holy pictures, after making the usual reverences before them.

[2] Roumanian ballads frequently commence with an invocation to some person or object. "Green darnel leaf" is a common introduction.

[3] Helen is the favourite heroine of all popular Roumanian stories and songs.

sister married together was never before seen, for it is a sin, a grievous sin."

At these words the Sun was darkened. He mounted to the throne of God, and bowed before the Lord and said:

"Holy God, our Father, the time has come for me to marry. But, alas! I have not found in the world a spouse worthy of me save my sister, the beautiful Helen with the golden hair."

The Lord God heard him. Then He took him by the hand and led him to Hell in order to terrify his heart, and afterwards to Paradise in order to enchant his soul, and thus He spoke to him (and while God spoke the sky shone gladly and the clouds had disappeared):

"Sun, O radiant Sun, thou who art free from all sin, thou hast visited Paradise and thou hast passed through Hell. Choose between the two."

But the Sun answered gaily: "I choose Hell while living, if so be that I dwell no longer alone, but with my sister Helen, Helen with the long golden hair."

* * * * *

The Sun descended to earth, he alighted at the house of his sister, and ordered them to make ready for the wedding. He decked the forehead of Helen with the golden bridal threads,[1] and placed on her head a royal crown. He dressed her in a diaphanous robe embroidered with fine pearls. Then they two repaired to the church. But during the wedding ceremony—woe to her! woe to him!—the lamps

[1] One of the usual wedding adornments. See Greek weddings, Chap. III.

went out, the bells fell down, the choir stalls were overturned, the tower trembled to its foundations, the priests became dumb, and their vestments fell to pieces. The unhappy Helen was terror-stricken; for suddenly—woe to her!—an invisible hand seized her, bore her aloft into space, and dropped her into the sea, where she was immediately transformed into a beautiful golden fish. The Sun, too, grew pale, and reascended into the blue vault. Then, sinking towards the west, he, too, plunged into the sea to seek his sister Helen, Helen with the long golden tresses. But the Lord God, who is blessed in heaven and in earth, took the fish in His hand, threw it again into the air, and transformed it into the Moon. And then He spake (and when He spoke the whole world shook, the waves of the sea were still, the tops of the mountains bowed themselves, and men trembled with terror):

"Thou, Helen with the long golden tresses, and thou, resplendent Sun, ye who are free from all sin, I condemn you to all eternity to gaze on each other in the sky without ever being able to meet or overtake each other in the blue vault. Follow each other then for ever across the sky, and give light to the world!"

CHAPTER II.

GREEK WOMEN: THEIR SOCIAL STATUS AND ACTIVITIES.

FOLLOWING the order the reasons of which have been indicated in the Introduction, we come next to the Greek women of Turkey. Physically, as well as mentally, the Greek women of to-day often exhibit the more characteristic traits of ancient Hellenic types, and forms of almost classical purity are to be met with, not only in free Hellas, but also in all parts of the Ottoman Empire. There still may be seen the broad, low forehead, the straight line of the profile, the dark lustrous eye and crimson lips (the lower one slightly full), the firm chin, and rounded throat. The figure is usually above the middle height, if not "divinely tall;" the carriage erect and graceful; the hands are small, and the feet often exhibit the peculiarity noticeable in ancient statues of the second toe being the same length as the first. In certain localities, and more particularly in Macedonia, the Greek type has much deteriorated from admixture with Slav and other elements. It has, however, remained almost perfect in many of the islands, and some of the finest specimens of the race are to be found in Asia Minor, not only on the sea-board, but in many towns and

villages of the interior, where, at the beginning of the century, the Greeks had become so denationalised as to have lost the use of their mother tongue.

In the capital, and in European Turkey generally, every Greek considers himself as much a *Hellene* as are the dwellers in the free Kingdom. The Greeks of Asia Minor, however, still, as a rule, designate themselves *Romeots* (Romans), a term which included in Byzantime times all the subjects of the Eastern Empire. But the development of national sentiment, which has resulted from the spread of education, is causing this name to be gradually superseded by the classic designation, and it will no doubt be soon altogether abandoned.

The social position of women is, of course, chiefly determined by the law of marriage of the established religion. Hence, among the Greeks, as among all the other Christian nationalities of Turkey, the social position of women is, first of all, determined by that Christian law of marriage which abolished the old rights and privileges enjoyed by the women of the Roman Empire, and introduced the subjection of the wife to the husband in an indissoluble marriage. By the Greek Church, however, this general Christian law was modified so long ago as the eleventh century, when the Patriarch Alexius permitted the clergy to solemnise the second marriage of a divorced woman if the conduct of her first husband had occasioned the divorce. And at the present day little difficulty is experienced in dissolving an incompatible union without misconduct on either side, and whether the suit is brought by husband or wife. The case is tried

by a Council of Elders, presided over by the Archbishop of the diocese, who hear all the evidence *in camera*, thus avoiding the scandal attaching to divorce cases in the West.

It must, however, be said that the privilege of divorce among the Greeks is rarely made use of without good and serious reasons, both social opinion and pecuniary considerations weighing strongly against it, and in all my long acquaintance with persons of this nation, two cases only have come to my knowledge. For though Greek matches are, to a great extent, *mariages de convenance*, marital dissensions are extremely rare, especially among the upper and middle classes. The Greek men, besides being good sons and brothers, are exemplary husbands, and the women in their turn are the most devoted of wives. There exist, too, as will appear elsewhere, considerable remains of patriarchal customs, even among the wealthy and educated classes. One of these is that the sons, on marrying, often bring their wives to the paternal home. The mother, on the death of her husband, is not banished to "the dower house," but retains the place of honour in the household, and receives every mark of attention and respect, not only from her sons, but from their wives, who consider it no indignity to kiss her hand, or that of their father-in-law, when receiving their morning greeting or evening benediction. And in these irreverent days it is very refreshing, on visiting a Greek family, to see the widowed mother at the head of the table, and remark the deference paid to her by her son and her daughter-in-law.

The degree of seclusion observed by the Christian women of Turkey has always varied according to external circumstances, and would appear to be due rather to the considerations for their safety, necessitated by their peculiar position among peoples of alien race and creed, than to any desire on the part of men for their "subjection." And that this is really the case is, I think, proved by the fact that not only have the women of Greece, since their emancipation from Turkish rule, enjoyed the same freedom as other European women, but that, in the Ottoman capital, and more especially in "Smyrna of the Giaours" (*Giaourdi Izmir*), where the Muslim element is in the minority, and where there is consequently little or nothing to fear from Turkish licence, this seclusion is now a thing of the past.

The heroism which the War of Independence called forth in the Greek men was shared by their mothers, their sisters, and their daughters. During the whole of this stirring period the women shared the trials and combats of the Hellenes as they had done the glory of the Cæsars. The struggle had really begun long before the outbreak of 1821, and bands of *Armatoles* (ἄρματολοι) had maintained their independence in the mountains of Agrapha, where they were frequently joined by refugees from Turkish injustice. The domestic history of these troubled times is recorded in the folk-songs of the suffering people, and to these spontaneous outbursts of untutored feeling we must turn to hear how the wife of the Klepht chieftain awaited with feverish impatience for news of her husband, or lamented him

dead; was carried a captive to the harem of the Turkish general; or, rather than submit to such a fate, precipitated herself and her child over some precipice.

"The wives of the Klephts," says a Greek historian,[1] "are worthy to be extolled for their courage and virtues. When their husbands were setting out on a military expedition, it was they who girded them with their swords, gave them a parting kiss, and prayed for their victorious return. Often their towns and villages were besieged by the enemy, when women and girls bravely came to the aid of their fathers, husbands, and brothers. The Mainote women specially distinguished themselves by their Spartan-like heroism. On the approach of the Turkish soldiers the women and girls left their villages, and, lying in ambush in the mountain passes, and in the vicinity of the roads, kept up a constant guerilla warfare against the invaders. One of these amazons, Helen, the niece of a magnate of Kytherías, was visited by M. Pouqueville in the castle or tower of that name, where she lived surrounded by a number of the women whom she had formerly led to battle. Another leader of the insurgents, Christos, had among his forces a company of twenty amazons, including his own sister, who was wounded while fighting with the Turks. Such was the respect with which these women were treated by their fellow-combatants, that a German musician was shot dead by the captain for venturing to address an insulting remark to one of them.

[1] Neroulos, *Hist. Moderne de la Grèce*, partie iii. ch. i.

Two of the most renowned heroines of the time were Constance Zacharías and Modéna Mavroyennis. On the outbreak of the insurrection, the former planted the standard of the Cross on her house, and called upon all patriotic women to join her. Numbers responded to her appeal, and, after receiving the benediction of the Bishop of Helos, she led them against the Turks, who retired into the castle of Christea. The amazons then proceeded to Londari, where they tore down the crescents from the mosques, and set fire to the house of the Turkish *voivode*, who fell beneath the sword of their leader.

The father of Modéna Mavroyennis had been strangled by order of the Pasha of Eubœa, and after his death she took refuge in Mykóné. When the call to arms roused the patriotism of the Peloponnesus, Modéna incited her friends in Eubœa to revolt, promising to marry the conqueror of the Ottomans. Such was the effect of her eloquence on the Mykonians that they equipped and despatched four large war vessels as their contribution to the Hellenic fleet. And when the Algerian ships disembarked their soldiers on the shores of Mykóné, crying, "Death to the Giaours!" it was Modéna who, with the band of patriots she had hastily collected, drove them back to their ships with the loss of their leader.

During the long siege of Missolonghi the women and girls aided the defenders by bringing materials of every description to stop the breaches made by the Turkish artillery, directed—shameful to say—by European officers. The chief women of the be-

leaguered town drew up and signed a petition, which they addressed to the Philhellenic ladies of Europe, entreating them to use their influence with their respective Governments to prevent this partisanship of the strong against the weak, and describing in touching terms the sufferings of the brave defenders. "Most of us," they wrote, "have seen mothers dying in the arms of their daughters, daughters expiring in the sight of their wounded fathers, children seeking nourishment from the breasts of their dead mothers; nakedness, famine, cold, and death are the least evils witnessed by our tear-dimmed eyes. Most of us have lost brothers and sisters, many are left destitute orphans. But, friends of Hellas, we assure you that none of these evils has touched our hearts so profoundly as the inhumanity manifested towards our nation by those who boast of being born in the bosom of civilised Europe." This touching appeal was, however, without avail. After a siege of eleven months, maintained by a garrison of 5700 men against an army of a hundred thousand, a sortie was attempted. Two detachments succeeded in forcing the Turkish lines, but the third, after losing three-fourths of their number, were driven back with the women and children into the town, where they still for two days bravely defended themselves. At last, rather than fall into the hands of the victors, the survivors set fire to the powder and perished together.

One of the surviving signatories of this appeal, Kyria Evanthia Kairis, subsequently wrote a tragedy embodying the events of this famous siege. During

a conversation which the Greek poet, M. Soutzo, had with this lady at Syra, he relates that she observed to him, in reference to her work: "You well know what a profound impression the fall of Missolonghi made upon our minds, what a deep wound it inflicted on our hearts. I could never banish from my memory the fatal night of the 10th of April (old style). Those heroic phantoms, after struggling so long with death, gathering fresh courage, and in the dead of night striking terror into the barbaric hosts; the last farewells of mothers, the sobs of children, the heroes resolved to die with the aged and the wounded—this picture was perpetually present to my sight. I could never have unburdened my heart of the weight which oppressed it save by attempting to describe with my pen the scenes which were ever present to my memory."

One of the surviving heroines of this memorable siege, who died in Athens nine years ago, expressed on her death-bed a wish to be buried in the pallikar's dress which she had worn during the war, and had ever since treasured in secret. The poet Kostas Palamas has made this incident the subject of a long poem,[1] in which he describes how Kapitan Philio's daughter donned, at her father's command, the full white kilt, the braided vest and jacket, and the felt capote, and stood in the breach at his side, pistol in hand, while he directed his gun at the enemy. Her father slain, she had escaped in one of the sorties, with the assistance of a comrade, who afterwards became her husband.

[1] "Τα νιάτα τῆς γιαγιᾶς," in Τραγούδια τῆς πατρίδος μου.

Nor was the outbreak on Pelion, of 1878, without its heroines. The daughters and sisters of the patriots braved the whizzing rifle-bullets and the risk of capture, in order to carry food and water to their relatives in the entrenchments on the hills above Volo, now Greek territory. The name of one girl, Marighitza, of Makrinitza, was more specially mentioned for intrepidity, and when the insurrection was over she was sent for to Athens to be presented to the King and Queen, and fêted by the inhabitants.

A far more sensational story, however, is that of a woman named Peristéra, "the Pigeon," who was, it appears, an actual combatant in the rebellion, during which her brother met with his death. On the cessation of hostilities, this woman joined a band of brigands, and became their leader under the name of Vanghelli, to which her followers added the sobriquet of *Spanò*, or Beardless.[1] After pursuing the calling of klepht for some two years, Peristéra seems to have grown tired of it. So, leaving the mountains, she repaired to the British Vice-consulate at Larissa, and there gave in her submission to Her Majesty's representative. The Ottoman authorities, as is usual in such cases, granted a pardon to the penitent brigand, who, being apparently homeless and friendless, was then received into the service of the Greek Archbishop of Kodjani. A photograph taken at the time represents her in full klepht costume—swords, pistols, and yataghans at waist, and gun in hand, and round her neck is suspended the insignia of chieftainship, a broad silver disc,

[1] See Chap. IV., "The Beardless," in Folk-lore.

bearing in relief a representation of the patron saint, St. George,[1] in his conflict with the Dragon.[2]

Not only, however, during crises in their national history have Greek women laid aside distaff and spindle to assume the sword and *tophaiki*. To Greek, as to Bulgarian women the charms of a life in the greenwood have occasionally proved as irresistible as they were to our own Maid Marians. And various folk-songs tell us how

> For twelve long years had Haidée lived an Armatole and Klephtë,
> And no one had her secret learnt among her ten companions,

until one Easter Sunday, when, engaged with the other *pallikars* in athletic exercises, her sex was accidentally disclosed.[3]

These have, however, been rare exceptions, for, as I shall now proceed to show, the virtues of the Greek women generally are essentially domestic.

Though widely dispersed throughout the Ottoman Empire, the Greek peasants seldom occupy the same villages with those of other races. Some of the Greek villages, with the lands adjoining, are owned and tilled by peasant proprietors. These are called Κεφαλοχώρια, or "Head-villages," and Ελευθεροχώρια, or "Free-villages," and many of them are tolerably

[1] See Chap. V., St. George.

[2] I am indebted for the above details to a Consular despatch sent to the Foreign Office on the subject, and to some notes made by Mr. Stuart Glennie, who met the Archbishop of Kodjani, in 1881, at Servia, the fortress which defends the great pass between Macedonia and Thessaly, and received from him a photograph of the heroine.

[3] *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 247.

wealthy and prosperous. The majority of the Greek agricultural population of European Turkey are, however, tenants on the *metayer* system, and are called *yeradjís*. They receive the seed grain from the landlord, for whom they cultivate the land, and share with him the produce of the fields. They labour under great disadvantages, and are, as a class, poor, and much oppressed. Their dwellings present a pitiable aspect, being usually miserable, one-storied huts, constructed of wattle, plastered with mud inside and out, and consisting at most of two rooms, with holes for windows. A fence encloses the small farmyard, with its granary and cattle-shed. The houses of the Head or Free villages are, however, often built of stone. Sometimes they are of two stories, enclosed in a courtyard, and, when the locality is not subject to the attacks of brigands and other similar dangers, they may have shuttered glass windows. Tables, chairs, and even bedsteads, are not unknown luxuries among the more prosperous peasant farmers; a few pictures hang on their whitewashed walls, and there is usually a rude *eikon*, or picture of the Virgin and Child, before which hangs a small oil-lamp. The kitchen is furnished with well-burnished copper pans, and the *kilér*, or storeroom, contains an ample supply of native wine, oil, and winter provisions.

The Greek peasant women are not employed to any great extent in field-work. They, however, take an active part in much of the labour connected with the farm, and their household and dairy duties are many and varied. In

Roumelia and Macedonia, the girls and young women hire themselves out for the June harvest, and assist in the reaping and threshing. Agricultural machinery has found little favour in the East, being quite unsuited for the method of farming followed by the natives, and the implements of husbandry used are of the most rude and primitive description, entailing a great deal of hand-labour and involving a considerable amount of waste. Threshing is performed by the girls with the aid of an instrument which must surely have been used in Pelasgian times. It is composed of two pieces of wood joined together in something like the form of a horseshoe, and studded on the underside with a number of flints. A couple of ponies are attached to the curved end of this implement, on which a girl stands, and are driven over the grain spread out on the threshing-floor. Unscientific as this method may be, the scene presented is very picturesque, when the presiding Koré is a lithe and lissome lass. The corn is winnowed by being thrown up in the air with wooden shovels, the chaff being carried away by the breeze. In some parts of Macedonia the process of threshing is even more primitive. A team of horses or oxen is driven round and round the threshing-floor, the women and children beating out the remainder of the grain with sticks.

To the Greek peasant girl also is committed the care of her father's flock, which she must lead every day to the pasture, and fold at night. The *Voskopoúla*, or shepherdess, is one of the most prominent

characters in rural folk-song, and many a charming idyll has been composed in her honour by amorous swains. But she has little time for sylvan dallying, for the sheep and goats must be milked, and the milk must be converted into cheese and *giaoúrti* (γιαούρτι), a delicious and wholesome sour curd, which is in great demand in the towns. When the sheep have been shorn, the wool must first be bleached and spun, and then knitted and woven into garments for the family, or into cloth for sale. The cotton and flax grown on the farm must also be gathered in their seasons, and prepared for use. The cotton pods are put through a small hand-machine called the *mángano* (μάγγανος), which turns two rollers different ways, and separates the fibre from the seed. The instrument next used is the *toxeuein* (τοξεύειν), a large bow made from a curved piece of wood five or more feet long, the two ends of which are connected by a stout string. The cotton is placed loosely on the string, which is made to vibrate by being struck with a stick, producing a not unmusical sound. This process detaches the particles of cotton, and it is now ready to use as wadding for the large quilts (παπλώματα), which, with a sheet tacked to the under-side, forms all the winter bed-covering used by the lower orders of natives of every race. The mattresses are also usually stuffed with cotton, and the palliasses with the husks of Indian corn.

If, however, the cotton is to be converted into yarn for weaving, it is twisted as it leaves the *toxeuein* into a loose rope, wound round the distaff, and spun. When the yarn has been dyed or bleached,

according to the use that is to be made of it, the women or girls set to work at the hand-looms, which form an important part of the furniture of every cottage, and weave it into strong, durable calico, or brightly striped stuff for dresses and household purposes. A certain proportion of the cotton and wool is reserved for knitting, and it is most pleasing to watch the graceful motions and picturesque poses of the women and girls as, standing on their balconies or terraced roofs, they send the spindle whirling down into courtyard or village street while twisting the thread for this purpose. The knitting is done with five curved needles, having ends like crochet-hooks, and the stocking is always made inside out. This method produces a close, even stitch, and the work is extremely durable. The old women usually undertake this part of the household work, and with needles in hand and the "feed" of the yarn regulated by a pin fastened to their bodices, they sit in their doorways for hours together, either gossiping with each other, or telling fairy tales (παραμύθια), and crooning old songs to the little ones.

In some districts the silkworm industry keeps the women fully occupied during the spring months. The long, switch-like branches of the pollarded mulberry-trees are gathered every morning, and their fresh leaves given to the caterpillars; and all the tedious and laborious details connected with the silkworm nurseries must be carefully performed in order to keep the worms in good health, and thus secure a successful crop.

The Greek women of Crete lead for the most part

retired and sedentary, though most industrious, lives. The chief industry of the island is the cultivation of silk, which is carried on at home, each family raising its own little crop. The gayest time of the year for the Cretan women is the olive harvest, to which the girls especially look forward with pleasure, as the usual restraints are then set aside, and they enjoy, besides the open-air work, in company with others of their age, the social gatherings which are customary after the day's toil is over. Their earnings are, however, very small, and are paid in kind, being generally only two-sevenths of the yield of oil from the olives which each one has gathered, though in abundant seasons, when hands are scarce, they receive as much as a third. The work is, however, very fatiguing, and when carried on, as it often must be, in rainy weather, exceedingly trying.

Cyprus also is famous for its home industries in linen, cotton, and wool. The women of Larnaca and Nicosia still maintain the renown for cunning needlework which belonged of old to the island more especially associated with the Queen of Beauty.

But laborious as the lives of these thrifty countrywomen may appear, Sundays and Saints' Days are holidays duly observed and thoroughly enjoyed. The working dress of plain homespun is laid aside, and the picturesque gala costume donned. This consists of a skirt, woven in stripes of silk and woollen, reaching to the ankles, with a tight-fitting bodice of the same, a cloth jacket braided or embroidered round the borders in gold thread, and lined with fur, and in some districts a bright-coloured apron

ornamented with needlework. The Greek maiden's carefully combed hair—brushes are unknown amongst the natives—is plaited into innumerable little tails, and surmounted with a small cap of red felt, decorated with silver and gold coins similar to those she wears as a necklace. Thus adorned, she accompanies her parents to the early Mass in the little white-washed church, summoned by the sound of the primitive *sýmandro*—a board struck with a mallet —in lieu of bell. Returning home, the simple morning meal is soon despatched, the cattle and poultry are fed, and the rest of the day is given up to well-earned repose and amusement.

In the afternoon the peasants resort *en masse* to the village green. The middle-aged and elderly men take their places in the background under the rustic vine-embowered verandah of the coffee-house; the matrons gather under the trees, with their little ones, to gossip, while their elder sons and daughters perform the *syrtò* (συρτὸς χόρος), the "long-drawn" classic dance. Each youth produces his handkerchief, which he holds by one corner, presenting the other to his partner. She, in her turn, extends her own to the dancer next to her. The line thus formed, "Romaika's dull round" is danced to the rhythm of a song chanted in dialogue form, with or without the accompaniment of pipe and viol, until the lengthening shadows of evening send the villagers home to their sunset meal. The kerchiefs of the youths are frequently love-tokens from their sweethearts, as sung by the love-sick swain in the following dancing song:

Whoever did green tree behold—
Thine eyes are black, thy hair is gold—
That with silver leaves was set?—
Jet black eyes, and brows of jet—

And on whose bosom there was gold—
O eyes that so much weeping hold—
At its foot a fountain flowing—
Who can right from wrong be knowing?

There I bent, the fount above,
To quench the burning flame of love;
There I drank that I might fill me,
That my heart I thus might cool me.

But my kerchief I let slip—
O what burning has my lip!—
Gold embroidered for my pleasure,
'Twas a gift to me, the treasure.

That one it was they broidered me,
While sweetly they did sing for me!
Little maids so young and gay,
Cherries of the month of May.

One in Yannina was born,
Robe of silk did her adorn;
The other from Zagórie strayed,
Rosy-cheek'd this little maid.

An eagle one embroidered me—
Come forth, my love, thee would I see!—
T' other a robin red-breast tidy,
Thursday—yes, and also Friday.

Should a youth my kerchief find—
Black-eyed with gold tresses twined—
And a maiden from him bear it,
Round her slim waist let her wear it![1]

[1] *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 155.

Most of these dancing songs are sung antiphonically by two sets of voices. Sometimes, as in the above, one set begins the song and the other adds to each line in turn a kind of parenthesis extending it. In the following song, and in many others, the end of the line is repeated, or altered, by the second set of voices.

A youngster me an apple sent, he sent a braid of scarlet—
He sent a braid of scarlet.
The apple I did eat anon, and kept the braid of scarlet—
And kept the braid of scarlet.
I wove it in my tresses fair, and in my hair so golden—
And in my hair so golden;
And to the sea-beach I went down, and to the shore of ocean—
And to the shore of ocean.
And there the women dancing were, and drew me in among them—
And drew me in among them.
The youngster's mother there I found, and there too was his sister—
There was his elder sister;
And as I leapt and danced amain, and as I skipped and strutted—
And as I skipped and strutted—
My cap fell off, and ev'ry one could see my braid of scarlet—
Could see my braid of scarlet.
"I say, the braid you're wearing there was to my son belonging—
My dearest son belonging."
"And if the braid that now I wear was to your son belonging—
Your dearest son belonging—
He sent an apple which I ate, my hair the braid I wound through;
And I will soon be crowned[1] too!"[2]

In some of the islands the *syrtò* has a much more pantomimic character. The leader of the dance accompanies the words of the song with appropriate

[1] *I.e.*, Married. See Chap. III. [2] *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 193.

gestures and facial expression, and the words of the chorus or antistrophé are similarly represented by the dancer at the other end of the wavy line.

A favourite amusement, and opportunity for flirtation, in the islands is the swing. The girls suspend a rope across the narrow street from the wall of their own house to that of a neighbour, and every youth who wishes to pass by must pay toll in the form of a small coin, and give one of the girls a swing, while he sings the following verse:

O swing the clove-carnation red,
The gold and silver shining:
And swing the girl with golden hair,[1]
For love of her I'm pining.

To which the maiden replies:

O say what youth is swinging me—
What do they call him, girls?
For I a fez will broider him,
With fairest, whitest pearls.

The Harvest Home is also a great holiday in the country districts, and is celebrated on the 21st of August (old style). Attired in their best, and crowned with flowers, the harvesters carry small sheaves or bundles of the golden grain to the nearest town, where they dance and sing before the doors of the principal inhabitants.

The more remote the community, and the more isolated from contact with the outer world, the more rigid generally is found to be the code of social

[1] Golden hair is as much admired in the East at the present day as it appears to have been in classical times, though I could never learn that modern Greek women resorted, like their ancestresses, to artificial means of producing *τρίχας ξανθὰς*.

morals. In the mountain villages of Crete, female misconduct is visited with the severest penalties, and even so late as the beginning of this century was punishable with death. Whenever a married woman was suspected even of faithlessness, or an unmarried one of frailty, her hours were from that moment numbered, and her end was so tragical and so shocking to all the feelings of natural affection, and even to the ordinary notions of humanity, that one can hardly believe such a practice to have been observed on the very confines of civilised Europe, and in the nineteenth century, by any Christian people. Her nearest relations were at once her accusers, her judges, and her executioners. An illustration of the ruthless severity with which such offences were punished is given by Mr. Pashley, and was related to him by an eye-witness, a cousin of the victim. A young wife was suspected of having broken her marriage vow. The charge was not proved, but, the suspicion being general, her father, a priest, consented to leave it to her near relations to decide as they thought best respecting her. Their decision was soon taken. They proceeded to the number of between thirty and forty to the home of the condemned woman, who was, as yet, totally ignorant of her impending fate, seized her, and, after tying her to a tree, made her person the mark at which all their muskets were pointed and discharged. Shocking to say that, though thirty balls had lodged in her body, she still breathed. One of her executioners immediately drew his pistol from his girdle, placed it close to her breast, and fired. The suspected partner of her guilt

was not shot, for he belonged to a powerful family. But the Protopapas, the unfortunate woman's father, excommunicated him,[1] and, "in consequence of the sacerdotal ban, he not only himself perished by falling over a precipice, but all his brothers likewise came to untimely ends."[2]

The Greek peasant women are, on the whole, honest and industrious, affectionate mothers, and devoted and virtuous wives. A striking proof of their morality is afforded by the long absences from home which their husbands are often compelled to make in the pursuit of their avocations—absences often extending over many years. During this time the care and education of the children and the local interests of the family are left entirely in the hands of the wife, who generally proves herself equal to the occasion, and worthy of the trust reposed in her. There are many touching folk-songs describing the return of the husband after long years of absence, so changed that his faithful wife refused to receive him into her house until he had satisfied her by his knowledge of a mole, or other slight personal mark, that he was indeed her husband.

"Tell me the signs my body bears, and then I may believe thee!"

"Thou hast a mole upon thy chest, another in thine armpit;
There lies between thy two soft breasts, a grain, 'tis white and pearl-like."[3]

Many, too, are the songs which describe the wife's grief and loneliness during her husband's absence.

[1] "Τὸν ἀφόρισεν ὁ Πρωτόπαπας."

[2] *Travels in Crete*, ii. 257. See also below, Chap. IV., for excommunication.

[3] *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 165.

The woman of Malakassi curses the foreign lands which "take the husbands when they're young, and sends them back when aged;" and the complaint of the Greek woman of Zagórie married to a Vlach husband is most pathetic.

Why didst thou, *mána*, marry me, and give me a Vlach husband;
Twelve long years in Wallachia, and at his home three evenings.
On Tuesday night, a bitter night, two hours before the dawning,
My hand I did outstretch to him, but did not find my husband.
Then to the stable-door I ran; no horse fed at the manger.
I sped me to the chamber back; I could not find his weapons.
I threw me on my lonely couch, to make my sad complaining;
"O pillow, lone and desolate! O couch of mine, forsaken!
Where is thy lord who yesternight did lay him down upon thee?"
"Our lord has left us here behind, and gone upon a journey—
Gone back to wild Wallachia, to famous Bucharesti."[1]

As girls of the peasant class can usually find plenty of occupation at home, they seldom go out to service, except when there happen to be more girls in a family than the father can afford to portion. There is also a general prejudice against allowing girls to leave the paternal roof until they are married, and a reproach is implied in the expression, "So-and-so has gone to strangers."

There are, however, districts which form an exception to this rule, and some of the islands are famous

[1] *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 176.

for their women cooks, who can always command good wages in the towns of Greece and Turkey. From the islands, too, come the good old nurses, bringing with them their antiquated costumes and charming lullabies and folk-lore. The girls who enter domestic service save their wages carefully for a marriage dowry, and, in the country towns, wear the coins strung together round their necks, a fashion formerly common to all classes, when φλουριὰ, or Venetian sequins, were in great demand for this purpose. As the folk-song says,

> I'll a lady to thee bring,
> Who has sequins by the string! [1]

The amount of a girl's dowry is thus easily ascertained by *pallikars* on the look-out for a "well tochered" bride. In the maritime cities, however, the national costume has, unfortunately, been quite discarded by the women, and the collar of coins has also been laid aside. As there are no savings-banks, or other convenient methods of safely investing small sums, servants often allow their wages to accumulate in their masters' hands until they marry or return to their homes. A laundry-maid in the house of one of my friends had upwards of £100 to receive when she left after a long period of service.

The costume now worn by women of this class is merely an ordinary stuff or cotton skirt, with a short jacket of cloth for winter, and of calico in summer. The hair is plaited into two tails, either left hanging down the back, or twisted round the *chimbéri*, or

[1] *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 187.

muslin kerchief often worn on the head. Out of doors it is the same, for hats and bonnets have not yet been adopted by the lower orders of Christians.

Greek servants are, generally speaking, hopelessly untidy and slatternly. Indeed, it is only in the houses of foreigners that a tidy maid is ever seen, and even there they often present themselves with stockingless feet, shoes down at heel, and unkempt hair. It is customary in the East to provide servants annually with a stipulated quantity of clothing in addition to their wages. Not a penny of the latter will they spend on dress; and, consequently, the European lady, who has generally more regard for appearances than the native lady, finds it her best policy to offer small wages, and a large allowance of garments and shoes.

Many girls, and especially orphans, are taken when still quite young into wealthy families, and adopted as *ψυχόπαιδα*, or "soul children." They attend the public schools until the age of thirteen or fourteen, are clothed by the family, and assist in the lighter household duties. No wages are given, but they receive presents at the New Year and other festivals; and, when they reach the age of twenty-five or so, a trousseau and small dowry are provided, and a husband found for them, generally a small shopkeeper or artisan.

Greek domestics are, on the whole, honest and respectable; and, considering that cases of petty theft are punished only by dismissal and loss of character—for few employers would have the heart to subject a woman to the horrors of a Turkish prison—

these offences are exceedingly rare; drunkenness is unknown, and graver misdeeds I have never heard of.

There is, as a rule, no social intercourse between the Greek and the Turkish peasantry, although they live amicably enough together as neighbours when fanatical feeling is not excited by war or other circumstances. The prejudice against mixed marriages is naturally very great, and no alliance of the kind can take place without perversion on one side or the other. The perversion, however, must be on the side of the Christian, for apostasy is a crime in Islam. The laws, too, regulating the sexual relations of Christians and Moslems are exceedingly severe, and the probable fate of a *Giaour* hardy enough to fall in love with a fair Moslem is illustrated in the folk-song of

DEMOS AND THE TURKISH MAIDEN.

O list to me, and I will tell what has this week befallen:
Our Demos fell in love, he loved a charming Turkish maiden.
On Friday did he pay his court, on Saturday the whole day;
And early on the Sunday morn at last did leave his lady.
They caught him, and they bound his arms, and to be hung they led him,
A thousand went in front of him, five hundred walked behind him;
And Demos in the midst of them walked bound, with mournful aspect,
Like rose that from the parent tree two days ago was severed.
The Turkish maiden hears the news, and hastens to her window;
"Demos," she cries, "be not afraid, be not o'ercome with terror,
For coin I'll in my apron take, and sequins in my pocket;

And if the gold will not suffice, the rings from off my fingers;
If these will not thy ransom buy, I'll sell my every chattel.
O thou *Kadi*, O thou *Kritê*,[1] who knowest human nature,
Hast ever branchless vineyard seen, or youth without a sweetheart!"[2]

Though one seldom hears of a Christian man embracing Islam for the sake of a Moslem love, it is by no means a rare occurrence that a Christian peasant girl, prompted by vanity or ambition, renounces the faith of her fathers in order that she may marry a Turk who has flattered her by his attentions. She is not, however, allowed to do this hurriedly, or without due consideration. The usual mode of procedure is for the girl to run away from home and take refuge in a harem. She then appears before the Medjliss, or Town Council, and announces her desire to be received into the ranks of the True Believers. Her parents and friends, supported by the Greek bishop, use their influence to prevent her taking this final step, and painful and sometimes tumultuous scenes ensue. If the girl persists in her determination, she is permitted to make a formal declaration of belief in the tenets of Islam, and becomes to all intents and purposes a Moslem, endowed with all the privileges enjoyed by a woman of that creed.

The opposition displayed by a Christian community to the perversion of one of its members, from such a motive, generally produces great ill feeling between them and their Moslem neighbours, and sometimes leads to fatal results. Such was the case

[1] The Judge is here addressed under his Turkish and Greek titles.

[2] Aravandinos, &c., Συλλογή, No. 275.

in 1876, when the apostasy of a village girl of doubtful reputation resulted in an outbreak of fanaticism at Salonica, during which the French and German Consuls were cruelly massacred. The girl had been brought by rail from the interior, and her mother, who had accompanied her, prevailed upon some Greek gentleman, who happened to be at the station on the arrival of the train, to carry off the convert, and secrete her in the Greek quarter. The news of the abduction spread quickly among the Moslem population, and on the afternoon of the following day the streets were suddenly filled with armed Albanians and Turks, who demanded that the girl should be given up by the Greeks. Apparently ignorant of the excited state of public feeling, the French and German Consuls, the latter at once a British subject of the name of Abbott and an Orthodox Greek, were proceeding home from a visit, when they were confronted by the angry and fanatical crowd. In vain they took refuge in the courtyard of a mosque. The furious mob followed them to an upper room of the Hodja's apartments, tore down the iron bars which defended the windows, and literally slashed them to death with daggers and knives. What further excesses might have been committed it is impossible to say, had not the Albanian Cavass attached to the British Consulate, in obedience to the Consul's instructions, succeeded in finding the unworthy cause of the tumult, and in delivering her over to the Turkish authorities.[1] German and French ships of war shortly

[1] The presence of mind and sense of duty displayed by the Cavass, Husein, on this occasion were rewarded by Her Majesty's Government with a donation of £60, and by the Sultan with a decoration and the rank of *Aga*, or Colonel. His eldest daughter, however, never recovered from the fright of

afterwards arrived, and it was now the turn of the Moslems to be in a panic, for it was threatened, or reported to be threatened, that the upper or Turkish quarter would be bombarded as a reprisal for the insult offered to the foreign flags. But another such catastrophe, arising from a similar love affair, was narrowly escaped at Larissa in 1880 during Mr. Stuart Glennie's stay there.

If, however, folk-song is any authority, it is sometimes mothers who persuade unwilling daughters to marry Turks. Of the two songs in Aravandino's collection illustrating this, one is from Zagórie, and the other from Prevesa, but one appears to be only a variant of the other. The following is a transla- of the Zagórie version of

A TURK I'LL NOT WED.[1]

(Τούρκον δὲν παίρνω.)

Over in Sálona, in Saloníki
Come forth the fair ones all proudly walking.
One dark-skinned maiden has the good fortune
Loved by a Turk to be, asked too in marriage.
"*Mána*, I'll kill myself, Turk I'll not marry!"
"Maiden, e'en kill thyself, Turk thou wilt marry!"
"Partridge small I'll become, to hillside wander!"
"Hunter will I become, and I will catch thee."
"*Mána*, I'll kill myself, Turk I'll not marry,
Blade of grass I'll become, in the earth plant me."
"Lambkin will I become, and I will eat thee."
"*Mána*, I'll kill myself, Turk I'll not marry,
Tiny grape I'll become, from vine branch hanging."
"Harvester I'll become, and there I'll find thee."
"*Mána*, I'll kill myself, Turk I'll not marry!"

the anticipated bombardment; and a subsequent panic at Adrianople, to which town Husein *Aga's* duties had obliged him to remove with his family during the war, put an end to her frail young life.

[1] Aravandinos, Συλλογή, &c., No. 402.

The Greek women of the towns have few occupations outside their own homes. Their lives are passed for the most part in a dull routine of household duties, varied only by gossip at their doors in warm weather, occasional attendance at church, and a walk on the public promenade on some great holiday. Some of the girls and young women earn their living by doing needlework and embroidery, or by lace-making; but even girls of this class cannot with propriety go out unattended either by a relative or some elderly woman, so strict is national prejudice on this point. I remember on one occasion a seamstress, having finished her day's work, could not return home because her brother had failed to fetch her, as promised. She was offered the services of the Albanian Cavass, or guard, who usually escorted us on our walks abroad, but scouted with indignation the proposal that *she* should traverse the streets with an *Arnaout*. Dress is a passion with girls of this class. On the rare occasions on which they are seen in public, their toilettes are wonderful—though, as I have said, they go hatless, and often gloveless—the great object of their ambition being to rival their wealthier neighbours, whose dresses, in large cities like Constantinople and Smyrna, are sure to be copied by the carpenters', shoemakers', and boatmen's daughters. And proud, too, is the maiden who also wears in her hair a clove carnation, the gift of some devoted admirer.

In some districts where the culture of silk is carried on on a large scale, Greek girls and women find employment in the silk factories. This is

especially the case at Broussa, where they work side by side with Armenian and Turkish women.

The women of the middle classes present a curious medley of homeliness and pretension. They are good wives and devoted mothers, and often, though their education is but slight, are not without great good sense and intelligence. The majority, however, while retaining the customs they dare not throw aside without scandalising the *Mahallá*, seem possessed with a frantic desire to be considered in other respects *Franks*, or foreigners, as distinguished from *Rayahs*, or subject Christians. To this end, instead of being content, as formerly, to furnish her reception-room with a Turkish divan and a few chairs, and to dress herself on Sundays and holidays in her substantial but old-fashioned wedding dress—shawl, fez, and kerchief—as her mother did, many a Greek matron stints her household and sacrifices the real comforts of life in order to furnish her *salóne* with gaudy Austrian furniture, and to display an ill-assorted French bonnet and trashy over-trimmed dress to her admiring and, it may be, envious neighbours. To such an extent is this emulation sometimes carried, that I have heard of ladies sending out their servants on fête days to make note of the toilettes of their rivals, in order to be able to eclipse them when they themselves appeared on the promenade.

But, notwithstanding these feminine weaknesses of petty vanity and love of display, the Greek women, besides being, as before mentioned, faithful and affectionate wives, are also the most tender—if

not always the most judicious—mothers to be found in any country. And their devotion is well repaid by the dutiful and affectionate regard of their sons and daughters. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a people in whom family affection is more strongly developed, or with whom the ties of kindred are held more sacred. The young men who leave their native towns or villages to seek fortune in a distant town or foreign land, generally return home to marry the wives chosen for them by their parents, and, when they retire from commercial or professional pursuits, endeavour to spend the rest of their days in the midst of their kindred. When a youth is leaving for the first time the bosom of his family, it is customary for his relatives and friends to accompany him some distance on the road. Before taking her final leave of her son, the mother laments his departure in song, to which the youth responds, bewailing the hard fate which drives him forth from his home. These Songs of Exile are sometimes extempore effusions called forth by the circumstances which induce or compel the youth to leave his home. Others, more conventional, describe the condition of the stranger in a foreign land, without mother, wife, or sister to minister to his wants, or cheer him in sickness and sorrow. In one, which is entitled "The Last Farewell," is depicted the evil augury of excessive sorrow at a son's departure:

"Mother, arise, and knead for me, with whitest flour, some biscuits;
With yearning put the water in, and knead it with affection,
That speedily from foreign lands thy son may be returning."

With tears she poured the water in, with tears, too, did she knead it;
With weeping did she roll it out, and with sad lamentation.
O sad was Tuesday, Wednesday too, and Thursday was most bitter,
When mounted his good horse the youth, but ne'er was returning.[1]

In the following, it is either his wife or his sweetheart that the exile is addressing:

"Now's the hour of my departure, yearns and fails my heart o'erflowing;
Shall I e'er return—who knoweth? To a stranger land I'm going.
Hill and valley must I traverse, rocky wilds and deserts dreary,
Where the timid game his haunt has, where the wild bird builds his eyrie.
Now has come the hour despairful, hour which tears me from my home;
Now has come the sentence fateful, which abroad doth bid me roam.
Lassie, like the gladsome dawning, gentle lassie, kind and true,
Burns my heart with bitter anguish, now I'm bidding thee 'Adieu!'"[2]

An exile song from Zagórie has a pathetic little history attached to it. The youngest of three sons had, for some cause or other, always been treated by his mother with coldness. Having decided upon expatriating himself, he was escorted, as usual, to some distance by his relatives, and, on taking leave of his mother, sang a farewell which so touched her heart that, falling on his neck, she begged his forgiveness

[1] Passow, *Popularia Carmina Græciæ Recenteoris*, No. cccxxx.
[2] *Ibid.*

for her past neglect, and promised to atone for it in the future.[1]

The Greeks of Turkey, though foremost in point of education and general enlightenment among the nationalities, are yet in this respect, as in many others, far behind their brethren in free Hellas, who rank very high, educationally, among the nations of Europe. While instruction is, in the little kingdom, enforced by law, no authority exists in Turkey to compel the Greek communities to follow the lead of the free Hellenes, and any initiative they may take in the matter is prompted by the lively patriotism and love of learning usually evinced by the race. But though ready to make sacrifices for the education of their sons, the Greeks of the old school had many prejudices to overcome before they would consent to give equal advantages to their daughters. "What do girls want with *τὰ γραμματικὰ* (letters)?" they would ask of those who proposed this innovation. "Let them learn housewifely duties, sewing and spinning, cooking and baking; if we have them taught to read and write, they will be for ever writing love-letters and reading romances, and we shall have to watch their conduct more vigilantly than ever!" Little by little, however, these prejudices are dying out, and, though the proportion of girls' to boys' schools in the Turkish provinces is as yet only about one to five, the numbers are gradually increasing, and fathers begin to take a pride in the scholastic attainments of their daughters.

[1] Compare also Passow, as above, "'Η*κακὴ μάνα*," Nos. cccxliii. to cccxlix. inclusive.

With the few exceptions, however, which I shall presently particularise, the instruction given in the majority of these schools is merely elementary, but comprises the following various branches :—

1. Scripture History and Catechism.
2. Reading and writing Modern Greek.
3. Arithmetic, including Weights and Measures, and the relative value of the Coinages current in the country.
4. Practical definitions of the principal Geometrical Forms.
5. Elementary Geography, Physical and Political, and particularly of Greece and the Hellenic provinces, and Cosmography.
6. Elementary History, and in particular that of Greece.
7. Elementary Zoology, Mineralogy, and Botany.
8. Elementary Anthropology.
9. Elementary Physics.
10. Freehand Drawing.
11. Vocal Music.
12. Gymnastics.

The principal centres of Greek education in Turkey are Constantinople, Smyrna, Salonica, Serres, Adrianople, Philipopolis, and Ioannina. In these towns and cities the primary and intermediate system of instruction provided for girls is the same as that followed in Independent Greece, and is for the most part sufficient to meet the social and intellectual needs of society. Intercourse with Europeans has, however, latterly become so much more general, that it has been found necessary to make the study of the

French tongue compulsory in the schools. The new ideas introduced by the French and German teachers, and by the works of foreign authors studied under their direction, naturally resulted in creating a desire for higher education, which, fortunately, had not to wait long for its fulfilment.

In 1874 the "Pallas" Training College was founded; and in the following year, thanks to the munificence of M. Zappas, and to the exertions of the "Ladies' Syllogos,"[1] a second High School or College was organised, and called, in honour of its benefactor, the "Zappion." In both of these institutions the curriculum resembles in all essential particulars that of similar colleges in the West, and their Greek graduates may consequently consider themselves the equals of the educated women of England, France, or Germany. Training colleges with equally advanced methods have also been established in several provincial towns and cities, in order to provide teachers for the elementary village schools, which were formerly supplied exclusively from the Athenian colleges.

The Greek schools at Salonica are by no means institutions of modern foundation. The benefits of education have never been undervalued by the Greeks, even in the darkest period of their enslavement, and it is to the public-spirited munificence of a lady of the sixteenth century that these schools chiefly owe their existence. This was the Kyria Kastrissio, a native of Ioannina, the widow of a Greek of Salonica, who, at her death, bequeathed the

[1] A society of Athenian ladies formed for the furtherance of various educational and philanthropic objects.

whole of her large fortune to the schools of those two cities. The memory of this munificent lady,[1] together with that of a later benefactor, Demetrius Roggoti, is annually honoured with a Mnemósynon (Μνημόσυνον), or Commemoration, by the Greek community of Salonica, when the chief families of the city, together with all the officials, both Turkish and foreign, are invited to the examination held on the occasion. It was always an interesting ceremony, and I never failed to avail myself of the kind invitation of the "Ephors," or Managers. As we passed through the narrow lanes leading upwards from the main street, a part of the ancient *Via Egnatia*, still spanned by the triumphal arch of Constantine—lanes bordered by a picturesque perspective of projecting latticed windows and overhanging acacia and mulberry trees—we found ourselves in a throng of Greeks, all going in the direction of the "Gymnasium." The girls' school occupies the upper story of a large *konak*, or mansion, built in the style so common throughout the East—a large central hall or corridor, extending from one end to the other, and having on one side the class-rooms, and on the other a range of windows looking on the courtyard, with doors opening into the wings at each end. This room was densely crowded. At the upper end sat a number of schoolgirls on a raised gallery, on the wall at the back of which hung portraits of the before-mentioned benefactors. The centre of the

[1] In the basilica of St. Demetrios at Salonica, converted into a Turkish mosque in 1397, is still to be seen a mural tablet with an inscription in Greek, extolling the charity and munificence of a Greek lady of that city, named Kyria Spandoni.

hall was reserved for the invited guests, who included the Governor-General, the Greek Archbishop, and the foreign Consuls and their families, the ladies on one side and the men on the other, in true Oriental fashion. The ceremony began with the bringing in of the *Kólyva*, or Funeral Dish, of boiled wheat, decorated on the top with designs in coloured sugar, almonds and raisins, and other dried fruits, of crosses, coffins, leaves and flowers, monograms and inscriptions. A hymn was sung by the pupils, followed by a song, "Rejoice in Life" (Τὸν βίον χαρῆτε), which, though its words were translated from German, was in spirit truly classic; and then came an "Ode to the Fatherland" (Εἰς τὴν Πατρίδα).

> Long as the universe shall last,
> Long as the sphere shall circling roll,
> Thy glory, O my Fatherland,
> And name thy sons shall still extol.

The Director of the school now advanced to the rostrum, and delivered an eloquent discourse on the great Macedonian philosopher, Aristotle. This was followed by more singing, including an "Ode to the Sultan," which, to judge from the expression one could detect on the faces of the elder girls, was by no means given *con amore*. Questions were then put on a variety of subjects, and answered with great intelligence and readiness by the Macedonian maidens, who also read passages from Homer and Æschylos, with the soft, musical pronunciation which only Hellenes know how to give to the ancient language. From one of the class-rooms there emerged a number of little ones belonging to the Infant School,

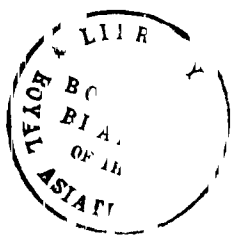
who, under the direction of a young assistant-mistress, performed, with great spirit and accuracy, a variety of Kindergarten exercises. In the meantime a paper was being handed round among the visitors—the usual lottery list for the distribution of the plain and fancy needle-work on view in another room. The latter could hardly be described as artistic, but the plain sewing and white embroidery left nothing to be desired, so microscopic were the stitches; and the work bestowed on an elaborately embroidered linen jacket which fell to my share has often excited the wonder of feminine critics in this country. The *liras* paid for these lottery tickets are applied to the maintenance of the schools, which are unfortunately often in debt owing to the deterioration in value of the property in which the endowments are invested.[1]

The women belonging to the remarkable little aristocratic community known by the name of Phanariotes are worthy of special mention. These survivors of the noble Greek families of Byzantium take their distinctive name from the locality, called the Fanar, or Beacon, allotted to them by Sultan Mohammed II. at the conquest of Constantinople. At the present day they are represented among others by the well-known names of Ypsilante, Karatheodory, Mavrocordatos, Mavroyenni, and Karadjas. The daughters of these ancient houses have long been as distinguished for the elegance of their appearance and manners, and their conversational ability, as for their culture and accomplishments. One gifted

[1] Compare Stuart Glennie: *A Greek Mnemósynon, Social Notes*, 1881.

Phanariote lady has translated Byron's *Giaour* into Greek verse, and to many the language of Homer, Pindar, and the tragic poets is as familiar as the vernacular. Some of these able women, organised in societies, also devote much of their time to the management of schools, and to the supervision of hospitals and asylums. Under their auspices an industrial establishment has been opened at Constantinople, on the lines of one already founded in Athens, for training, and providing with employment, poor women and girls who would otherwise have been obliged to have recourse to charity.

A Bill is now, I am informed, before the Greek Chamber of Deputies, which, should it become law, will cause several important modifications in the present school system. Among these are the conversion of a number of the existing gymnasia into *Real Schule* on the German model, and the establishment in all the capitals of departments (νομοὶ) of High Schools for Girls. These measures would also affect the Greek schools in Turkey, the committees of which naturally follow the lead taken in Athens; and we may expect to see, in the course of a few years, Girls' High Schools established in all the chief cities of the Ottoman Empire.



CHAPTER III.

GREEK WOMEN: THEIR FAMILY CEREMONIES.

As will be pointed out at greater length in the chapter dealing more particularly with superstitions, survivals of pagan beliefs still hold sway over the minds of the Greek populace, and are connected with every detail of domestic life. These remnants of an ancient civilisation linger especially, with other old-world customs, round the important events of birth, marriage, and death; varying somewhat, perhaps, according to locality and contact with other nationalities, but remaining the same in their general features. In South Macedonia the arrival of the little stranger is awaited in solemn silence by the *mammé*, and a group of elderly relatives, whose presence and prayers keep away "all things harmful." The baby gains its first experience of the miseries of life by being pickled in salt and water; after which it is bundled up in innumerable garments of mysterious form and fashion, and left to sleep, if it can. The glad news has meanwhile been circulated through the household, who flock into the room to offer their felicitations. These are generally couched in the conventional phrases, "May it live for you!" (Νὰ σὲ ζήσῃ), and "Long life to it!" (Νὰ πολυ-

χρονήση), the latter salutation being also addressed to the unconscious infant. But mother and child must be carefully watched over, and never left alone, as the Nereids of the fountains and springs are sure to be hovering near a house in which a birth has recently taken place, on the look out for an opportunity to exchange one of their own fractious offspring for a mortal babe. For the manners and customs of these imaginary beings strongly resemble those of Northern fairies, thus poetically described by Ben Jonson:

> When larks 'gin sing,
> Away we fling,
> And babes new-born steal as we go;
> An elf in bed
> We leave instead,
> And wind out laughing, Ho! Ho! Ho![1]

In Rhodes, no stranger save the *mammé* is on any account allowed to enter the house until the baby has been blessed by the priest. For forty days the house-door is shut at sunset and not opened until sunrise, for fear of the Nereids. These mythic folk, it would appear, imitate some of the ceremonials of mortals. For Mrs. Edmonds relates that, when travelling in Greece a few years ago, she asked a countrywoman of whom she was purchasing some embroidery why her work was always so stained and soiled; and the woman replied quite seriously that "it was the doing of the Nereids, who often borrowed these articles for their christenings"![2]

The mother rises on the third day, and walks

[1] Halliwell, *Fairy Mythology*, p. 169. See also Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Pt. I. act i. sc. 1; Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, ii. p. 484.

[2] *Greek Lays and Legends.*

round her bed in a stream of water, which the *mammé* pours from a jar as she proceeds. The meaning of this custom is not very clear. Taken in connection, however, with the other superstitious rites, and also with the similar custom observed on the wedding-day, it would appear rather to be either a libation to the earth, or a tribute to the water deities. On the fifth day the Fates (Μοῖραι) must be propitiated, in order to induce them to confer upon the infant favours which will influence its future career. If the new-born babe is a boy, coins of gold and silver, a sword, and a cake of bread are placed beneath its pillow to remind the "Dealers out of Destinies"[1] that fortune, valour, and abundance are the best gifts; if it is a girl, a distaff or spindle is substituted for the sword, intimating the value attached to female industry.

The christening generally takes place before the infant is a week old, and is made the occasion of much display. For it is remarkable that the more secluded the domestic life of a people, the greater is the publicity given to religious ceremonies connected with family events. The groomsman and first bridesmaid who have officiated at the wedding of the parents become sponsors for the children under the names of *Nono* (Νονὸς) and *Nona* (Νονὰ), and *syntek-noi* (Σύντεχνοι) to their father and mother. For, among members of the Greek Church, the terms "godfather" and "godmother" are by no means the empty titles into which they have degenerated with us. The responsibilities undertaken by bap-

[1] Αἱ Μοῖραι τῶν Μοιρῶν.

tismal sponsors are religiously fulfilled, and they are treated by their godchildren with an affectionate respect little less than that shown to their parents according to the flesh. The children of both families are considered brothers and sisters, and a relationship is supposed which forms as complete a bar to intermarriage as the closest consanguinity. A man could not wed a widow if he had stood sponsor to her children at the baptismal font, and a Greek would as soon think of marrying his own sister as the daughter of his *Nono*. In some of the islands it has become difficult for the young people of the better classes to find spouses, so closely are they already connected by intermarriages and baptisms.

The expenses of the christening are borne by the *Nono*, who pays the priest's fees, buys the baptismal robe, and furnishes the bonbons, liqueurs, and other customary refreshments. The lowest estimate of the cost is some three hundred piastres (£2 10*s*.), which, though a considerable outlay for a poor godfather, is never known to be dispensed with. The Greek Church prides itself, and probably with reason, on keeping up primitive forms more strictly than the Roman Catholic, or any other Christian sect. Baptism is, therefore, performed, not by a conventional sprinkling, but by trine immersion. The baby is carried to church by the *mammé*, followed by a long irregular procession of sponsors, relatives, and friends. At the church-door they are met by the officiating priest. The *Nono* takes the infant from the nurse's arms, and retains it while the *papas* reads the preliminary

prayers, to which he makes the customary responses. He then delivers the baby to the priest, who, turning to the east, makes with its body the sign of the cross in the air. While the preparations for its immersion are going forward, the infant is laid before an *eikon* of Christ or the Virgin, according to its sex. It is then undressed by the *mammé* and given to the priest, who dips it three times in the font, to the water of which has been added a small quantity of consecrated oil. Three tiny locks of hair, if these can be found, are then cut from the baby's head and thrown into the font, "in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." This dedication of hair was no doubt originally a sacrifice to the elementary spirits; for the water from the font is emptied into a pit or well under the floor of the church.[1]

Then follows the "confirmation" of the baby, which consists in anointing the head and some parts of the body with consecrated oil. It is then dressed, and after being carried by the godmother three times round the font, while prayers are intoned, the infant is taken to the Holy Gates, where it receives the Communion in both kinds, administered, as it always is in the Eastern Church, in a spoon. The party then return to the house to congratulate the mother and partake of the before-mentioned refreshments. The bonbons are handed round on trays and taken in

[1] When visiting the fine basilica of St. Demetrios at Salonica, formerly the metropolitan church, but converted into a mosque by Sultan Bajazid in 1397, the Mevlevi Dervish, who acts as sexton, offered us a cup of water from the church well. In spite, however, of his eulogiums of its miraculous properties, we refrained from partaking of the precious fluid, much to his disappointment.

handfuls; and, on leaving, a tiny gilt cross, fastened to a white rosette, is pinned on the breast of each guest as a souvenir of the event.

Although the Greeks of the large seaport cities, and the upper classes generally, have abandoned some of the old customs formerly observed in connection with marriage, many curious and interesting usages are still to be found in the towns and villages of the interior, and in the islands of the Ægean. These ancient folk-customs vary somewhat in their minor details according to locality; but in their leading features they are everywhere identical. There are the same ceremonies of betrothal, and songs for each successive stage of the week's festivities, whether they take place in Macedonia, Epirus, Thessaly, Thrace, on the coasts of Asia Minor, or in the Islands.

The prohibited degrees of relationship, both natural and conventional, are even more rigorously observed in the Greek, than in the Latin Church, no powers of granting dispensations in special cases being vested in the Patriarchal Office. I have heard of rare instances of marriage between second cousins being celebrated by priests belonging to the inferior grades under the influence of bribes. These unions have, however, always been subsequently annulled as unlawful, and the unfortunate parties, whose mutual attachment had caused them thus to violate the canonical law, were compelled for ever to renounce each other's society under pain of excommunication.

National etiquette requires that the principals should ostensibly take no part in the preliminary arrangements, which are carried out by the parents of the contracting parties with the help of a professional match-maker, known as the *proxenetes* (προξενητὴς) or *proxenetra* (προξενήτρα). This agent is commissioned by the parents of a marriageable girl to find a suitable husband for her; or, it may be, to open negotiations with the parents of a young man whom they have themselves selected among the eligible *partis* of their acquaintance. When all the preliminaries are settled, the cinnamon eaten by the mother and the *proxenetes*, and the amount of dowry the maiden will bring has been agreed upon in the presence of witnesses, the first betrothal (ἀῤῥαβὸν) is concluded. As soon as it is made public, the *arravoniasticòs*, accompanied by his relatives, pays a visit to the family of his future wife. They are received with great formality, the *arravoniastiké* standing in a posture of affected humility and modesty, with hands crossed on her breast and eyes cast down, to receive the felicitations of the visitors, a custom which has given rise to the Greek saying, "Affected as a bride" (Καμαρώνει σὰ νύμφη). When all the customary compliments have been interchanged, the inevitable *glico* is handed round, followed by coffee and cigarettes, and the party then take their leave. The betrothed maiden accompanies them to the head of the staircase, and kisses the hands of her future spouse and his relatives, who present her in return with gold coins and sweet basil (βασιλικός).

Marriage being thus looked forward to as a matter of course, the preparation of a girl's trousseau is often, especially among the working and peasant classes, begun by the careful mother while her daughter is still a child. The parents purchase by degrees the materials necessary, according to their means, and the maiden herself performs a great part of the task of converting them into wearing apparel and articles for domestic use. The daughter of a well-to-do peasant will receive as her portion a sum ranging from £30 to £100, a good stock of house-linen and home-made carpets and rugs, several articles of furniture, and two or three suits of clothes, including a gala costume for Sundays and holidays. This varies according to locality. In Lower Macedonia a full skirt and short-waisted bodice are worn over a sort of nightdress (ὑποκάμισον) of native linen crêpe—a costume somewhat resembling that of the Italian *contadina*. In some districts this costume is not complete without a bright-coloured apron, thickly embroidered on the lower edge, and a belt or girdle. For out-of-door wear a jacket is added, fitting tightly to the figure, and reaching below the knees. This is usually of fine cloth, and worked round the borders and sleeves with gold thread or coloured silks, and is invariably lined with fur. Among the middle classes of the towns from £300 to £500 is the average dowry, and the trousseau is more or less of European fashion and materials.

It is very difficult indeed to find a husband for a portionless girl. A father will, consequently, make

it his first duty to save a *dot* for his daughters; and brothers, in a father's place, consider it incumbent on them to see their sisters satisfactorily settled in life before taking wives themselves. Social opinion is very strong on this point among the Greeks, with whom fraternal affection apparently covers a multitude of sins. I was at one time in the habit of meeting occasionally in Greek society an *avocat*, whom I was advised to avoid, as he was "not very nice." I naturally asked why, if he were objectionable, he was invited to private parties. The reply was: "To exclude him from society would injure him professionally, and so he is countenanced because he is good to his orphan sisters. He has worked hard to portion and marry the eldest, and he is now amassing a dowry for the second."

The interval between the first *arravón* and the wedding varies, but seldom extends over many months. One rarely hears of an engagement being broken off in the meantime, and when this does happen it is the result of no disagreement between the principals, who are usually comparative strangers to each other, but of some impeding circumstance. I knew, for instance, a girl who had been betrothed to a doctor in a distant town. When the time fixed for the wedding drew near, this gentleman informed the parents of his *fiancée* that it was impossible for him to leave his practice for a whole week in order to be married at Salonica, and he begged that they would bring the bride to Adrianople, and have the ceremony performed there. This was, however, contrary to their ideas of propriety, and, although the

girl and her mother were terribly distressed at the event, the match was broken off.

Some of the most interesting old customs in connection with the marriage ceremony may be found still lingering in Southern Macedonia, and especially at, and in the neighbourhood of, its ancient capital, Edessa, now called by the Slav name of Vodhena, "the Waters," from its magnificent cascades. A week or more is devoted to the preparatory nuptial observances and festivities. On the Sunday, a copy of the marriage contract is formally delivered at the house of the bridegroom, who sends in return a present to the bride, consisting of sugar-plums, henna, rouge, soap, &c., and a large jar of wine for her parents. On Monday, the maiden friends of the bride arrive to assist her in sifting and otherwise preparing the grain, which they subsequently carry to the mill. On the morning of Wednesday, they again assemble to fetch home the flour, and in the evening a number of female relatives and friends come in to help in the making of the wedding-cakes. The long wooden trough is brought in and filled with the yellow flour. A boy, armed with a sword, seats himself at one extremity, and at the other is placed a little girl, who, as she pretends to mix the dough with her tiny hands, hides in it the wedding-ring and some coins. Bright and joyful must the lives of these little ones have been, and unclouded by any family bereavement. The boy with his weapon signifies that the husband is the natural guardian of his home, and the kneading girl that domestic duties are woman's sphere. The bread-making is then

performed in earnest by experienced hands amid songs and laughter—for these occasions are red-letter days in the monotonous lives of the Greek women of the interior—and then left till the morrow to "rise." On Thursday the kneaders again assemble and divide the dough into portions, each girl and woman searching in her portion for the ring and coins. The bridegroom must redeem the ring with a present from the one who has been lucky enough to find it. The dough is then returned to the kneading-trough, and made into a variety of cakes, among them a large one, called the *prophasto*. On the afternoon of Thursday, the bridegroom arrives with his friends; the *prophasto* is placed over a bowl of water, and round it the assembled youths and maidens dance three times, singing the "Song of the Wedding Cake."[1]

The cake is then broken into small pieces, which are showered over the heads of the young couple, interspersed with figs and other fruits, and while the children scramble for these, a great quilt is thrown over them, as a further emblem of fruitfulness and plenty.

On Friday the bride and bridegroom exchange presents. The bearers of the bridegroom's gifts set out, preceded by music, for the abode of the bride, who awaits their arrival with eager expectation. The envoys, after having been warmly welcomed, thanked, and refreshed on special nuptial viands and a glass of wine, are in turn entrusted with the

[1] I have not, unfortunately, been able to procure the words of this song in time for insertion.

bride's presents to her betrothed, carefully wrapped in embroidered *boktchás*, or bundle wraps, tied up with bunches of *blira* (*μπλίρα*), a kind of tinsel thread. If the bridegroom's home is in the same neighbourhood as that of the bride, parties of the near relatives of the couple go from house to house, bearing invitations to all the guests who are to take part in the festivities of that evening and the following day, a ceremony also extended to the happy pair, who invite one another. The *koumbáros* and *koumbára*, groomsman and head bridesmaid, are the last called upon, and, accompanied by the band, proceed to the house of rejoicing. Music, dancing, and feasting occupy the time until the evening, when the maidens carry off the bride to perform part of her toilette for the morrow. After washing, perfuming, and perhaps dyeing her long hair, they plait it in a multitude of long braids, amid jokes and merry laughter, one after another bursting into songs suited to the occasion, and of a highly complimentary character, such as the following:

Dress thee, and busk thee, winsome one,
Dress thee, and busk thee, maiden,
So to the bridegroom thou appear
As flowery field and garden.
The nightingales all envy thee,
They fly in troops before thee;
Singing and saying in their song,
"Joy we all in thy beauty!
So brightly shine the golden locks
Rippling upon thy shoulders;
Angels have surely combed them out,
Combed them with combs of silver!"[1]

[1] Aravandinos, *Συλλογὴ δημωδῶν Ἠπειρωτικῶν ἀσμάτων*, No. 283.

Or,

Thou didst but sit upon the chair,
When, lo! its wood, all lifeless,
Thy beauty quickened into leaf,
And flushed all o'er with blossom.
The very deer made holiday
The day thy mother bore thee.
For dowry the Apostles twelve
Bestowed on thee thy beauty.
Of all the stars of heaven so bright,
One only thee resembles,
The star that shines at early dawn
When sweet the morn is breaking.
From out of heaven the Angels came
The Saviour's orders bearing;
The brightest radiance of the sun
They brought thee on descending.
Thou hast the hair of Absalom,
The comeliness of Joseph;[1]
He'll lucky be and prosperous,
The youth who thee shall marry.
Joy to the bridegroom's *mána* be,
Joy to the bride's new mother!
Who such a noble son has borne,
Fit mate for such a maiden!
What *proxenétra* made the match,
Who cinnamon has eaten,
When such a partridge was betrothed,
And pledged to such an eagle?[2]

The bridegroom has, in the meantime, been conducted by his friends to another room, where the local barber proceeds to shave him carefully, a con-

[1] Joseph is extolled by Ottoman poets, and Eastern writers generally, as the type of ideal beauty. The story runs that when Zulaikha introduced him into the presence of her lady friends, who were eating oranges, they were so bewildered by his comeliness that they cut their fingers instead of the fruit.

[2] Aravandinos, Συλλογή, &c., No. 286; and *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 157.

siderable time being devoted to the operation, as is usual in the East. The ceremony is enlivened with music and complimentary songs:

Down upon the shore,
Down upon the sea-coast,
Now they busk a bride
And adorn a bridegroom.
Handsome the bridegroom,
Handsome he, and youthful;
Fair as gold his hair,
Broad and dark his eyebrows;
Like an eagle he,
He is like a red-breast.[1]

Or such absurd nonsense as:

Shave, O silver razor,
Deftly and with care,
From the bridegroom's lovelocks
Sever not a hair![2]

As there are "lucky" and "unlucky" days for every incident of domestic life, Sunday is considered the most propitious for the termination of a wedding. On the morning of this day, accordingly, friends and relatives assemble at the house of the bridegroom, embrace and congratulate him on the auspicious event, and escort him to the home of the bride. As they leave the house, his mother, in accordance with ancient custom, pours a libation of water before him at the gate, and lays across his path a girdle, over which he steps. If the parties are well-to-do, or the distance is long, he may ride to the ceremony; but most frequently the procession takes its way on

[1] Aravandinos, Συλλογή, &c., No. 291.

[2] Compare Aravandinos as above, Nos. 289 and 290.

foot, calling *en route* for the *koumbáros* and *koumbára*, and singing as they go:

My own beloved has bidden me to come to the betrothal,
Before the Danube shall come down and water fill the torrents.
But I would at her bidding go through heavy rain and snowfall;
Or if the Danube should come down, and overflow the rivers,
Upon my ring I then would stand, and steer me safely over.[1]

Set out, my tree, start gaily,
Set out, set out, my cypress,
Set out to seek the poplar,
With long and slender branches.
Beside thee thou shalt plant it,
And tenderly bedew it;
And when the breezes bend thee,
Thou'lt stoop, and kiss it sweetly.[2]

Arrived at the house of the bride, the ceremony commences with the exchange of the documents containing the marriage contracts, which are presented by the priest to the respective parents of the bride and bridegroom. The amount of the dowry is then paid in cash to the bridegroom, some of whose friends convey it to his residence. The second ἀῤῥαβῶν, a ceremony similar to that observed in classical times, now takes place. The father of the bride, or, failing him, her nearest male relative, offers to the corresponding relative of the bridegroom some sweet basil on a plate, thrice repeating the words, "Accept the betrothal of my daughter to your son." The same ceremony is also performed by the bridegroom's nearest of kin. A male relative of the bride then

[1] Aravandinos, Συλλογή, &c., No. 292. [2] *Ibid.* No. 294.

presents, on her part, to her future spouse a glass of wine, a *kouloúra* (κουλούρα), or ring-shaped cake, and a spoon. After drinking the wine, he drops some coins into the glass for the bride, eats half the cake, and gives the remainder, with the spoon, into the keeping of the *koumbáros*. Another envoy from the bride comes up to gird the bridegroom, and while doing this he essays to lift him from the ground, the happy man resisting to the best of his ability. These preliminaries are concluded by the best man, in a rather prosaic fashion, for it is now his duty and privilege to put on the bride's feet the shoes which have been provided by the bridegroom. Bedizened in all her bridal finery, her rouged and spangled cheeks partly hidden by a gauze veil, over which hangs a long tassel of *blíras*, the maiden walks forth into the street, stepping through a libation of water poured by her mother. The musicians play a wedding march, and hymeneal songs are chanted as the procession paces slowly to the church. At the door the bridegroom's mother accosts her future daughter with the question, "Νύμφη, ἔχεις τὰ παπούτσια;" (Bride, hast thou the shoes?) The procession then enters the church. The bridal pair, carrying tapers decorated with flowers and knots of white ribbon, take their places before the Ἁγία Τράπεζα (holy table), the bride standing to the left of the bridegroom. The third ἀῤῥαβὸν is now performed by the priest, who, after reading part of the ritual, makes the sign of the cross three times with the rings over the heads of the couple, and then places them on their respective hands, saying, "Give thy

troth, servant of God (adding the man's name), to the servant of God (adding the woman's name), in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." The priest then takes the wedding wreaths—constructions of white artificial flowers and ribbons—from the hand of the *koumbáros*—and places them on the heads of the bride and bridegroom, with the words, "Crown thyself, servant of God," &c., as above. The groomsman, standing behind the couple, changes the wreaths three times, while the priest repeats these words. The bridegroom, bride, and *koumbáros* then drink a glass of wine, which has been blessed by the priest; and the pair, holding each other's hands, are led three times round the holy table, the best man following, with his hands on the "crowns." The remainder of the liturgy chanted—with nasal intonation, and many repetitions of Κύριε ἐλείσον—the priest removes the wreath of the bridegroom, and then that of the bride, pronouncing at the same time a blessing upon them in scriptural language.

The κουμπάρος having set the example by kissing the bride and bridegroom, the assembled friends crowd round to offer their felicitations. On the return of the procession to the bride's home, her mother places a loaf on the heads of the newly wedded pair, while comfits are showered over them by the rest of the company. The bridal feast follows, and is prolonged until it is time for the bride's departure. After drinking healths the glasses are thrown away over the shoulder, and if they do not break it is considered a bad omen. And

then comes the farewell to the paternal home, which is expressed in many touching folk-songs, sung while the bride is weeping in her mother's arms.

Fare thee well, father dear, farewell!
Good-bye, my sweet kind mother,
Fare ye well, loving brothers all!
And you, my friends and kinsfolk!
For to my mother-in-law's I go,
To my new home I'm going;
And letters there I'm going to learn,
To write down all my treasures.
Farewell! adieu! my neighbours all,
And you my neighbours' daughters,
For to my mother-in-law's I go, &c.[1]

Down among the meadows,
'Mong the little meadows,
Come the mules a-grazing,
Cool, and quiet gazing,
One is not a-grazing,
Cool and quiet gazing.
"Mule, why art not grazing,
Cool and quiet gazing?"
What enjoyment can I have?
Or what grazing can I crave?
I am going from my father,
And am wan and withered;
I am going from my mother,
And am wan and withered;
I am going from my brother,
And am wan and withered.[2]

As the bride leaves the house, a loaf is divided, one-half of which she takes with her to her new home. The guests now escort the pair to the village

[1] Aravandinos, Συλλογή, &c., No. 296.
[2] *Ibid.* No. 299; and *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 158.

green, where the bride and bridegroom will open the dance. As they go, they sing :

To-day the heavens are decked in white,
This is a day right gladsome;
To-day we have in marriage joined
An eagle and a partridge;
A little spotted partridge here
Has come to us a stranger;
Her little claws are coloured red,
And finely marked her feathers.
She in her claws has water ta'en,
And oil upon her feathers,
That she may wash her ladyship,
That she may preen her beauty.
To-day it is a worthy day,
With sequins in its pocket;
For we two birds have wedded now,
And we a pair have made them.[1]

Fierce shone the sun, and down swooped an eagle,
Seized he a birdling, far off with her flew;
White-skinned and lovely was she, yea, and black-eyed,
Tiny as partridge that crouches in dew.[2]

The *syrto* danced, the procession re-forms, and the happy pair are conducted with songs and music to the paternal roof of the bridegroom. Some of the songs sung on this occasion are in dialogue form, and, like the foregoing, express the bride's regret at leaving the home of her youth :

"Wand'ring nightingale, and exiled birdie,
Where wert thou yestreen, where wilt be this even?"
"Yesternight I slept safely with my parents,
Now my father-in-law's, husband's roof must shield me.

[1] Sung at Ioannina. Aravandinos, Συλλογή, &c., No. 315
[2] *Ibid.* No. 297.

'Neath my husband's roof must I bide this evening."
" Wand'ring nightingale, and exiled swallow,
What sad thoughts are thine? Why should'st thou be pensive?
See the bridegroom gay! How he on thee gazes!
See him how he leaps, and archly looks toward thee!" [1]

Red and white cherry on a branch, in newly planted orchard,
She hangs like tassel on the horse, like saddle rayed with sunshine.
Happy he'll be whose 'tis to kiss the winter and the summer;
To kiss the summer rosy red, to kiss the winter snow-white.[2]

When the party approach their destination, the bridegroom's mother is thus addressed :

Dame and mother-in-law, forth come,
Welcome now the partridge home!
Take the bird to your abode,
Lightly trips she o'er the road.
Receive her now,
Receive her now.
Ye sun and moon, command her now!
O see her as she walks along,
She's like an angel 'mid the throng!
O rise, go forth and thou shalt see
Both sun and moon appear to thee!
Dame and mother-in-law, forth come,
Welcome now the partridge home!
Within the cage thou her must bring,
Like little bird she'll sweetly sing! [3]

Crossed knives are often placed over the door of a house to which a bride has been brought, in order to keep off evil spirits, who are generally believed to be specially alert on the occasion of any family event.

On the following morning, friends assemble before the house to greet the young couple with songs and

[1] Aravandinos, Συλλογή, No. 303. [2] *Ibid.* No. 307. [3] *Ibid.* No. 311.

music. The *koumbáros* arrives to breakfast, bringing with him the half-cake and the spoon confided to his care on the preceding day.[1] The bride uses the spoon in commencing her meal, and eats the cake. The meal concluded, she proceeds, accompanied by the women and girls who have serenaded her, to the well from which her husband's family draw their supply of water, in order to perform the ceremony, observed from time immemorial, of propitiating the "Naiad of the spring" with the gift of a coin dropped into it from her lips. She then draws a pail of water and pours it into one of those gracefully shaped earthen jars called by the Greeks *stamnæ* (στάμνοι), which she carries home on her shoulder. On entering the house, the bride pours some of the water over the hands of her husband, and presents him with a towel on which to dry them, receiving in return a little present. Feasting and dancing occupy the rest of the day, after which the young wife settles down quietly in her new home, relieving her mother-in-law of many of the household duties. On the following Friday, however, the bride, accompanied by her husband, returns to spend twenty-four hours under the parental roof, and pays her mother another visit on the subsequent Wednesday, when she takes with her a bottle of the native spirit called *rakí*, bringing back with her an equal quantity from the family store. The nuptial observ-

[1] This custom of the best man taking the spoon with him may have some connection with an episode which is of frequent occurrence in Greek folk-tale. See, for instance, Von Hahn's Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια; or Geldart's translation of the Greek Cinderella story in *Folk-lore of Modern Greece*, p. 30.

ances are finally terminated three days afterwards by a feast given by the bride's father to all the relatives of the couple.

The ceremonies observed by the Greeks in connection with death and burial are almost everywhere identical, and include many archaic customs and time-honoured traditions in association with the rites of the Eastern Church.

When the end of a sick person is believed to be approaching, the priest is summoned to administer to him the last sacrament. If the death struggle appears to be prolonged, the friends of the moribund conclude that some person or persons are at enmity with him, and use their best endeavours to bring to his bedside any one whom he may have wronged. Should the injured person be dead, a small portion of his shroud must be procured. This is laid on a pan of charcoal, and the dying man is fumigated with the smoke arising therefrom, when the hostility of its owner will cease, and the soul will be able to depart in peace. The family then gather round to take their last farewell, and cheer the last moments of the departing spirit. After the first burst of natural grief is exhausted, the body is left to the ministrations of the "washers of the dead." The customary ablutions performed, it is anointed with oil and wine, and sprinkled with earth. A clean mattress and bed linen are spread on a long table, and the dead person, dressed in his holiday garments, is laid out on it, with his feet pointing towards the door and his hands crossed on his breast, on which

a cup is also placed to be buried with him. The bier is decked with fresh flowers and green branches, and three large wax tapers, ranged at the foot, are kept burning the night through. A large stone is also brought into the room and left there for three days—a custom which appears to commemorate the burial and resurrection of Christ.

Greek women have in all times played a conspicuous part in funeral observances, and from the days of Antigone the fulfilment of the rites of sepulture has been observed by them as one of the most sacred duties. Homer describes how Andromáché chanted a dirge to her dead husband and her son Astyanax, how the mother and sister-in-law took up the lament, the burden of which was repeated by a chorus of other women. Such scenes as this may be witnessed at the present day in the cottage of the humblest peasant. The female relatives of the deceased, with dishevelled hair and disordered dress, now come in to perform the duty of watchers. Seated round the room on the floor, they take it in turn to chant dirges (*μυριολογία*) for the dead, lamenting his loss, extolling his virtues, and, in some cases, describing the cause of his death. These *myriologia* are essentially pagan in sentiment. They contain no assurance that the dead are in a state of bliss, and no hope of a happy meeting in Paradise. A dying son can comfort his sorrowing mother only by directing her to a hill on which grow "herbs of forgetfulness." The fond brother would build for his sister a mausoleum in which she could sit at ease, look forth on the green earth, and hear the birds singing. And

the young wife complains that her husband has abandoned her, and wedded instead "the black earth." But, as a rule, the lost ones are mourned as carried off, by the vindictive and remorseless Charon, from home and friends and all the joys and pursuits of the upper world, to his dreary realm of Hades. This lower world is generally pictured as a tent, green or red outside, but black within, under which are held dismal banquets on the bodies of the dead. Charon goes out hunting on his black horse, and returns laden with human spoil of both sexes and all ages—

The young men he before him drives, and drags the old behind him,
While ranged upon the saddle sit with him the young and lovely.[1]

Though crudely expressed in the mixed and ill-pronounced dialects of the various localities to which they belong, these death-ballads are by no means devoid of finely imaginative and poetic ideas. Many are, no doubt, of considerable antiquity, and have been transmitted as heirlooms from mother to daughter through countless generations. Every woman knows by heart a considerable number, suited to all occasions; and if these are found insufficient to express the overwrought feelings of a bereaved mother, daughter, wife, or sister, her grief will find vent in an improvised *myriológos*, less measured and rhythmical, perhaps, than the conventional dirge, but equally marked by touching pathos and poetic imagery. The following are a few repre-

[1] *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 113.

sentative pieces in the metre and rhythm of the originals, which may give some idea of the style of lamentation used on these occasions.

DIRGE FOR A FATHER.

Now sit around me, children mine, and let us see who's absent:
The glory of the house has gone, the family's supporter,
Who to the house a banner was, and in the church a lantern.
The banner's staff is broke in twain, the lantern is extinguished.
Why stand ye, orphaned children, there, like wayfarers and strangers?
And from your lips comes forth no wail, like nightingale's sad singing?
Your eyes, why weep they not amain, and stream like flowing rivers?
Your tears should spread, a mere, around, should flow a cool fresh fountain,
To bathe the weary traveller, and give the thirsty water.[1]

DIRGE FOR A HOUSE-MISTRESS.

What is this noise falls on our ears, and what is this loud tumult?
Say, can it for a wedding be, or can it be a feast-day?
The good wife now is setting forth, to Hades she's departing;
She hangs her keys upon the wall, and sets her house in order,
A yellow taper in her hand. The mourners chant sad dirges;
And all the neighbours gather round, all those whom death has stricken.
Whoso would now a message send, a letter let him give her;
She who a son unarmèd mourns, now let her send his weapons;
Write, mothers, to your children dear, and ye, wives, to your husbands,
Your bitter grief, your suffering, and all your weight of sorrow.[2]

[1] Used in Malakassi, Epirus: *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 120.
[2] Used in Epirus: *ibid.* p. 121.

DIRGE FOR A DAUGHTER.

"O tell me, tell me, daughter mine, how long shall I await thee?
Say, six months shall I wait for thee, or in a year expect thee?
Six months—it is a weary time; a year—it is unending!"
"My mother, were it but six months, or were it but a twelve-month!
Then would the evil be but small, the time would fly full quickly.
Now will I tell thee, mother mine, when to expect my coming:
When thou shalt see the ocean dry, and in its place a garden;
When thou shalt see a dead tree sprout, and put forth leaves and branches;
When thou shalt see the raven black, white-feathered like a pigeon."[1]

The following touching lament is sung by a much bereaved father over the body of his only son. It is from the island of Mytilene.[2]

Within a gloomy cavern I
Will hide me from the light,
From cruel scourgings I'll not cease
Till life is put to flight.

Say, O my Fate, were not enough
The woes of other years?
Must thou again misfortune send,
To flood mine eyes with tears?

I, Fate, am now a fruitless tree,
A honey-emptied hive;
And all the summer of my life
Of joy thou dost deprive.

I come, my son, to take my leave
Of thy two eyebrows black;
Alas! alas! thy comely limbs
The worm will soon attack!

[1] *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 122.
[2] *Les Littératures Populaires*, vol. xxviii. p. 269.

A ladder will I place to reach
Thy grave so dark and cold;
So I may come to visit thee,
And we may converse hold.

If I a swallow were, my way
Above thy grave I'd take;
Perhaps my tears may rouse thee still,
And from thy deep sleep wake?

If thou thy mother dear shouldst meet,
In thine take thou her hand,
And say, I grieve when winter chills
Or summer cheers the land.

Couldst thou not, Charon, pity feel,
And spare my heart's dear joy?
He was his mother's only son,
Her musk-fed,[1] much-loved boy.

Shutters and windows would that earth
Might make her where he lies,
That I might go and gaze upon
His eyebrows and his eyes.

Thy childhood's haunts thou now must leave,
And from thy village roam;
Leave all the comrades of thy youth,
And tear thee from thy home.

My garments I will dye them black
As raven's feathers are,
And, seeking for the child I've lost,
I'll wander near and far.

If, when a year or two have flown,
Thou hither com'st again,
In mourning still thou'lt find me clad,
And thou wilt weep with pain.

[1] μοσκαναθρεμμένο.

O speak to me, as I to thee!
Come, as in other years,
Let us the black earth over those
We've lost bedew with tears.

Dost thou, O Charon, feel no ruth
For all thou'st done to me?
Insatiate yet, my tear-dimmed eyes
Still wouldst thou weeping see?

Two blows, two swiftly following blows,
Thou'st dealt me with thy dart,
The one has pierced me in my head,
The other in my heart.

LAMENT OF A WOMAN OF PLUMARI (MYTILENE) FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.[1]

All pensively my gaze upon the hills I bend,
Why do they not for grief their snow-clad summits rend?
I pass along the road, sweet scents my senses greet,
The ground I know was pressed by Panaghióté's feet.
Put on thy rustling blue *vrakià*,[2] and thy Arabian zone,
Come from thy grave and walk abroad, thou'lt be outshone by none.
Where wast yestreen, and fore yestreen, and the long, lonesome night?
I trimmed the lamp, the tapers lit, that thou might'st see their light.
Gold coin placed on the *kólyva*, let quarter liras shine;
For 'tis his toil which all has earned, and they are his, not mine.
When first I heard that death my boy from my fond arms had caught,
Alas for me! I lost my wits, and now I'm one distraught.
Gold coins place on the *kólyva*, ten *grósia*[3] let them be,
For he Plumari's headman was, the first man here was he.

[1] *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 273.

[2] βρακιά. The ample baggy breeches of dark-blue cotton, worn by the Greeks of the Islands and of Asia Minor.

[3] γρόσια, piastres. Ten piastres are equal to about two shillings.

The interment usually takes place on the day after death. The invited guests assemble at the house of mourning, bringing with them flowers to lay on the occupant of the unclosed coffin. In the Balkan Peninsula the coin to pay his passage across the Styx, the *ναῦλον* for Charon, is placed between the lips of the corpse. In Asia Minor and in some of the contiguous islands the coin is placed in the hand. In the island of Rhodes it is customary to place in the mouth of the dead a fragment of tile on which the priest has drawn the mystic sign of the pentacle (*πενταλφα*), and the words, "Christ has conquered" (Ὁ Χριστος νίκα), in order to prevent his returning to earth as a vampire. Cake and wine are handed round, and the company, as they partake of these funeral cates, murmur reverentially, "God rest him" (Ὁ Θεὸς συγχωρήσει τὸν). After the preliminary prayers have been offered, the coffin is taken up by the bearers, and the procession follows it to the church. In front walk the priests, carrying crosses; behind them are the chief mourners on either side of the coffin, holding the ends of black streamers (*ταινία*) attached to it. As the funeral train wends slowly to the church, the clergy chant the prayers for the dead. In some inland towns the relatives continue to chant *myriologia* all the way to church, and afterwards to the burial-ground.[1] The body is placed on

[1] Sandys, an Englishman who travelled in the East about the middle of the seventeenth century, thus quaintly describes this custom: "Then the choice and prime women of the city, if the deceased were of note, do assist their obsequies with bosoms displaid and their haire disheveled: glad that they have the occasion to manifest their beautie, which at other times is secluded from admirers."—*Travailes, A Relation of a Journey, &c.*, ed. 1652, p. 55. Belon, a Frenchman, writing at about the same period, also says: "Le

a bier in the nave of the church, and the funeral Mass performed. The relatives are then invited to give the deceased the farewell kiss, and the procession sets out for the cemetery. Arrived here, the coffin is placed by the side of the grave, the concluding prayers are offered, and the lid is then nailed down. When the body has been lowered into the grave, the priest throws on the coffin a spadeful of earth in the form of a cross, and then hands the spade to the relatives, who do the same in turn, saying, "God rest his soul" (Ὁ Θεὸς συγχωρήσει τὴν ψυχὴν τοῦ).[1] When the grave has been filled up, the funeral party return to the house of sorrow, where, after performing a ceremonial ablution, they sit down to a repast at which fish, eggs, and vegetables only are served. The house must not be swept for three days after the dead has been carried out of it, and the broom used on this occasion is immediately afterwards burnt.

The mourning worn by Greeks of both sexes is of a most austere character. Ornaments are rigidly set aside, and all articles of dress are of the plainest black materials, cotton or woollen, and made in the most simple fashion possible. In some districts the Greeks, on the death of a near relative, send all their

coustume est que les femmes des Grecs ne se monstrent en public: et toutes fois s'il y a quelque belle femme en la ville et l'on pleure le trépassé, elle se sentira moult heureuse d'avoir trouvé l'occasion de montrer sa beauté accompaignant les autres de la ville attendu qu'elles vont en troupe toutes eschevelées et espoitrinées monstrants aumoins leurs belle charnure. En ces entrefaites les hommes s'y trouvent aussi; ayant aumoins le plaisir de voir cette fois les femmes et les filles de leurs voisins bien à leur aise: car de les voir en autre saison, il n'y a pas grand ordre."—*Observations*, &c., fol. 6.

[1] In Rhodes a jar of water is broken over the grave at the moment of interment.

wardrobes, not excepting under-linen and pocket-handkerchiefs, to the dyers, the result, as may be supposed, being funereal in the extreme. Women, too, frequently cut off their hair at the death of their husbands, and bury it with them; men, on the other hand, allow their beards to grow as a sign of sorrow. Mourning is also worn for a considerable period. Girls, after their fathers' death, do not abandon their mourning until they marry, and widows and elderly women invariably retain it as their permanent attire. For, in many country districts, custom does not allow women to enter a second time into wedlock, and a widow who ventured thus to violate public opinion would be treated with scant respect by her neighbours for the rest of her days.

On the eves of the third, the ninth, the twentieth, and the fortieth days after burial, Masses are performed for the soul of the departed. These functions are called *kólyva* (κόλυβα); and on the fortieth *kólyva* two sacks of flour are converted into bread, a loaf of which is sent to each family of friends to invite them to the commemoration service, held in the church. One of the large circular copper trays used for baking, and which have a rim about two inches high, is filled with boiled wheat, ornamented on the top with elaborate patterns in almonds and raisins, sesame seeds, cinnamon, sugar-plums, basil, &c., and sent to the church to be blessed, accompanied by a bottle of wine for the priests. The *kólyva* is said to be symbolical of the death and re-birth of Nature, like the myth of Demeter and her daughter; and also to typify, according to the Christian doctrine,

that man is "sown in corruption, and raised in incorruption." Each person present takes a handful of the *kólyva*, saying, as he does so, "God rest him." On the following day this ceremony is repeated; and after eating a frugal meal together, the mourners, with their friends, proceed to the cemetery, accompanied by the priest, to erect a tombstone over the grave. The poor of the neighbourhood are in the evening regaled with a supper, during which their wishes for the soul of the departed are repeatedly expressed. The plates and other articles of pottery used at these funeral feasts are broken and left at the grave. Such fragments are found, together with lamps and little terra cotta figures, in the old tombs in Asia Minor—so many of which were discovered during the construction of the Aidin and Cassaba railways—showing that this custom is the survival of an ancient practice.

During the forty days following, tapers are kept burning in the house, and, on the fortieth, the genealogy of the deceased is read before the assembled company, and prayers are offered for the repose of the souls of all his ancestors. These ceremonies are repeated at intervals during the space of three years, at the expiration of which the grave is opened, and the body exhumed. If it is found to be sufficiently decomposed, the bones are collected in a linen cloth, and carried in a basket, adorned with flowers, to the church, where they remain for nine days. The relatives visit the remains every evening, taking with them more *kólyva*, and, if the deceased has been a person of some stand-

ing in the neighbourhood, twelve priests and a bishop take part in the Mass performed on the ninth day. The bones are then either put in a box and replaced in the grave, or added to the other ghastly heaps in the charnel-house of the church.

If the body is not found at the end of the three years to be satisfactorily decomposed, grave fears are entertained that the spirit is not at rest, and has not entirely abandoned the body. The most terrible curse that can be pronounced against a Greek is couched in the words, "May the earth not eat you!" (Νὰ μὴ σὲ φάη ὁ χόμας). For, if this curse take effect, the object of it will, after death, become that most dreaded of all spectres, a vampire.[1] In order, therefore, to induce the body to "dissolve" (λυόνω),[2] the same ceremonies and prayers are repeated during another three years.

In Asia Minor a ceremony is observed, on the 5th of January (o.s.), called the *Saïa*, a sort of "Day of the Dead." Every family which has lost one of its members during the past year repairs, on the morning of this day, to weep and pray at the graves of the departed. On their return home they sit down to a table, also called *Saïa*, which is spread with Lenten fare—for this is a fast day—consisting chiefly of dishes of *fassoulákia*, or white beans, dressed with oil and vinegar, and fruit. Friends and neighbours arrive during the day, bringing with them two small tapers which they present to the hostess, receiving

[1] See Chap. IV.

[2] The widow of Thanasé Vaghia thus addresses her vampire-husband: 'Πὲς μον, Θανάσε, θὲν ἠληόσες ἀκόμα."—*Greek Folk-songs*, p. 129.

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from her in return other two lighted ones of her own manufacture. Each guest partakes of the above-named dishes, and, before and after eating, expresses his good wishes for the soul of the deceased. The dishes are not removed until late in the evening, in order that the spirits of the dead, who are supposed to come at nightfall, may also have their share of the feast.

This same day, after sunset, the Turkish *gamins* put on a disguise, which they call *Saïa*, generally a full-sized pair of the wide, baggy breeches commonly worn in those regions, the top of which is drawn round the necks of the little rascals. With a pair of horns fixed on their heads, and as many little bells and tinkling pieces of metal as they can collect, fastened to their disguise, they go into the streets of the Greek quarter, shouting at the top of their voices :

Saïa has come here;
Tell me, hast thou heard him?
Saïa has saluted thee;
Say, didst thou salute him?
The serpent on the rocks doth glide,
From this *Saïa* to that he goes.
"Had! hud!" is what he says,
Telling me to lay me down,
Where I find tureen of beans.[1]

The boy then throws himself at full length on the ground, and remains there until the housewife comes out and gives him either fruit or money.

[1] *Les Littératures Populaires*, vol. xxviii. p. 293.

CHAPTER IV.

GREEK WOMEN: THEIR BELIEFS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

THE essential points in which the Orthodox Greek differs from the Roman Catholic Church are: (1) The Holy Ghost being held to proceed from the Father only; (2) the administration of the Eucharist in both kinds to the laity; and (3) the substitution in the churches of pictures for images of the Virgin and Saints. The sacraments in the Eastern, as in the Western, Church are seven—Baptism, confirmation, penance, the Eucharist, marriage, administration of unction to the sick and dying, and ordination. Celibacy is required of the higher clergy, but not of the secular priests, or *papas*, though they are forbidden to contract a second marriage. The former are drawn chiefly from the better classes, and in their capacities of Bishops and Archbishops wield a temporal as well as a spiritual authority over their flocks. The Porte exercises no jurisdiction in the internal affairs of its Christian subjects, which are regulated in each diocese by a council of the chief inhabitants, presided over by the Bishop or Archbishop. The Primates also act as intermediaries between the Christians and the Turkish civil authorities when they have any disagreement with Moslems.

It is, however, impossible to conceive a clergy more ignorant than the parish priests. They belong almost exclusively to the lower ranks of the people, and are as poor and uncultured as their parishioners. Such a priesthood could naturally have very little, if any, moral influence. But the peculiar position of the Greek nation, surrounded by a dominant population, alien alike in creed and race, has caused them to look upon their Church and its ordinances as part and parcel of their national existence; and an ignorant clergy naturally attaches greater weight to outward observances and superstitious practices than to the spiritual teaching of the Church. To a people so debased as in some localities to have forgotten their mother tongue, these practical observances of religion constitute a visible catechism which has done more to keep them faithful to the Church of their fathers than could have been effected by the most eloquent sermons. For, being severely imposed and solemnly observed, they appeared to the vulgar as divinely instituted ordinances, the neglect of which would draw upon them the wrath of God and His saints as much in this world as in the next.

The natural result of such a form of Christianity is extreme free-thinking among those sufficiently educated to disbelieve all the superstitions in which they have been cradled. But whatever may be the private convictions on religious matters of the cultured classes, the Church of their fathers is respected as a time-honoured institution, which has been of the utmost service to the nation during the dark centuries of Ottoman oppression. And though many,

both among the clergy and the laity, are sensible of the inconvenient length of their liturgies, and of the absurdity of the superstitious customs which have been engrafted upon, and have grown up into, their religion, yet they fear, in their present political situation, to make any reforms, as the schisms which would result would inevitably weaken the unity of the Greek nation. Even the change from the "Old" to the "New" Style of reckoning is still considered as "hazardous" as when Sir Paul Rycaut wrote, two centuries ago: "lest the people, observing their guides to vary in the least point from their ancient, and (as they imagine) their canonical profession, should begin to suspect the truth of all, and from a doubt dispute themselves into an indifference, and thence into an entire desertion of the faith."[1]

Religion, consequently, as understood by the mass of the people, consists of an agglomeration of superstitious rites concerning times and seasons, fasts and feasts. And, notwithstanding that the Greeks consider themselves Christians *par excellence*, they have remained in sentiment as essentially pagan as were their predecessors in classic times.

The life of a *papadiá*, as the wives of the lower clergy are called, differs in no way from the lives of other women of the peasant and artisan class, save, perhaps, that she has more difficulty than they have in making both ends meet on the proceeds of church fees for christenings, weddings, and funerals, which, with the few piastres paid annually

[1] *The Present State of the Greek and Armenian Churches.*

by each family, constitute the income of a *papas*. Regular attendance at the services of the Greek Church is not required of women, especially before marriage. Girls, as a rule, go to Mass only on great festivals and special occasions, when they sit—or rather stand, for seats are almost unknown in Eastern churches—apart from the men in a gallery called the *gynaikonitis*, extending to the *bema*, or chancel, and approached by an external staircase. It is recorded that St. Basil, having once detected a woman making signs to the officiating assistant-deacon during the celebration of the Liturgy, made it a rule that the easternmost part of the *gynaikonitis* should be fitted with a curtain. The elderly women are the most assiduous church-goers, as they are less occupied with household duties, and their frequent appearance out of doors is not calculated to give rise to gossip. The churches are, however, open on week-days, and the younger women may frequently be seen making their obeisances (Μετάνοια) before the "Holy Gates," or lighting a taper in honour of an *eikon* of the Virgin-Mother or a favourite saint. Greek women and girls are also the most scrupulous observers of all the formulas prescribed by the Church and by custom with respect to fasts and feasts, and the events of the ecclesiastical year. Like the Roman Catholics, they make the sign of the cross before and after meals, and before their night and morning prayers, which they repeat standing before the picture of the *Panaghia*, the Roman Catholic Madonna, which is always illuminated by a tiny lamp.

Although Greek monasteries are to be found in every part of the Empire inhabited by members of the Orthodox Church, testifying to the popularity among men of a conventual life—at least in the past—few nunneries exist at the present day, and the number of inmates in those which still survive is very small. A cloistered life naturally offers few attractions to women with whom marriage is the rule, and in whom family sentiment is so strongly developed. The nuns, called καλογρηαί ("good old women"), are generally elderly and childless widows, or plain and portionless spinsters, who, being without family ties, and without means of support, are glad of the asylum offered by the nunneries.[1] The communities are, as a rule, very small, consisting sometimes of not more than six members, and the discipline is by no means very strict. The nuns at Ioannina were very glad to let their guest-chambers, not only to the Bishop of Paramythia on his visits to the Epirote Capital, but to his friend Mr. Stuart Glennie, and his servant, during their six weeks' stay there; and welcomed him, when he cared to look in on them, either in their weaving-room, or in their divan, with the customary coffee and sweets. I have had the advantage of perusing some of the proof-sheets of Mr. Stuart Glennie's travels, and am allowed to quote the following graphic description of the architectural style of an Eastern nunnery, and the mode of life pursued therein:—

"Suppose a visitor had raised the heavy iron ring

[1] Mr. Tozer, in his *Highlands of Turkey*, inaccurately describes the Greek nuns as servants in the monasteries.

(σίδηρον), and knocked at the outer door under my windows, it would have been opened either by my servant or by one of the black-robed nuns, my hostesses. . . . . He would have been admitted, not at once into the house, but into a gateway under my rooms, and, passing through this, he would have found himself in a little courtyard, roofed in great part by a vine, and with a draw-well on the left, from which a nun probably would have been filling a pitcher. On the left, he would also have found a staircase, outside the house, as is usual here, but covered by the far-projecting eaves. This led to the guest-chambers which I occupied. At the opposite end of the courtyard he would have observed another outside staircase, leading to the dormitory of the nuns. Into a passage under this dormitory opened two rooms—the one the workroom of the nuns, where, sitting at their looms, they wove a fine linen gauze; and the other their divan, or drawing-room, as we should say. Beyond the passage was another little courtyard, with the kitchen, other offices, and another outer staircase. And, as the front courtyard was roofed by a wide-spreading vine, the back yard was embowered by pleasantly shadowing trees, hardly yet touched by autumn, though it was now November, and we were in a highland strath 1000 feet above the level of the sea. Ascending my staircase, a visitor would have found on the right of the landing, and projecting from the balustrade, the open-air washstand, characteristic of houses in Turkey, and on the left was the entrance to my apartments."[1]

[1] *Ancient Hellas.*

At Kallone, in the island of Mytilene, is a nunnery which is used as a penitentiary for women whose conduct has caused social scandal. They do not live in common, like the generality of nuns, but rather like the Sketé monks of Mount Athos, each having her separate little chamber and her patch of garden, which she cultivates with her own hands, and the produce of which suffices for nearly all her wants. Any further necessaries are purchased with the proceeds of their industry in spinning and knitting.

The morals of the nuns generally at the present day would seem to be fairly good, so far as I have been able to ascertain. If, however, folk-poesy is any authority, this does not appear always to have been the case, for the songs and stories belonging to the humorous class contain perhaps as many allusions to the short-comings of the "good old women" as they do to those of the "good old men."[1]

The Greek year may be said, roughly speaking, to be divided pretty equally between fast days and feast days, both being observed with equal fidelity. The fasts are kept with no less patience and sobriety than superstition, it being accounted a greater sin to eat of food forbidden by the Church than to break one of the Ten Commandments. The women and girls of the lower orders especially often incapacitate themselves for work during Lent by living exclusively on bread and vegetables; and to housewives in the Levant this period and the subsequent Easter feasting are a yearly trial, as all the native servants are

[1] See, for instance, in Economides' *Τραγούδια του Ὀλυμπου* and Aravandinos' *Συλλογὴ δημωδῶν Ἠπειρωτικῶν ἀσμάτων.*

more or less unfit for their duties. Even when seriously ill, no nourishing food will be taken, the patient deeming it "better to fast and die than eat and sin." For no "indulgences" are granted by the clergy in this respect, though, if applied to by the doctor, they will promise absolution to the sufferer for infringing the commands of the Church.

Besides Lent, there are three other great fasts—that of the Holy Apostles, which begins a week after Pentecost and terminates on the 29th of June; that preparatory to the Feast of the Assumption, from the 1st to the 15th of August, when women and girls abstain even from oil; and the forty days of Advent. Wednesdays and Fridays are, nearly all the year round, days of abstinence, except in the eleventh week before Easter, called in Asia Minor *Arzieburst*. A strange reason is given for this exception, which has, however, the authority of Christophoros Angelos. A dog of the name of Arzieburst belonged to certain heretics, and was in the habit of carrying letters for them. When this much-prized animal died, his owners, to show their sorrow, fasted on every anniversary of the event; and the Orthodox, in opposition to, and in order to have no conformity with, them, appointed that the Wednesday and Friday of this week should be exempt from any obligation of abstinence. All sorts of strange beliefs and odd customs are, indeed, connected with these fasts and festivals, the origin and meaning of many of which it is impossible to discover; all the reply one receives to inquiries being, "We have it so" (Ἔτσι τὸν ἔχωμαι ἐμεῖς), accompanied by

a shrug of the shoulders, indicating the superior position and privileges of the Orthodox.

Like all the other Eastern Christians, the Greeks adhere to the Old or Gregorian Calendar, and their year begins twelve days later than ours. The 1st of January is dedicated to St. Basil (Ἅϊ-Βασίλος), who appears to have been a native of Cesaræa, or, as it is locally called, Kaisariyeh, in Cappodocia. In Asia Minor, and also in Epirus, children go from house to house on this day singing odes in honour of the Saint, which, however, generally conclude with some complimentary lines to the occupants, wishing them "A good year," and requesting *largesse*. St. Basil is always described in these songs as a school-boy, whose touch quickens inanimate objects with new life.

The month's first day, the year's first day, the first of January,
The circumcision day of Christ, and likewise of St. Basil!
St. Basil, see, is coming here, from Cappadocia coming,
A paper in his hand he holds, and carries pen and inkhorn.

With pen and inkhorn doth he write, and reads he from the paper.
"Say, Basil, say, whence comest thou, and whither art thou wending?"
"I from my home have now come forth, and I to school am going."
"Sit down and eat, sit down and drink, sit down and sing thou for us!"
"'Tis only letters that I learn, of singing I know nothing."
"O, then, if you your letters know, say us your *Alpha*, *Beta*,"
And as he leant upon his staff, to say his *Alpha*, *Beta*,
Although the staff was dry and dead, it put forth freshest branches.

And on the topmost branch of all there perched and sang
a partridge,
Who water took up in her claws, and oil upon her feathers,
To sprinkle on her ladyship, her nobleness to sprinkle.[1]

The Eve of Epiphany, as described in the previous chapter, is called in Cappadocia *Saïa*, and observed as a Day of the Dead. According to a local belief, a stream of gold runs in the water during a few minutes of this night. The country people accordingly hasten about midnight with their pitchers to the fountains and brooks, in order to catch, if possible, some of the precious fluid. Another superstition says that at the same time the plants bend their stems, and the trees their summits, in adoration of Jesus Christ, the following day being the Epiphany. Popular tradition relates that a certain woman witnessed this miracle several times. One night she succeeded in tying her kerchief to the top branches of a tall poplar at the moment the tree was making its obeisance. The next day the kerchief was found flying from the crest, which proof, of course, entirely convinced the hitherto incredulous.

The next Church festival is the Baptism of Christ, called the Feast of the Lights, for which there are also odes naïvely describing the accomplishment of this rite by St. John the Baptist on the person of Jesus.

The Greek observance of the Carnival varies according to locality, but it is only in Constantinople and Smyrna that it partakes of the

[1] Aravandinos, Συλλογὴ, &c., No. 152. See also *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 96, for other example.

popular character of the Roman Catholic Carnival, which precedes it. The greater importance given to this season in these cities is due no doubt to the example of the Frank population, who do not fail to

> take their fill of recreation,
> And buy repentance ere they grow devout.

It is only, however, to the Greek women of the better classes that the Carnival furnishes much amusement in the shape of fancy balls and masqued parties. The women of the lower orders must, as a rule, rest content with listening to the passing music —generally of a very primitive kind—and occasionally exchanging a little badinage through their grated windows with the young men of the quarter, who roam the streets after sunset in various disguises. In the old-fashioned houses, which have no windows looking on the street in their lower stories, even this is impossible, and the paterfamilias has to be cajoled into conducting his daughters to the more modern dwelling of a friend or neighbour, whose lighted and unshuttered windows tacitly announce the family to be "at home" to masquerading callers. On the last Sunday of the festal season this species of amusement begins in the afternoon, and is kept up till nine or ten o'clock. Then the shutters are closed, the Carnival is over, and a hard-boiled egg is handed to each person before going to bed, which "shuts the mouth to flesh" until Easter Day, when it is "opened" with another egg.

Many women and girls abstain entirely from food during the first two days of Lent, and, indeed, until

they have received the communion on Ash Wednesday at noon, when they satisfy themselves with Lenten dishes. Betrothed maidens who have rigidly observed this fast, receive on the following Saturday from their *fiancé*, or his parents, a present, which is called "The gift of the three days' fast."

The Eve of Palm Sunday is sacred to Lazarus. Most of the songs sung in the streets on this occasion are a curious medley of dialogue between Christ, Martha, Mary, and Lazarus, and complimentary speeches and good wishes to the neighbours. It is almost impossible to reproduce them in rhyme, and I will attempt here only a literal translation of one belonging to Ioannina:—"Good day to you, good evening to you, we are glad to see your worships! If you are sleeping, pray awake; if you are sitting, pray arise! Where wert thou, Lazarus, that thou comest forth now, and appearest in the town with thy shroud wound round thee?"

"I was buried deep in the earth, with my poor hands crossed on my breast and my feet together, my poor eyes full of tears and my mouth of bitter poison. Then Christ came and awoke me, and raised me out of my tomb."

"Lazarus has come, and Palm Sunday, and the great and holy day. The maidens have come in flocks.[1] Maidens mine, cross yourselves, and honour the good gentleman and the good and stately lady."[2]

On the following day, which is called *Vaia* (Βαια, or Κυριακὴ τῶν Βαιῶν), similar songs are sung. It is

[1] Ἤρθ' ὁ μέρμιγκας τῶν κορασίδων.

[2] Aravandinos, Συλλογὴ, &c., No. 155.

customary at Smyrna for the carpenters to present wooden rattles to the children of the families by whom they are employed; and all day long one's ears are assailed with the excruciating noise of these instruments of aural torture, swung round to the refrain of

Βαΐο, Βαΐο, τὸ Βαιὸ,
Τρώμε ψάρι, καὶ κολιὸ.
Καὶ τὴν ἄλλη Κυριακὴ,
Τρώμε κόκκινο αὐγὸ.[1]

By some extraordinary coincidence, the springs of the rattles in my neighbourhood were always found to have got out of order during the night; and as they no longer made any noise, their youthful owners speedily flung them aside for more amusing toys. On Holy Thursday every housewife boils a number of eggs with cochineal for the approaching Easter festival, and also bakes a quantity of cakes and sweet biscuits. At the hour when the Gospels are read, she takes eggs to the number of the household, including the servants, and one over, places them in a napkin, and carries them to church, where she leaves them until Sunday. The supplementary egg is laid before the Eikonostacion, or Place of the Holy Pictures, and is afterwards kept as a remedy against all kinds of ills. Many of these eggs have traced upon them in elegant characters texts of Scripture and other sacred words, with the date.

An Asia Minor superstition says that it is quite

[1] Palm, Palm, Palm Sunday;
Koliò fish we eat to-day
And when next Sunday comes
We eat red eggs.

impossible to make bread or cakes on Good Friday, for the water used to mix the dough would "turn into the blood of Jesus Christ!" To shave on that holy day, however, is a meritorious act, which puts to flight tooth-ache; and to wash one's head cures any malady with which it may be afflicted. But to perform either of these operations on any other Friday in the year would only augment both tooth-ache and headache. The house and every corner of the premises must be swept with scrupulous care on "the Great Friday," as any neglected spot would be sure to be found infested by worms or other insects.

During Holy Week, a kind of fortune-telling is performed by means of the hens. A day is apportioned to each member of the family, and according to the number of eggs laid on that day will be his or her prosperity during the coming year.

Late in the evening of Good Friday, a solemn service is held in the churches. I was present on one of these occasions at the Metropolitan Church at Salonica, and was much impressed by the ceremonial. On entering we were conducted to stalls facing the archiepiscopal throne, where sat the Archbishop in his resplendent sacerdotal robes and mitre, glittering with gold and gems. Near us, supported on trestles, was a full-length picture of the Christ, to which the Orthodox worshippers, as they entered the sacred building, advanced and then reverently kissed the semblance of the dead Saviour. Every class of the Orthodox community was represented in the congregation, from the polished Russian and Roumanian diplomat, and Greek Archon of name and lineage, to

the ragged and barefooted *gamin*, who, unreproved by pompous verger or beadle, pushed his way through the throng to take the place to which he had an equal right, as a son of the Church, with every other worshipper. When the ritual of chant and prayer had been performed, lighted tapers were distributed, the dead Christ was taken up by the clergy, and carried outside and round the church, followed by the whole congregation. As we again approached the western entrance, the light of the many tapers disclosed what we had not observed, in the darkness, on our arrival, a dozen or so of Turkish soldiers, rifle in hand, seated on the bench inside the great gateway of the churchyard, sent by the authorities to prevent any disturbance of the rites of the Christians by the surrounding Jewish population. For at Salonica the Jews, who, made bold by their superior numbers, drove away St. Paul from this very city to Bérea, would again "stir up the people" against the Christians, and "set all the city on an uproar,"[1] were it not for the Ottoman Governors, by whom the characteristic Hebrew insolence is on occasion instantly transformed into equally characteristic cringing servility.

The Resurrection is commemorated by the Eastern Church strictly "in the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn towards the first day of the week"[2] —that is, about one o'clock on the morning of Easter Sunday—when a ceremony takes place of the same character as that performed in the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The Archbishop, or chief officiating priest, presents to the congregation

[1] Acts xvii. 5. [2] Matt. xxviii. 1.

a lighted taper with the words, "Δεῦτε λάβετε φῶς ἐκ τοῦ ἀνεσπέρου φωτὸς, καὶ δοξάσατε Χριστὸν τὸν ἀναστάντα ἐκ νεκρῶν" (Arise, and take the flame from the Eternal Light, and praise Christ, who is risen from the dead). Those nearest to him light their tapers from his, and then pass on the flame to those behind them, until all the tapers are kindled. And then rises the triumphant Resurrecton-Song:

Χριστὸς ἀνέστη ἐκ νεκρῶν,
Θανάτῳ θάνατον πατήσας,
Καὶ τοῖς ἐν τοῖς μνήμας ζωὴν χαρισάμενος.

Christ has risen from the dead,
By death He death hath trampled on,
To those laid in the graves Life having given.

At its conclusion, the Easter greeting, "Χρίστος ἀνέστη" (Christ is risen!), accompanied by a kiss on the cheek, is given by one friend to another, which is responded to by another kiss and the words, "Ἀληθῶς ἀνέστη" (Truly He is risen!). On emerging into the open air, shots are discharged from firearms in honour of the event, an old custom which is still adhered to, in spite of the prohibitions annually issued by the authorities in order to prevent disturbances of the public peace.

At the hour of early Mass the churches are again crowded with worshippers who have been shriven on the previous day, and now partake of the Communion. At its conclusion more salutations of "Christ is risen!" are exchanged, as they wend their way homewards to breakfast on red eggs, Easter cakes, and coffee; and then, as an old writer[1] says, "they

[1] Sir Paul Ricaut.

run into such excesses of mirth and riot, agreeable to the light and vain humour of that people, that they seem to be revenged of their late sobriety, and to make compensation to the devil for their late temperance and mortification towards God." The day is given up to relaxation and feasting, the most important event for the women and girls especially being the public promenade in the afternoon, for which they don their new summer dresses, the preparation of which has, it may well be supposed, much occupied their minds during the season of mortification. An equally important festival, at least at Bournabat, is the Feast of the Annunciation. On this occasion the whole of the Greek population assemble in the afternoon in the open space, called, from the adjoining great cistern which supplies the village with water, the *Havoúza*. The toilettes on this occasion are, if possible, still more wonderful than at Easter, and the sight generally attracts a large number of visitors. Manners here are, perhaps, less strict than in other localities, and a good deal of ogling and flirtation may be seen going on. In the evening, dances are held by the village people, to which the young men belonging to foreign families find no difficulty in obtaining admittance. The great dish served on this occasion is a kind of dough-nut called *Loukmas*, or "mouthfuls," eaten with a syrup made from clarified sugar.

The changes of the seasons are still celebrated by the Greeks, especially the coming of the Spring and the rebirth of Nature. In April the swallows are welcomed with songs which recall the χελιδόνισμα of the ancients:

Swallows are returning fast,
Over wide seas they have past;
'Neath the eaves they build their nest,
Sing as they from labour rest.

March, O March, thou snowest amain,
February comes with rain;
April, sweetest of the year,
Coming is, and he is near.

Twitter all the birds and sing,
All the little trees do spring;
Hens lay eggs, and O, good luck!
Already they begin to cluck.

Flocks and herds, a numerous train,
To hilly pastures mount again;
Goats that skip and leap and play,
Nibbling wayside shrubs' green spray.

Birds and beasts and men rejoice,
With one heart and with one voice;
Frosts are gone and snow wreaths deep,
Blust'ring Boreas now doth sleep.[1]

May Day is also greeted with songs, sung at the doors of houses, and wreaths of flowers and branches are twined and hung over the courtyard gateways.

An interesting custom is observed in Thessaly at the Feast of the Summer Solstice, or the "Eve of St. John," called the "Klithona."[2] It is, however, as a rule, performed only in the family circle, and many people long resident in the country are ignorant of it. At sunset, a large jar is filled with water and placed in the garden. Round it the family assemble, each

[1] *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 88.

[2] I have not been able to ascertain whether the name for this observance is derived from Κλείδονας, a presage, or augury, or from Κλειδόνω, to lock.

with a leaf or flower, which he or she throws in. A wild dance and chant are kept up all the time. The jar is then carefully covered with a linen cloth, and the youngest of the party goes through the ceremony of "locking" it with the house-key. It is finally set aside until the following day at noon, when the family assemble for the "unlocking." The cloth is removed, and each looks anxiously to see if his or her leaf or flower is floating on the water, as that foretells a long life, and an immersed leaf or flower an early death. A general sprinkling then ensues. The young people chase each other with glasses of water from the bowl, and consider a thorough drenching lucky. Singing is kept up all the time, and an occasional improvised couplet containing a sly personal allusion adds to the general merriment.

In Macedonia the ceremony differs a little, and is generally observed only by the girls and unmarried women, who often make up little parties for the occasion. One of the number is sent to fill a large jar of water at the well or fountain, with the injunction not to open her lips until she returns, no matter who may accost her. Into this jar each maiden drops some small object, such as a ring, bead, or glass bracelet, which is called the *Aklithona*. A cloth is then carefully tied over the mouth of the jar, which is left out all night under the stars. The youths of the neighbourhood are not unfrequently on the alert to discover the hiding-place of the jar, which, if found, they rob of its contents, which the girls have some difficulty in recovering. If all goes well, the

jar is uncovered on the following evening at sunset, and one of the maidens, shutting her eyes, plunges her bared arm into the water, and, as she draws out the objects one by one, recites a distich which is received as an augury propitious or the reverse of the matrimonial prospects of its owner. After supper the bonfire is lighted before the gate, and, after taking down and casting into it the now faded garlands hung over the doors on May Day, the young people leap through the flames, fully persuaded that "the fire of St. John will not burn them."

The couplets sung or recited on this occasion, though sometimes impromptu, are generally culled from the national treasury of δίστιχα, twelve hundred of which have been collected by Aravandinos as belonging to Epirus alone. The following may serve as a specimen, though, among so large a number, it is difficult to select the most poetical:

I hear my heart a-sighing, a-weeping with its smart;
And my *nous* which calls in answer, "Have patience, O dear Heart!"

In Cappadocia, St. John's Eve is called the *Kélémené*. On the morning following the Kélémené, all able-bodied persons repair to the fields before sunrise to gather a certain herb having a most unpleasant smell, and called in Turkish *uzerlik*. With it they wreathe the doors and windows of the houses, and it is thrown on the beds of the children and aged people who have remained at home. If a person has been scorched, or otherwise suffered from the effects of the *simoon*, the wind of the desert, a bed of *uzerlik*

is prepared for him, by reposing on which he is sure to recover. This superstition is common to both Christians and Turks. A similar ceremony of fire-lighting takes place in this province on the 5th of January (O.S.), and is called *Fishoti*.[1] This is also the name of a *djin*, or demon, which haunts the habitations of man after nightfall between the 27th of November and the 5th of January, when the fires of St. John scare it away. If a window is left the least bit open, or the door ajar, the Fishoti appears and calls the inmates by their names. Should any one be imprudent enough to answer, the demon tears out his tongue and runs away with it, shrieking with laughter. Infants and children of tender age must be specially guarded during this period.[2]

In Thessaly and Macedonia it is customary in times of prolonged drought to send a procession of children round to all the wells and springs of the neighbourhood. At their head walks a girl adorned with flowers, whom they drench with water at each halting-place while singing this invocation:

Perperià, all fresh bedewed,
Freshen all the neighbourhood;
By the woods, on the highway,
As thou goest, to God now pray:

[1] Messrs. Nicolaides and Roussel, the collectors of the traditions and stories of the volume of *Les Littératures Populaires*, from which I have quoted, suggest that *Kéllémené* and *Fishoti*, having no meaning in the languages of the present inhabitants of the province, Turkish, Armenian, and Greek, must be survivals of the language of the former inhabitants; and Mr. Stuart Glennie has suggested comparison with the language of the Vannic Inscriptions, as to which see Introductory Chapter I.

[2] Compare a similar Bulgarian superstition, Chap. XI.

O my God, upon the plain,
Send thou us a still, small rain;
That the fields may fruitful be,
And vines in blossom we may see;
That the grain be full and sound,
And wealthy grow the folks around;
Wheat and barley,
Ripen early,
Maize and cotton may take root,
Rice and rye and currants shoot;
Gladness in our gardens all,
For the drought may fresh dews fall;
Water, water, by the pail,
Grain in heaps beneath the flail;
Bushels grow from every ear,
Each vine-stem a burden bear.
Out with drought and poverty
Dew and blessings may we see![1]

The Greeks would seem to have assimilated, to a greater extent than any other Christian nation, the heathen festivals and observances of their ancestors; and the classical *genii loci* have only slightly changed their names. At sanctuaries, for instance, formerly dedicated to the Sun (Ἥλιος), homage is now paid to the Prophet, or rather "Saint," Elias, and almost every high hill and promontory is now, as of old, sacred to him. Power over rain is also attributed to this Saint; and, in time of drought, people flock to his churches and monasteries to supplicate the Sun-god in his other character of "The Rainy (ὄμβριος or ὑέτιος) Zeus." St. Donato (Ἅγιος, or, vulgarly, Ἁϊ Δονάτος), a favourite saint with the Souliotes, is also merely the transformation of a local pagan deity, Ἀϊδονεύς,[2] the

[1] *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 108.

[2] See *Greek Folk-songs*, Introd. p. 23.

King of the Infernal Regions. And Athena, the divine Virgin (Παρθένος), is now the *Panaghia* (Παναγία), the "All Holy" Virgin Mother. The Virgin has also taken the place of Eos, the Dawn, the Mother of the Sun, who opens the gates of the East through which her son will pass.[1] The Christian celebrations of the annual festivals of these saints are, consequently, merely survivals of pagan anniversaries, held at the church or monastery of the saint who has replaced the heathen divinity. At the more celebrated of these *Paneghyria* (πανηγύρια) a kind of fair is held, which is resorted to by crowds of pilgrims from the country round and the adjacent towns. Caravans may be seen wending their way along the mountain-paths leading to the monastery, some mounted on mules or donkeys, or leading horses laden with panniers full of little ones. On arriving, the devotees at once repair to the church, and, after lighting the customary taper, their first care is to pay to the shrine of the tutelar saint any vow which they may have made during the past year, in earnest of benefits asked or received through his mediation. These offerings often take the shape of a gold or silver aureole for his *eikon*, or perhaps a hand or arm, which is fastened on that part of the painting. Gold coins, too, are often stuck on the cheek of the *Panaghia*, and napkins, embroidered with a representation in gold thread of the Queen of Heaven, are presented to her shrine in return for favours.

As the accommodation afforded by the neighbouring

[1] Popular Greek poetry contains many pretty allusions to the dawn. "As beautiful as the sun" is also a common expression.

villages is generally quite inadequate for the number of pilgrims, they are allowed to sleep in the church, and the votive offerings which the visitors leave behind in return for this indulgence constitute quite a little revenue for the monks or priests. Their pious duties accomplished, the pilgrims turn their attention to feasting and merry-making. For at meal-times the whole company, throwing off for the time being their ordinary exclusiveness, unite in a gigantic picnic on the greensward, on the good things they have brought with them, to say nothing of their purchases from the numerous hawkers of fruits, sweets, and cakes whom such an event is sure to attract to the neighbourhood. Dealers in other wares, too, are not lacking, who find plenty of customers among the female portion of the assembly for their gum-mastic, combs, little mirrors, rouge, antimony, and other trifles. Purchasers of the last-mentioned articles may occasionally be found hidden behind the giant bole of a plane-tree putting a few finishing touches to their eyes or cheeks. Music, singing, dancing, and story-telling are the chief amusements, which are kept up to what is considered in the East a late hour. At dawn, however, they are all astir again for early Mass, to which they are summoned by the convent bell, or the *symandrò*, a suspended board struck by a mallet.

Family *Paneghyris* are also celebrated in some parts of the country, and in the islands, on the day of the patron saint of the *paterfamilias*. In Rhodes the housewife bakes on this day five loaves, which, after having been taken to church and blessed, are cut up and distributed to the poor.

On certain feast days a large cake, called a *peta*, is prepared for the use of the family, and a similar one is made for the beggars who may call during the day. To refuse a piece to any one who may ask for it would bring all manner of misfortune to the house. Indeed, at any time, a beggar is never sent away from even the poorest cottage door without a handful of olives or an onion. And I have heard that, during a period of scarcity which occurred in Thessaly some years ago, it was no uncommon thing for a beggar to exchange the pieces of bread which he had received at the doors of the wealthy for some fruit or vegetables from a cottager. It is, however, at Smyrna, considered unlucky to give directly from one's table to the poor, "lest it becomes as empty as theirs."

The Sacred Fountains (Αγιάσματα) have also their yearly festivals, held on the day dedicated to the patron saint who has replaced the local divinity. Circumstances of various import have conferred upon many springs within the walls of Constantinople the reputation of possessing healing power, but a romantic and solitary situation in the neighbourhood of a cavern or grotto is the usual characteristic of an *Aghiasma*. On the occasion of these festivals, multitudes flock to the fountains, bringing with them their sick to drink the waters, which, however, do not as a rule possess any medicinal qualities, but owe their healing virtues solely to belief in the patronage of the tutelar saint. The shrubs and bushes in the vicinity are usually found decorated with tufts of hair and scraps of clothing, affixed as *votiva tabella* by grateful recipients of the saint's favours. The caves in which

the crystal drops of water appeared to be distilled from the living rock, were no less delighted in by the nymphs of antiquity than were the perennial springs; but all such natural temples are now appropriated by the Virgin Queen of Heaven. Thus a *Panaghia Spelaiotissa*, or Virgin of the Grotto, may often be found, who receives from the Greek peasant women honours similar to those paid in classical times to the nymphs of whose temples she has usurped possession.

And yet, transformed as so many of these pagan divinities have been into Madonnas and Christian saints, a goodly number still retain their ancient forms and attributes. The "Genius" (στοιχεῖον) still haunts

> "spring and vale
> Edged with poplar pale,"

and is often both heard and seen by lonely shepherd, belated traveller, or maiden who has put off till sunset her daily task of fetching water from the fountain. To the first he may appear as a man-eating monster, but the last he invites in seductive language to visit the beautiful palace in which he resides beneath the water of his well or fountain. The French traveller, Villoison, met with this spirit, under the name of *Teloni* (Τελώνιον),[1] in Mykone, and says that there, before drawing water, it is customary to bow three times in honour of the genius of the well. Some of these *Stoicheia*, like the hamadryads of old, dwell in the trees, but have the same propensities as their brethren inhabiting the moun-

[1] This name, which was formerly in the plural, Τελέσματα, seems to be connected with the Turkish *tellestin*, and with our English "talisman."

tains, rocks, and waters, and can only be slain by that popular hero of Greek folk-song, "The Widow's Son," or by the youngest of three brothers. Many accounts of these contests occur, both in song and story, but the following differs a little from the majority, in possessing as its heroes two Widow's Sons :—

From walnut-tree, from olive trunk, from out the roots of walnut,
There came a dread Stoicheíon out, devouring all the heroes;
Devouring them, destroying them, there was not one remaining.
The King at last he heard of it, and sorely did it grieve him;
He sends, a paper he prepares, he writes a little letter;
He sends it to the widow's sons, to Kosta and to Yanni.
"My sons, the King he wants you now, my sons, the King he wants you."
"Suppose he wants to hang us now, suppose he only hangs us?"
"He does not want to hang you, boys, he is not going to hang you,
For the Stoicheíon he bids you go which eats up all the heroes,
Which eats them up, destroys them all, so there's not one remaining."
Then Yanni did at once set out, and with him too went Kosta.
And down the mountain slopes they went, and came they to the valley;
And all around the earth did shake, and all the mountains trembled,
As forth to them the monster came, and swift advanced to meet them.
To battle with him on they went, and on the plain they met him.

To Kosta's ear a cry there comes—'tis Yanni who is calling—
"Where art thou, Kosta, brother mine, my brother best belovèd?
O come to me, and take me out, for is not my name Yanni?[1]
And I am Yanni the renowned, I am the famous Yanni,
Who have the fearful monster slain down here within the valley."
When up with him did Kosta come, dead found he the Stoicheíon.
Now gay and joyful Yanni was, and loudly sang a ditty—
"My Kosta, to our mother go, and go thou to our sister,
And go thou likewise to the King with my congratulations,
And say that I've the monster slain, yea, say that I have killed him!"[2]

A strange legend, current in Roumelia, also relates that the Stoicheíon of the sea was at war for a thousand years with the Stoicheíon of the plane-tree, and that every time a struggle took place and one was worsted, there was great mortality in that neighbourhood.

These *Stoicheía* seem to be the survivors of the beings referred to by St. Paul as "the weak and beggarly elements whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage;"[3] the "rulers of the darkness of this world;"[4] the "rudiments of the world,"[5] &c. For the translation of the word στοιχεῖα as "rudiments" or "elements," also followed in the Revised Version, completely obscures what appears to be far more

[1] Yanni would appear to have become, in the course of the combat, somewhat entangled with the Stoicheíon.

[2] Passow, *Popularia Carmina*, 514. See also *Greek Folk-songs*, "The Stoicheíon and Yanni," "The Stoicheíon and the Widow's Son"; and below, Chap. V., "The Three Wonderful Dresses."

[3] Gal. iv. 9, "Τὰ ἀσθενῆ καὶ πτωχὰ στοιχεῖα."

[4] Ephes. vi. 12, "Τοὺς κοσμοκράτορας τοῦ σκότους τούτου."

[5] Col. ii. 8, 20, "Κατὰ τὰ στοιχεῖα τοῦ κόσμου."

probably the meaning of these passages.[1] In the Apostle's use of the phrase *τὰ στοιχεῖα τοῦ κόσμου*, he seems to attribute to these genii, or spirits of the Universe, a distinct personality.

The *Drákos*,[2] though he resembles the Stoicheíon in his characteristics of haunting mountainous and lonely places, and waging war against mortals, in other respects closely resembles the *Rakchas* of Deccan tales, the Troll of Scandinavia, and the Giant of our own nursery stories. Like the generality of these creations of popular fancy, he is big and stupid, and easily outwitted by a crafty and courageous hero. These heroes are, like the slayers of Stoicheía, generally widows' sons, or the youngest of three brothers, but a Beardless Man also plays a prominent part in such adventures. The *Drakos* has also sometimes a wife, the *Drakissa*, who is endowed with propensities similar to those of her husband.[3]

The Nereids (Νηραΐδες), Lamias (Λάμιαι), and Sirens (Τραγουδίστριαι) have also survived, and display very much the same propensities as their classical prototypes. The Nereids, though they occupy in the popular imagination of the Greeks a place similar to the Fairies of more northern countries, and like them are proverbial for their beauty, differ from them

[1] See Geldart, *Modern Greek*, pp. 201–5; and *The Gospel according to St. Paul*, pp. 25, &c.; and comp. Mr. Stuart Glennie's *Survival of Paganism—Greek Folk-songs*, p. 12.

[2] Mr. Geldart, in his translations of some folk-tales from Von Hahn's Παραμύθια renders Δράκος as "Dragon." The Greek Δράκος is, however, a Giant, rather than a Western "Dragon," or Bulgarian *Zmok*. And in the description of St. George's encounter with a "Dragon," the Greek word used is θεριὸ and not Δράκος.

[3] See *Greek Folk-songs*, pp. 67 and 79; and Geldart, *Folk-lore of Modern Greece*, pp. 9, 47, 185, &c.

in being always of the full stature of mortals, and also in being almost universally malevolent. Like the *Stoicheía*, they haunt fountains, wells, rivers, mountains, sea caves, and other lonely places, and generally shun human society. They are, as a rule, solitary in their habits; but may occasionally be seen dressed in white, dancing in companies, in moonlit glades, or on the glistening sands of lonely isles and promontories. It is fatal to see them crossing a river, unless a priest be at hand to read passages of Scripture, and so counteract the spells of the "Devil's Daughters," as they are sometimes called. It is usual, however, to propitiate them by some complimentary epithet, such as "the Beautiful," or "the Good Ladies," in the same way as the Furies were formerly termed the Evmenídes, and as the ill-omened owl is, at the present day, euphemistically called the "Bird of Joy" (χαροπούλι). They are said to have the power of banefully affecting women of whose beauty they are jealous, and to be in the habit of carrying off young children, if they are allowed to approach their haunts unprotected. Their fancy for new-born infants is, as I have already noted in the Chapter dealing with Family-ceremonies, a source of great anxiety to mothers and nurses. All kinds of maladies are attributed to the malevolence of the "Beautiful Ladies," and the women and children thus afflicted are termed "possessed" (νυμφολήπτος), and can only be cured by going to reside in a church or convent, or by pilgrimage to some holy shrine. They also occasionally fall in love with men who, if they return their affection and prove faithful to them,

they reward with great prosperity ; but if the mortal they deign to favour with their notice ventures to slight their advances, the Nereids revenge themselves by afflicting him with some dire calamity. They possess this power chiefly at the noontide hour, when they rest under the shade of the trees, usually planes and poplars, and near springs and streams ; and the wary peasant, fearful of the consequences of annoying these capricious beings, will carefully abstain from disturbing their repose.[1] Phenomena of nature, such as whirlwinds and storms, are ascribed to the agency of the Nereids, and it is customary to crouch down while they are supposed to be passing overhead. If this precaution is not taken, the Nereids seize the too irreverent individual, and carry him or her off to the mountains. Offerings of milk, honey, and cakes are made to them, and placed in certain spots which they are believed to frequent, and the country women, when they see the wind-driven cloud scudding overhead, mutter "milk and honey" (γάλα καὶ μέλι) to avert all evil from themselves. Storms are, indeed, in the East, inseparably connected with, or regarded as, demons, whose wild flights from place to place cause, or rather are, these elemental disturbances, and the church bells are rung to drive them away. Tempestuous weather is also sometimes attributed to the festivities attendant upon a wedding among the Nereids.

The little water-spouts formed of gathered wreaths

[1] Similarly, in ancient times it is related that shepherds refrained from playing on their pipes during the noontide hour, lest they might annoy the sylvan god.

of spray so often seen in the Ægean Sea, are looked upon with great awe by the dwellers in the islands and on the seaboard. "The Lamia of the Sea is abroad," say the peasants and fisherfolk, when they see the wind-driven spray wreaths; and having recourse to Christian aid when frightened by pagan superstitions, and *vice versa*, they cross themselves repeatedly and mutter prayers to the *Panaghia* for protection against these demons of the air and water. The Lamiæ are generally ill-favoured and evilly disposed women who haunt desert places and sea-shores. Sometimes, however, they take the form of beautiful women, who, like the Sirens, lure men to destruction by their sweet voices and graceful dancing, or, as recorded in the Salonica folk-song, lay wagers with them, in which the mortal is sure to be the loser.

Then from the sea the Lamia came, the Lamia of the ocean—
"O play to me, my Yanni, play, make with thy pipe sweet music;
If I should weary of the dance, thou for thy wife shalt take me;
If thou shouldst weary of thy pipe, I'll take away thy sheepcotes."
And all day long, three days he piped, three days and nights he whistled;
And Yanni then was wearied out, and sorely worn with piping:
She took from his flocks of sheep, of all his goats she robbed him;
And forth he went to work for hire, and labour for a master.[1]

Occasionally, too, they entice youths into their

[1] *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 75.

abodes under the semblance of distressed damsels, who have let a ring fall into the water.[1]

There are stories of Lamiæ who have wedded mortals and borne children to them. But woe to the man who has such a helpmate! For she can neither spin, weave, knit, nor sew, and is equally incapable of sweeping, cooking, baking, or taking care of the domestic animals. So firm a hold has this belief on the popular mind, that the expression "a Lamia's sweepings" (Τὰ φροκαλιὰ τῆς Λαμίας) exists as a domestic proverb, generally applied by indignant housewives to a careless use of the broom.

The Fates (Μοῖραι) of to-day closely resemble their classical prototypes. They are represented as continually engaged in spinning the thread (νῆμα) symbolical of the life of man, and preside more especially over the three great events of his existence, birth, marriage, and death—the "Three Evils of Destiny" (τὰ τρία κακὰ τῆς Μοίρας), a very significantly pessimistic phrase. Although the Fates are perpetually roaming about in the fulfilment of their arduous labours, the peaks of Olympus constitute their special abode; and it is to this Mountain of the Gods that those who desire their assistance turn to utter the invocation:

> O! from the summit of Olympus high,
> From the three limits of the sky,
> Where dwell the dealers out of destinies,
> O! may my own Fate hear me,
> And, hearing, hover near me![2]

Perhaps the most ghastly of the Greek superstitions

[1] *Greek Folk-songs*, p 76. [2] Heuzey, *Le Mont Olympe*.

is that of the Vampire, generally known in the Balkan Peninsula by the Slavonic name of *Vrykolakas*. This circumstance, and the fact of the widespread belief in this spectre among Slavonic nations, have been by some folk-lorists considered sufficient to justify their assigning it an origin purely Slavonic. This opinion, however, I venture to think, can hardly be sustained. For, not only does this ghoul bear in Crete and in in Rhodes the thoroughly Hellenic designation of *Katakhnas* (καταχνᾶς); in Cyprus, that of *Sarkoménos* (σαρκωμένος), the "Fleshy One"; and in Tinos, of *Anaikathoúmenos* (ἀναικαθούμενος), the "Restless One;" but, as Mr. Stuart Glennie has pointed out to me, there is distinct evidence that the notion of vampires has, like so many other superstitions, a Chaldean origin. In the great Chaldean epic of the third millennium B.C., Istar in Hades gives utterance to the threat, "I will cause the dead to arise and devour the living." And in Egypt also the souls were imagined to return as vampires.[1]

As has already been described, it is customary with the Greeks to exhume the body of a deceased relative at the end of three years in order to ascertain if it is properly decomposed. Should this not be the case, the dead man—the *Vrykolakas* is generally of the masculine sex—is supposed to be possessed of the power of rising from the grave, and roaming abroad, revelling in blood, and tearing out the livers of his victims. The causes of vampirism are various, and among them are the following: the fact either of having perpetrated, or of having been the

[1] Compare Lenormant, *Chaldean Magic*, pp. 37 and 100.

victim of, a crime; having wronged some person, who has died resenting the wrong; or of a curse, pronounced either in excommunicatory form by the priest,[1] or by a person to whom an injury has been done, as in the folk-song of "The Old Man's Bride":—

Cursed may my mother be; and Earth, dissolve not in thy bosom
The go-between whom she employed to settle my betrothal![2]

"May the earth not eat you!" (Νὰ μὴ σὲ φάη ἡ γῆς), is also a common expression in the mouth of an angry Greek. For a vampire is not, as Dr. Tylor's "Animism" requires him to contend,[3] a disembodied soul, but an undissolved body.

Vampirism is believed to be hereditary in certain families, the members of which are regarded with aversion by their neighbours and shunned as much as possible. Their services are, however, called into requisition when there is a vampire to be laid, as they have the reputation of possessing special powers in this direction. It is generally believed that the vampire retires to his grave before cockcrow, but some maintain that he visits it only once a week, on the Saturday. When it is discovered that such a *Vrykolakas* is about, the people go on a Saturday, and open his tomb, where they always find his body just as it was buried, and entirely undecomposed.

[1] Part of it runs thus: "Let him be separated from the Lord God Creator and lie accursed and unpardoned and indissoluble after death in this world and in that which is to come. Let wood, stones, and iron be dissolved but not he."—*Present State of the Greek and Armenian Churches*, p. 274.

[2] *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 179.

[3] *Prim. Culture*, vol. i. p. 175.

The priest who accompanies them reads certain parts of the ritual supposed to be of peculiar efficacy for putting a stop to the restless wanderings of vampires, and sometimes this course suffices to restore the neighbourhood to peace and quiet. But cases happen in which the priest is not a sufficiently powerful exorcist, and, when all his endeavours have proved inefficacious, the people of the neighbourhood go to the tomb on a Saturday, and either drive a stake through the heart of the undissolving corpse, or take out the body and consume it with fire. Nothing short of extreme necessity would, however, make Orthodox Greeks consent to perform such an act, as they have a religious horror of consuming with fire a body on which the holy chrism has been poured by the priest when performing the last rites of his religion.

I have heard and read stories innumerable of the doings of vampires, but was never favoured with a manifestation by one of those uncanny visitants. There is a touching story told in folk-song of a dead man who, though the "earth was eating" him, was called from his grave by the passionate entreaties of his mother, reminding him of his promise to bring back to her his sister who had been married to a bridegroom from Babylon.[1] The Greek poet, Valaorites, also describes, in a splendidly realistic poem, the rousing from their graves of the tyrant, Ali Pasha of Tepelen, and his Greek lieutenant, Thanâsé Vaghia, by the vampires of the massacred inhabitants of Gardiki.[2] One of the most thrilling modern vampire stories I have met with is the following, which was

[1] *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 126. [2] *Ibid.* p. 129.

related to Mr. Pashley[1] by a Cretan peasant, who had been an eye-witness of the occurrence.

"Once on a time the village of Kalikráti was haunted by a vampire (καταχανᾶς), which destroyed both children and many full-grown men, and desolated both that village and many others. They had buried him in the church of St. George at Kalikráti, and in those times he was a man of note, and they had built an arch over his grave. Now a certain shepherd, his mutual *synteknos* (σύντεκνος),[2] was tending his sheep and goats near the church, and on being caught in a shower he went to the sepulchre for shelter. Afterwards he determined to pass the night there, and after taking off his arms he placed them crosswise by the stone which served him for a pillow, and, because of the sacred symbol they formed, the vampire was unable to leave his tomb. During the night, as he wished to go out again that he might destroy men, he said to the shepherd, 'Gossip, get up hence, for I have some business to attend to.' The shepherd answered him not, either the first, the second, or the third time, for he concluded that the man had become a vampire, and that it was he who had done all these evil deeds. But when he spoke for a fourth time the shepherd replied, 'I shall not get up hence, gossip, for I fear you are no better than you should be, and may do me a mischief; but swear to me by your winding-sheet[3] that you will not hurt me, and then I will get

[1] *Travels in Crete*, p. 226. [2] See above, p. 71.

[3] This oath is supposed to be the only one which binds a vampire—"μὰ τὸ ἀναβόλι μου."

up.' He did not, however, pronounce that oath, but said other things; but finally, when the shepherd did not suffer him to get up, the vampire swore to him as he wished. On this he rose, and on his taking up his arms the vampire came forth, and, after greeting the shepherd, said to him, 'Gossip, you must not go away, but sit down here, for I have some business which I must go after. But I shall return within the hour, for I have something to say to you.' So the shepherd waited for him.

"And the vampire went a distance of about ten miles where there was a couple recently married, and he destroyed them. On his return the shepherd saw that he was carrying some liver, his hands being wet with blood, and as he carried it he blew into it, just as the butcher does, to increase the size of the liver. And he showed his gossip that it was cooked, as if it had been done on the fire. 'Let us sit down, gossip, and eat,' said he. And the shepherd pretended to eat it, but only swallowed dry bread, and kept dropping the liver into his bosom. Therefore, when the hour of their separation arrived, the vampire said to the shepherd, 'Gossip, this which you have seen you must not mention, for, if you do, my twenty nails will be fixed in your children and yourself.' Yet the shepherd lost no time, but gave information to the priests and others, who went to the tomb and found the vampire just as he had been buried, and all were satisfied that it was he who had done all the evil deeds. So they collected a great deal of wood, and they cast him on it and burnt him. When the body was half consumed, the gossip too

came forward, in order that he might enjoy the ceremony. And the vampire cast, as it were, a single spet of blood which fell on his foot, and it wasted away as if it had been burnt with fire. On this account they sifted even the ashes, and found the little finger-nail of the vampire, and burnt that too."

When a vampire-haunted community have not cared to proceed to the extremity of burning the corpse suspected of troubling them, they have occasionally, if practicable, resorted to the expedient of removing it to one of the small uninhabited islands of the Ægean, and thus secured themselves from its visitations, as a vampire cannot cross salt water.

Many vampire panics are no doubt attributable to rumours set on foot by persons who profit by such superstitions, and the following, which has been related in *The People of Turkey*, is, I think, a case in point. In 1872 the whole population of Adrianople was thrown into a state of commotion by the reported nightly appearance of a spectre in an elevated part of the town known as Kyik, inhabited both by Greeks and Turks. This spectre was represented as a *Vrykolakas* by persons who affirmed they had seen it lurking in the shadows of the houses —a long, lank object, with a cadaverous, bearded face, and clad in a winding-sheet. The Christian priests and Moslem *hodjas*, who were equally appealed to in this emergency, strove in vain during a fortnight to exorcise the wanderer by their prayers and incantations. Finally, a rumour began to be circulated that the only person possessing the power of freeing the town from this haunting spectre was a Turkish

Djinjí, or magician, famous for his power over evil spirits, who lived in another town, and who would consequently require a large fee for his services. Seven *liras* were, however, soon raised by the panic-stricken townsfolk, the *Djinjí* came, and the *Vrykolakas* was put to flight.

There are no laws in Turkey to interfere with the calling of Witches, and not only in Thessaly, where of old they were especially famous, but in every part of the Empire, they and their powers are held in great estimation by members of all creeds. To the witch repair love-sick maidens and jealous wives, childless women and mothers with ailing children, seekers of lost or stolen property, and for each of her clients the wise woman has a specific. Like the witch of Theocritus, she makes use of the magic power of moonlight to compose her spells and potions; or, crouching hag-like over her charcoal brazier, she throws on the glowing embers laurel-leaves, salt, flour, or cloves, muttering strange words meanwhile, or droning mystic incantations. Faithless lovers had need beware, and furnish themselves with counter-spells, when deserted maidens have recourse to the aid of the *máyissa*. With her aid a "wasting curse" is laid on the offending one, which is thus expressed: "May'st thou" (naming the person) "become attenuated as a thread; and pass through a needle's eye!" (Νὰ γένῃς . . . . λιγνός σάν χλωστί, νὰ περνᾷς ἀπὸ βελόνι); "May'st thou become small as my finger!" (Νὰ γένῃς σὰν τὸ δαχτυλό μου). Another form of curse is—

"Be, who will not love the maid,
Five years on a sick-bed laid!"

(Ὅποιος δὲν τὴν ἀγαπάει
Πέντη χρόνους ν' ἄῤῥοσταη.)

The anciently widespread practice of making a wax image of an obnoxious person, and sticking pins in it to injure him, still survives in Turkey, and would seem to be the reason of the reluctance generally shown by the country people in the islands and more remote regions to having their portraits taken, as they consider that the possessor of the picture has power over the original. Fortune-telling is also largely practised by the *máyissas*, and is performed by means of cards, or a tray of beans, coins, and other small objects, manipulated according to some form of calculation. I once formed one of a party of resident Europeans at a Witch's fortune-telling in the Greek quarter of Salonica. The abode of the "spay-wife" was a spacious but gloomy apartment, with a tiny barred window and cavernous chimney-place. Amid the darkness of the unceiled rafters flitted ghostly white pigeons, and when, after a little while, our eyes had become accustomed to the dimness, we descried the typical black cat, whose green eyes regarded us suspiciously from one of the smoke-blackened crossbeams overhead.

If "the oracles are dumb," dreams now serve as a very good substitute for them, and the woman who is not fortunate enough to possess a "Dream-book" (Ὀνειροκρίτης) of her own has recourse to the skill of the wise woman, who interprets her dream by means of certain formulas, which have been handed

down from the remotest antiquity. For magical secrets are generally hereditary in families, and the daughter, as a rule, succeeds the mother as *máyissa* of the village. In addition to her power of "spaying fortunes," the witch is also able to aid a person who has been the victim of a robbery to discover the thief. The *modus operandi* in vogue at the Dardanelles for this purpose is to procure the leg-bone of a wolf, boil it, together with a ploughshare, in milk, and then burn it. The moment the bone is put in the fire the thief's leg will become paralysed. The operator takes good care, however, to let it be well known in the neighbourhood that this unfailing rite is to be had recourse to; and the guilty person, terrified at the prospect of such a punishment, generally finds an opportunity of secretly restoring the stolen property before the day appointed. The services of a *máyissa* of ill repute are often enlisted for the committal, as well as for the discovery, of crime. When brigands are desirous of possessing themselves of money or treasure which they believe to have been hidden out of their reach, they kill or mutilate the person supposed to have concealed it. A portion of his body is taken to some crafty old hag, who adds to her other professions the manufacture of tapers for religious ceremonies; the human fat is extracted, and, mixed with wax or tallow, is made into a candle. Armed with this, the brigand commences his search, in the belief that the light of his taper will be extinguished when he approaches the spot where the treasure is secreted. This superstition

accounts for the fingers of captives having been cut off, even when they were not required to send to their friends to stimulate their zeal in procuring the ransom. One of the murderers of a family of seven persons was detected by his having asked a witch to make a "corpse-candle." The crime had been committed for the sake of plunder, and, as the sum found in the house was smaller than the murderers had expected, recourse was had to magic in order to discover the remainder.

A considerable branch of the witch's trade consists in providing love-spells and potions, and, occasionally, spells of a less innocent character. Persons believing themselves to be sufferers from the effects of magic —for a hint is generally conveyed to the subject of the spell—must naturally have recourse to the witch to remove it. Her skill, too, is called in request when ordinary means fail to exorcise that most dreaded of all mysterious powers, the "evil eye." For, notwithstanding the innumerable antidotes used to avert it, persons are often found to be suffering from the effects of the enviously malignant gaze of some evilly disposed neighbour. Fumigations of various kinds are often resorted to in order to dispel the baneful influence, and the wood of the olive-tree, the palm branches blessed by the priest on Palm Sunday, or, if it can be procured, a scrap of the suspected person's dress, are burnt for this purpose.

It would, however, be difficult to enumerate all the means to which recourse is had for dissipating the effects of the evil eye, as they are as numerous

as the preservatives against it. Among the latter I may mention the bunches of charms, consisting of gold coins, pointed bits of coral and blue glass, cloves of garlic, blood-stones, cornelians, and crosses, which are worn on the person, or fastened to the head-stalls of horses, mules, and donkeys; and the horse-shoes, boars' tusks, and hares' heads hung on the walls of houses and other buildings to preserve them from the baneful and mysterious power. One of the smaller charms is generally a tiny forked object of glass or ivory, the significance of which I have not been able to ascertain; but the outstretched first and second fingers appear to have the same meaning. An illustration of this was afforded me a few years ago when visiting at Smyrna an old Catholic Greek lady from the island of Tinos. Her little grandson, who had just arrived from Europe, was, during luncheon, an object of great interest to his grandmother and aunts, who overwhelmed him with laudations. To every complimentary remark, however, made to, or about him, by either this lady or her daughters, another would exclaim, "No! garlic! garlic!" (Ὄχι! σκόρδον! σκόρδον!), at the same time pointing at the child, thus threatened with the evil eye, the first and second outstretched fingers. For the evil eye may also be cast unwittingly, and without *malice prepense*, and seems in this instance to be a survival of the notion of the "envy of the gods" (φθόνος θεῶν); and it is impossible in the Levant to speak admiringly or approvingly of any person or thing without being met with the exclamation, "*Kalé!* don't give it the evil eye!" (Καλή, μή τὸν ματιάζης!)

Blue glass bracelets are usually worn by girls and young women for the purpose of averting the evil eye, and when they get broken, which, considering the material of which they are made, is sure to happen sooner or later, the event is attributed to the *matiasma* having luckily fallen upon them instead of upon their owners.

The child of a lady whom I knew at Smyrna, having appeared to his devoted old nurse, a Greek woman from the island of Nicarià, to be ailing and out of sorts, she persuaded her mistress to allow her to send for a compatriote skilled in such matters. When the wise woman arrived, I accompanied the mother into the nursery, where we found the infant divested of its clothing, and stretched on the bed on a square of red cloth. Little piles of lighted hemp were smoking like miniature altars at each corner, and the old hag was performing a series of manipulations with the child's limbs, alternately crossing its right leg over its left shoulder, and its left leg over its right shoulder, interspersing these movements with blowings, and attentions to the little altars. The little patient appeared greatly to enjoy the operation, as he crowed and laughed all the time in the face of the witch; and when it was concluded he seemed to have recovered his wonted liveliness. But the sign of the cross made with the baby's limbs while thus "passing it through the fire" certainly represented the symbol of the pagan Sun-god, and not that of the Christian Saviour. And, strange to tell, a far less conventional passing of a sick child through the fire was recently witnessed in

Presbyterian Scotland, as recorded in a paper lately read by the Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Nether Lochaber, before the Scottish Antiquarian Society.[1]

Some people are quite notorious for their power of casting the evil eye, and, though the propensity is much dreaded, they enjoy a certain amount of consideration, as their neighbours are naturally careful not to offend them in any way. Red-haired persons are particularly suspected, and blue or grey eyes, being rare in the East, are considered especially baneful. The latter defect in my personal appearance often caused me to be accused of exercising this spell. I happened one spring day to stop in a street on the outskirts of Bournabat to watch a pair of storks who were busily employed repairing their nests in a cypress-tree, to which they had just returned from winter quarters, and was thus all unconscious that two low-class Greeks were approaching between me and the objects of my attention. A volley of vituperative language, however, in which my eyes

[1] "A correspondent while in a remote glen in Wigtownshire last March saw a slight smoke proceeding from a hollow. On advancing to the bank above he saw five women passing a sick child through a fire. Two of the women, standing opposite each other, held a blazing hoop vertically between them, and two others standing on either side of the hoop were engaged in passing the child backwards and forwards through the opening of the hoop. The fifth woman, who was the mother of the child, stood at a little distance earnestly looking on. After the child had been eighteen times passed and repassed through the fiery circle, it was returned to its mother, and the burning hoop was thrown into a pool of water close by. The child . . . . was a weakling, and was supposed to have come under the baleful influence of an evil eye. The hoop had been twisted round with a straw rope, in which a few drops of oil were scattered to make it burn all round at the same time. The child was passed through the hoop eighteen times, once for each month of its age. When it was taken home, a bunch of bog myrtle was suspended over its head."

were vehemently anathematised, recalled my attention to earth, and I was glad to hurry away in an opposite direction to escape the resentment of the men, who believed me to have given them the evil eye, or, in the old English phrase, to have "overlooked them."[1]

Some of the more innocent and graceful forms of divination practised by maidens have their counterparts in Western Europe. Instead, however, of consulting, like Gretchen, the daisy, in order to discover her lover's sentiments, Euphrosyne or Ianthe pull off one by one the petals of a rose, saying, "He loves me, a little, dearly, passionately," &c. To test the sincerity of a lover, one of the rose petals is placed in the palm of the left hand and struck sharply with the right. If it splits open with a report, the augury is favourable.

To ascertain the age of one's future husband three balls of different coloured cotton are placed at night under the pillow, the colour of the first drawn out in the morning indicating whether the bridegroom is to be young, middle-aged, or old.

It would prove a stupendous task to collect all the folk-beliefs and customs of Turkey, so connected are they with every detail of domestic life, and with such varied circumstances; and one generally learns them only by transgressing them. I got into terrible trouble at Smyrna by taking into my room one night a soft, fluffy, bewildered little owlet which I found between the shutter and the window, and thought of keeping as a pet. Great was the dismay, however, next morning of the old Greek nurse when I showed

[1] See Kingsley, *Westward Ho!* chap. vi., &c.

her my prize. "It was a sign of death," she cried, and some terrible calamity was sure to happen in the family. By a strange coincidence, a pet kid which was kept in the garden was on that morning found dead; and after this fatality there was no gainsaying the superstition. It was fortunate for me that the omen was thus fulfilled, or the death from diphtheria of the youngest of the family, which happened not very long afterwards, would have been laid at my door, at least by the old *paramána*. So contagious, however, is superstition, that the mother, though an intelligent and cultivated woman, declared to me that she was sure some misfortune was about to happen, as she had heard, night after night, a screech-owl crying from a cypress near her bedroom window. The sudden death of a bright young English girl was also said to have been omened by some owls having taken up their abode in the cypress-trees at the gate of the house where she lived. This evil reputation in Turkey of the owl—which is also said to precede the vampire in his nocturnal wanderings—is the more curious as, in Athens, no doubt on account of its ancient connection with Pallas-Athená, this bird is considered lucky.

The most trivial circumstances, too, connected with the birth of a child are considered good or bad omens, according to the interpretation given to them. Trifling accidents happening on a wedding-day have a gloomy signification, as have also the breaking of a looking-glass, the accidental spilling of oil (to spill wine, however, is lucky), sweeping the house after the master has departed on a journey, meeting a

funeral or a priest, a hare crossing the path, and a thousand other little every-day occurrences. Things lucky and things unlucky, things to be done and things not to be done, would make a long list, but I will give a few specimens belonging both to European and Asiatic Turkey.

It is unlucky to tap a cask of vinegar after sunset, for it will be sure to turn bad.

It is also unlucky to lend a cauldron after sunset. If this is unavoidable, something dirty must be put in to counteract the certain ill effects.

If, after a shower, the rainbow appears over the cemetery, it is a bad sign, for the plague or some other terrible epidemic will certainly ensue.

After eating, do not leave crumbs or pieces of bread on the table, but eat your bread up to the very last crumb and you will be sure to be lucky.

It is unlucky to bite one's nails on Sunday. After cutting them, care must be taken to dispose of the parings so that the fowls may not find them. For if a fowl eat nail-parings it will become diseased, and every person who eats its flesh or its eggs will sicken of the same malady.

Soap must never be given directly from the hands of one person into those of another, as to do so would "wash away love."

Hearing a Greek nursemaid one day tell the children, who were making toast, that "God said bread was to be cooked once, and it was a sin to cook it twice," I asked her in what part of the Scriptures this was to be found recorded. "We believe it, but you do not," was all the reply I could obtain. Quite

lately, however, I came across a Moslem tradition to that effect, which the Greeks, with the usual liberality displayed in matters of superstition, must have borrowed.

In Thessaly, Saturday is considered an unlucky day on which to begin work of any kind, and it is equally unlucky to finish work upon this day.

No money must be paid away on Monday, or "Saturday will find your purse empty."

The old proverb, "A hair of the dog that bit you," is daily illustrated in this province. Savage dogs, noted for their biting propensities, may be seen deprived of patches of hair which have been cut from their shaggy coats to cure the incisions made by their teeth, no other remedy having half the efficacy.

If mice abound in a house, and are exceedingly troublesome, it is a sign that either the children or the servants have been making free with the contents of the *kilér*, or storeroom—a not unnatural inference!

When a cat licks her paws on that part most sensitive to the stings of insects, it is a sure sign of rain.

At Seriphos, before beginning the vintage, a bunch of grapes is thrown into each house to rid it of vermin, accompanied by this exorcism: "The black grape will sicken you, the black grape will poison you! Out with you, rats! fleas! &c."

Among folk-customs, I may perhaps include the peculiar gestures which are used as a common mode of expression, dispensing with words or accompanied only by a monosyllable. The sign of the negative, the *ananeúein* (ἀνανεύειν), used also by the ancient

Greeks, consists in throwing back the head, and making at the same time a slight noise with the tongue and front teeth. To denote that a person is stingy or miserly, the tip of the thumb is placed behind the front teeth. And utter disapprobation and contempt of another is expressed by taking hold with the finger and thumb of each hand of the upper part of one's dress and shaking it with the ejaculation "Νὰ!" (There!) The climax of contumely appears to be reached when, after a dispute, one of the parties stretches out his hand towards the other's face with the words, "Νὰ σοὺ!" (There's to you!) At Smyrna the commonest form of insult is conveyed in the words, "Στὰ παλαιὰ μ' τὰ παπούτσια!" (Get under my old shoes!); and in Thessaly an angry woman, quarrelling with her neighbour, concludes her torrent of invective with the wish, "May you burst!" (Νὰ σκάζῃς).

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CHAPTER V.

GREEK WOMEN: THEIR FOLK-POESY.

I HAVE already in the preceding chapter described the beings who figure in the mythological class of folk songs and stories, and I have also referred to the Christian Saints who have in many instances replaced Classic Deities. Many of the stories relating to the supernatural will be found to present features and incidents similar to those which exist in the folk-lore of other nations, and especially in Keltic, Teutonic, Norse, and Eastern fairy-tales.[1] The religious legends are sufficiently numerous, and resemble in many points those told by Moslems of Dervish *Evliya*. There has no doubt been a considerable amount of mutual borrowing in this as in many other respects.

The Greeks take great delight in the histories of their Saints, and recount them with every variety of detail which their lively imaginations can suggest. Among the legends concerning those who occupy a prominent place in the Greek calendar are the wonderful adventures of St. George of Cappadocia, and

[1] As so many folk-songs have appeared in preceding chapters as illustrative of folk-ceremonies and folk-beliefs, and as my space here is limited, I would refer the reader interested in the subject, for further specimens of popular verse, to my translations of *Greek Folk-songs*.

the stories of St. Basil, St. Chrysostom, Kosma and Damianos, and of the head of St. John the Baptist. St. George, being the patron Saint of the Hellenes, is naturally held in special reverence, and there is scarcely a town in the Ottoman Empire, or in Greece, which has not at least one church dedicated to him. Countless and wonderful are the stories related of this holy man by his devotees, and, what is still more extraordinary, they believe them all. Ecclesiastical story says that he was of noble lineage, and that he lived in the reign of the Emperor Diocletian. On the outbreak of a fierce persecution, St. George, as the Champion of the Cross, presented himself before the pagan authorities, and boldly declared the Christian religion to be the only true and saving Faith, inveighing against idolatry and superstitious customs, and belief in pagan deities. As a punishment for his boldness, the executioner pierced his body through with a lance. But, though blood flowed profusely, the wound quickly closed again and immediately healed. He was then thrown into a lime-pit, made to walk upon the points of nails, and cast into the flames, but always came out unharmed from every ordeal. The Saint had also the power of raising the dead; and he it was who slew a huge dragon on the banks of the Euphrates. But when the time came for St. George to leave the world, the power of his persecutors prevailed against him. He was decapitated, and his soul ascended into heaven to receive the crown of martyrdom.

In folk-poesy, however, the Saint is chiefly remarkable for his exceedingly acquisitive disposition and

amenability to bribery, generally giving his aid to the highest bidder for it, whether implored by human beings or animals, or for a good or a bad purpose, as indeed in the following song he assists a Moslem ravisher in his designs against a Christian maiden.

THE VOW TO ST. GEORGE.[1]

A little Turkish youth was he, one of the Sultan's pages,
Who loved, who loved a Romeot maid, but she did not desire him.
Before her does she put the hills, the mountains leaves behind her,
Within the church she gains at last, she kneels and says three prayers:
"Effendi mine, O dear St. George! now save me from the Moslem!
Of candles *litras* thee I'll bring, and *litras* bring of incense,
And oil in hides of buffalo I'll bring thee by the skinful!"
There opened then a marble slab, within it hid the maiden.
But see! see there! the Turkish youth is drawing near on horseback,
And at the church door he dismounts and there himself he crosses.
"Effendi mine, O dear St. George! now show to me the maiden;
I'll bring thee candles by the load and by the load bring incense,
And by the shipful I'll bring oil, I'll bring it by the boatload!"
Now gapes the marble slab again, and there is seen the maiden.
Then lifts she up her voice on high, cries loud as she is able:
"O list, ye mountains and ye hills, ye vilayets and townships,
The Saint for gain has me betrayed, for treasure he's betrayed me!"

In the story told in Cappadocia, however, the Saint is first made use of, and then cheated of his bribe by the cunning Reynard.

[1] Aravandinos, Συλλογή, &c., No. 159.

The Fox and St. George.[1]

Once upon a time there lived a Fox, who was in the habit of helping himself to the contents of a peasant's poultry-yard.

"I will set a trap and catch the accursed animal," thought the peasant to himself. So he set a trap at the door of the hen-house, and when Reynard came, he found himself caught.

"Here's a sorry business!" said he to himself. "Early in the morning the master will come and kill me; what shall I do? No one can save me! Yet stay, perhaps St. George will."

So Reynard lifted up his eyes to heaven, and prayed—

"Great St. George, if thou wilt deliver me, I will give thee two *okas*[2] of oil!"

The Saint heard, and hastened to deliver Mr. Fox.

"How about my two *okas* of oil?" he then asked.

"You shall have them presently. I am going to fetch them."

So Reynard trotted off to the high-road along which the traders passed with their loads of oil for market. There he lay down by the roadside, and pretended to be dead.

Soon the oil merchants passed by. The first one caught sight of the Fox, and said—

"The man who killed that fox must have been a simpleton not to take his skin!" And he picked up

[1] *Les Littératures Populaires*, vol. xxviii. p. 252.

[2] An *oka*, the measure used everywhere in the Ottoman Empire, is equal to about 2¾ lbs. or 300 drachms. Liquids, as well as solids, are sold by weight.

Reynard and threw him on the back of a mule between the two jars of oil.

"I will skin him at our first halting-place," said the man to himself, "and sell the fur."

When the Fox saw that the man had returned to his post at the head of the file of mules, he began to bite the straps which supported the jars. Very soon the jars slid down to the ground, and the oil ran out in streams.

"Great St. George! great St. George!" cried Reynard, running off as fast as his legs would carry him, "I have neither scales nor weights to give you the two *okas*; come and take as much as you like!"

I cannot omit some mention of M. Clermont-Ganneau's highly interesting researches with regard to the Legend of St. George. Even an abstract, however, of his results would extend to two or three pages. And in order not to interrupt my account of Greek folk-poesy, I shall briefly summarise his conclusions on the subject in a separate note at the end of this chapter.

Kosma and Damianos, who were brothers, are also said to have been, like St. George, natives of Asia Minor. Their father was a pagan, and their mother, Theodosa, a Christian, who, while undertaking herself the religious education of her two sons, had them at the same time instructed in science and all edifying knowledge. They, however, principally applied themselves to the study of medicine, and became so skilful in its practice that no disease of man or beast ever baffled them; and this they

did without fee or reward, for which cause the name of *Anaghiroi*, or "they who asked nothing," was bestowed upon them. So strict is Damianos said to have been on this point, that he broke off all relations with his brother for accepting from a widow two eggs wherewith to make an unguent or cataplasm for her sciatica; and such was his resentment that, on his death, he gave orders that his brother should not be laid in the same grave with him. On the death of Kosma this command was about to be respected, when, on the way to the place of sepulture chosen for him, the bearers were met by a camel, which, like Balaam's ass, opened his mouth and ordered them to lay both brothers in the same tomb, for that "neither was the crime of Kosma so great, nor the difference between them so lasting, but that both their bodies might be contained in the same sepulchre whose souls were already united in Paradise." Popular legend also says that adjoining a church at Athens, dedicated to the *Anaghiroi*, is a fountain, which, though dry the year round, flows with delicious water (γλικὸ νερὸ) at the first words of the Mass performed in honour of their festival, but fails at the close of the day.[1]

The head of St. John the Baptist is held to be buried beneath the church at Cesaræa dedicated to him. Concerning the removal of this holy relic from Jerusalem, and its subsequent adventures, the following remarkable story is related:—

"A certain Jew had found the head of St. John the Baptist, after he had been decapitated at the request

[1] Ricaut, *Present State*, &c.

of Herodias. This Jew made a drinking vessel of the skull, and the water placed in it acquired miraculous properties capable of curing all maladies. The fame of this wonder spread far, and soon the Christians flocked to the house of the Jew, who sold the beneficent water, and accepted in return only what was offered to him. So great, however, was the demand for it that he soon became very rich.

"A Christian of Trebizond, with whom the Jew transacted business, came from time to time to his house, and was hospitably received. And this Christian merchant saw the skull of St. John. One day he said to his friend:

"'Let me have this holy skull, which is of no use to thee. I will pay thee whatsoever thou wilt.'

"'What dost thou ask me?' cried the Jew. 'The skull is all my living, and I could not part with it.'

"'But—when thou shalt die?'

"'I shall leave it to my son as a heritage more precious than any of the Sultan's treasures.'

"The Christian still insisted, but in vain he offered large sums of money. The Jew would not consent to give up the head of St. John the Baptist.

"'I will have it by craft,' said the man of Trebizond to himself.

"He had remarked that his friend kept the head carefully locked up in an oaken chest, and, having taken the pattern and the dimensions of this coffer, he returned to his own country.

"A few years afterwards, the Christian came back to the Jew's house on the pretext of transacting some business with him. He brought with him a chest

similar in every respect to that of his friend. After having settled their business, the merchant of Trebizond took leave of his host, and took away with him the chest which he had exchanged for his own. He did not, however, return to Trebizond, but went to another town on the coast, the name of which has not been preserved in the tradition. He had a prosperous voyage, and disembarked without being interfered with.

"As the Christian had taken the precaution to place an ordinary skull in the chest which he had left with the Jew, the latter was ignorant of the robbery, and continued to make use of the supposed head of St. John the Baptist. But no miracles ensued, and the pilgrims complained loudly, saying:

"'This is no longer the wonderful water which thou gavest to us formerly!'

"The Jew reflected upon this, and at last came to the conclusion that his friend had robbed him. Leaving his affairs to take care of themselves, he set out to seek the Trebizond Christian, and found him in the neighbourhood of Indjé Sou, in Cappadocia. The Christian, however, saw him coming, and he hastened to hide the chest in a ditch under a clump of brushwood. The Jew arrived soon afterwards, and overwhelmed him with reproaches.

"'Thou hast done an evil thing,' he said. 'I received thee as a friend and a brother, and thou hast stolen from me the head of St. John the Baptist.'

"'I have stolen nothing,' replied the Christian. 'Here are my clothes; search them.'

"'Thou hast robbed me, I say! Thou only hast been my guest. Who else could have taken the head?'

"'Here are my goods. Look and see if I have the head of which thou speakest.'

"The Jew searched all the boxes and chests of the merchant, but found not that which he sought.

"'Perhaps,' he reflected, 'it is not he who robbed me after all. Could he have had time to return to Trebizond, and has he hidden the head there?' Being desirous of assuring himself on this point, he accompanied the merchant into the province of Trebizond. But there, too, his search was without result.

"This Jew was persevering, so he remained one, two, three, four years in the Christian's house. But, despairing of success, he finally returned to his native country.

"When the Jew was gone, the merchant returned to Cesaræa, and searched in the spot where he believed he had hidden the head. He evidently had not made a note of the place, for he could not find the chest. After a fruitless search, he resolved to erect a church and monastery dedicated to the decapitated saint.

"Shortly after the completion of the edifice, St. John appeared in a dream to one of the monks, and showed him the exact spot where the chest with his head was hidden.

"'I desire,' said the Saint, 'that an underground chapel may be built on the place where the merchant of Trebizond buried my head.'"

The monk found the head. The original church

was enlarged in order to include the vault, and this pious structure has ever since remained a famous place of pilgrimage. No woman may, however, enter it, as the Saint dislikes the sex which caused his decapitation. St. John is the patron of all crafts and arts except that of music, the sounds of which, having accompanied the dancing of Herodias' daughter, indirectly caused his death.[1]

The profound fellow-feeling with the brute creation, and sense of the wrongs suffered by animals at the hands of their master—man—which is frequently found in folk-lore, is well illustrated by the following fable :—

The Peddler and the Serpent.[2]

A Peddler, on passing one day through a forest, came to a spot where the trees had been set on fire. A great Serpent had taken refuge in the top of a tree, and would have been burnt, had not the Peddler held out a pole to him and thus saved his life.

No sooner was the Serpent safe than he flew at the throat of his deliverer, saying, "Son of Man, thou art an ungrateful being. I will strangle thee."

"That is unjust!" cried the man; "I have just saved thy life, and thou wouldest take mine."

"It may be that I am ungrateful, but man is also ungrateful."

"Let us seek a judge," proposed the man.

[1] *Les Littératures Populaires*, vol. xxviii. p. 198. [2] *Ibid.* p. 238.

The Serpent agreed, and set out with the Peddler. They came to a Tree, and made it the judge.

"The Son of Man," said the Tree, "seeks shelter under my boughs from the heat of the summer sun, but, when winter comes, he cuts off my branches to warm himself. He is ungrateful—strangle him."

The Peddler demanded another judge. This was the Ox.

"The Son of Man makes me draw his cart in summer, but in winter he forgets my services, and gives me nothing but straw to eat. He is an ungrateful being. Strangle him."

"Let us take another judge," said the Peddler.

They went a little farther, and met a Fox. The Fox scratched his ear.

"I don't understand very well. Let me see. Supposing you, Serpent, were to get into that sack which the man carries on his back?"

The Serpent, unsuspiciously, got into the sack, when the Fox made signs to the Man to tie up the mouth of the sack and kill the Serpent. The Peddler did not require to be told twice, and the Serpent died.

"In return for thy services, I will give thee a cock and a couple of hens, friend Reynard," said the Peddler.

Next day the man put a greyhound in his sack, and went to meet the Fox.

"Friend Reynard," he said, "come to the sack, and thou wilt find in it all that I promised thee yesterday."

"I am always suspicious," replied the Fox, "of

the Son of Man, for he is ungrateful. I fear that there may be some trick in that sack, and I won't go near it."

The Peddler opened the sack, and out sprang the Greyhound, which immediately went in chase of Reynard. At last it caught him by his long brush, which sweeps the footpaths. The Fox then abandoned his tail, and, trembling with pain and terror, took refuge in a dark corner of the mill.

"If the Miller sees me, he will have me torn in pieces," said Reynard to himself.

The Miller heard him, and he ran up and killed the poor Fox.

The two following folk-tales are fair examples of the Greek *παραμύθια*. The same incidents often recur in different stories, the chief subjects of all being heroic princes or widows' sons, enchanted or unfortunate princesses, malignant fairies or fierce monsters and wise and benevolent animals. The "Three Wonderful Dresses," which give the title to the first of these stories, occur again in the second, and are frequently met with in Greek folk-tale.[1]

The Three Wonderful Dresses.[2]

In the garden of a king's palace grew a wonderful apple-tree, which every season bore three fine golden apples. But, up to the time at which my story begins, neither the king nor his three sons had been

[1] See Geldart, *Folk-lore of Modern Greece*, pp. 24, 27, 38, for other examples.

[2] *Les Littératures Populaires*, vol. xxviii. p. 75.

able to taste this fruit; for no sooner were the apples ripe than a monster came and carried them off.

"Why do we never eat these golden apples?" asked one day the princes of their father.

The king explained to them that a monster came on three successive nights, and each night he took one of the apples.

"If that is the case," replied the princes, "we will watch the apple-tree, and prevent the monster taking the fruit."

"Do as you please, my children."

When evening came, the eldest brother hid himself in the garden, and awaited the arrival of the monster. Just as the palace clock struck midnight, a terrible roaring was heard, and the prince, frightened to death, ran away as fast as his legs would carry him.

The next day the second prince went, but he proved no braver than his brother.

On the third evening the youngest went, and lay down at the root of the apple-tree, and waited till midnight came. The roaring of the monster did not frighten him in the least, but, as soon as he heard him coming, up he got, took aim at him with his javelin, and wounded him severely. The monster fell on the ground, and then made off, uttering terrible cries.

Satisfied with his success, the prince went home to bed.

"Well," said his brothers to him on the following morning, "did you wound the monster?"

"Rather! I think I almost killed him. But come with me into the garden."

The brothers followed him, laughing incredulously. But when they came to the spot they were convinced that their brother had really had an encounter with the monster, for the earth was reddened with blood, a long track of which showed which way the wounded creature had gone.

"Let us follow this trail," said the youngest, "and we shall find out his lair."

The brothers assented, and they came to a deep well, where the trail stopped.

"We must descend this well," said the eldest. "Tie a cord round my waist, and let me down, while I call out, 'Cold, cold!' When I say, 'Hot, hot!' pull me up again."

They promised, and the eldest prepared to go down the well. He had hardly got half-way down when he cried, "Hot, hot!" and they pulled him up again.

"Now it is my turn," said the second.

They let him down. He went a little lower than his brother had done, but, losing courage, he cried out to be pulled up again.

"Let me down now," said the youngest, "and when I call, 'Cold, cold!' pull me up."

He went down, down, and at last came to the bottom of the pit, when, to his surprise, he found himself in a strange and beautiful country. After walking some distance, he came to a magnificent palace, and went in. When he had traversed several halls, each one more superb than the last, he came

to one in which were three maidens as ravishingly beautiful as the angels of Paradise.

"Who art thou, stranger?" they ask.

"I am come in search of the monster who inhabits this country."

"Art thou, indeed? He is our tyrant. But art thou not afraid of him?"

"I am afraid of nothing."

"Listen, then. The monster is lying down in the next room. Go and find him. If his eyes are shut, he is awake, and it is all up with thee. If, on the other hand, his eyes are open, he is asleep. Throw your javelin and kill him, but beware of throwing a second javelin, for then he would come to life again, and thou wouldest be lost."

The prince hastened to the room they pointed out, and found the monster asleep with his eyes open. He threw a javelin and killed him.

"Listen, O man!" cried the creature as he was expiring. "If thou art the son of one mother—if thou art a man, throw another javelin at me."

"I was only born once," replied the prince.

"But thou wert born again in baptism," persisted the monster.

"What do I care? Die."

And the monster almost immediately breathed his last.

The prince took the good news to the captive princesses. "We are three princes," he said, "and we will marry you. Here are three rings as pledges."

He then conducted the ladies to the bottom of

the pit. Having tied the eldest, he called out, "Cold, cold!"

The princes drew the cords, and pulled up the princess. The second followed, and then the young prince said:

"Now it is your turn, my beloved, for you shall be my wife."

"Gladly, for I love you," replied the princess; "but I fear that your brothers may leave you down here. Take, then, these three walnuts, each of which contains a dress. On the first is [embroidered] the sky, with the stars; on the second, the earth, with her trees and flowers; on the third, the sea, with its fishes. These may be of service to you."

As soon as the brothers saw the betrothed of the youngest, they began to quarrel which should have her. In the meantime, the prince cried, "Cold, cold!" but the others took no notice, but hastened away, taking with them the three princesses. By-and-by the prince realised that his brothers had cruelly deserted him, and that he must work out his own deliverance. He walked about in the country down below, and at last came upon an old gardener digging one of his beds.

"Good-day, good man," said the prince.

"Good-day, Effendi."

"I am lost in this country. Can you tell me what I must do to get up to the world again?"

"I know a very easy way. You must go behind that little wood, and you will find two rams, one white as snow, the other black as ink. Then shut your eyes, and run for the animals. If you seize the

white ram, he will lead you to the upper earth; if the black, he will take you to a land still further away from the sun than this."

The king's son did as the gardener had told him, and found the two animals. But alas! it was the black ram he got hold of, and he felt himself being carried still lower down into the earth. When he opened his eyes he found himself on the banks of a stream which flowed gently through the valley. Near him sat a young maiden, weeping.

"Who art thou, O lovely child?" asked the prince.

"Alas! noble stranger, mine is a sad fate. In this country a terrible dragon has made his abode, who lives on human flesh and blood. This spring is the only one in the land, and the monster will allow no one to take water unless a maiden is given to him every day. Fate has willed that to-day my turn came, and I am here waiting for the frightful dragon with seven heads to come and devour me."

"And who is thy father?"

"I am the king's daughter, his only child; and my father is sorrowing in his palace, believing me, no doubt, already dead."

"Take courage, beautiful princess. I am valiant, and perhaps I may be able to deliver you from the dragon."

As he spoke, a frightful hissing noise was heard behind a rock, and the monster with seven heads approached to devour the maiden. On catching sight of the young hero, the dragon stopped a moment as if startled, and the prince chose this opportunity for hurling a javelin straight at his

heart. A torrent of flames issued from his seven mouths, together with a terrible roar, but that was all, and the monster lay dead.

The king's son cut out the dragon's seven tongues, and kept them as a souvenir of this exploit. Then, fatigued with his exertions, he lay down at the root of a tree, and slept.

He was awakened by the hiss of a serpent, which was on the point of seizing the young eagles perched on the tree overhead. With one stroke of the javelin the reptile was killed as the dragon had been, and the prince went to sleep again.

Soon afterwards the king of the eagles arrived to seek his young ones. Seeing a youth lying at the foot of the tree, the eagle swooped upon him to tear him with beak and claws. But immediately the eaglets began to cry :

"Father, father! see that you do him no harm."

"Why?"

"A serpent was going to swallow us, when this young man killed him with a javelin stroke."

The king of the eagles then spread his wide wings over the prince, and shaded him from the burning rays of the sun until he awoke.

"Young man," then said the great eagle, "thou hast saved the life of my little ones. How can I show my gratitude?"

"I deserve less gratitude than you seem to think. Anybody else in my place would have killed the serpent."

"Thou art a hero, I say. Speak! What wouldest thou?"

"Well, then, take me up to the surface of the earth."

"Alas! willingly would I do so; but the journey is so long that I should be dead of hunger and thirst before reaching it."

"Could I not get provisions for the journey?"

"Yes; but I should require forty sheep and as many pitchers of water. Where are they to be got? The king only could furnish them."

"I have just now delivered his daughter from the frightful dragon which was going to devour her. He will surely not refuse me what is necessary for the journey. I will go and ask him."

"Go; I will wait here for you."

The prince went into the city, and inquired the way to the palace. All the people were rejoicing, for the news had soon spread that a young hero had killed the dragon, and delivered the princess. Heralds had been sent out to announce that the king would give a rich reward to the man who had saved his daughter, and already knights were riding in who boasted falsely that they were the liberators of the princess. After them came charcoal-burners, who, when working in the woods near the spring, had found the dead dragon, and cut off his heads.

"We have killed the monster," they said, "and here are his heads in proof of what we say."

"No," said the knights; "we fought with and killed the monster, and left him dead near the spring. We deserve the reward."

"They are all telling lies," said the princess; "my saviour was a handsome hero—a stranger, no doubt."

At this moment the real slayer of the dragon entered the courtyard of the palace.

"Sire," said he, "I have killed the dragon, to whom you have until now paid the terrible tax of young maidens. Here are the creature's seven tongues."

The princess, who had at once thrown her arms round the neck of her deliverer, cried :

"Yes, yes, my father! It is he who killed the dragon, and all these men are impostors."

The king had the knights and charcoal-burners driven out, and embraced the young prince affectionately.

"Dost thou desire all my treasure, or the half of my kingdom? Wilt thou marry my daughter, and be king after me?"

"Sire," replied the hero, "I also am a prince, but my country is far away. I thank you for your offers, but I will ask you for forty sheep, and forty pitchers of water; I desire nothing more."

"If that is so, let it be as you desire," said the king; and he gave him all that he asked for.

The prince returned to the eagle, and loaded his back with the provisions.

"Now we will set out," said the king of the birds. "When I call 'Crak, crak,' thou must give me mutton; when I call 'Crouk, crouk,' thou must give me water to drink; if not, I shall come down to earth again. Dost thou understand?"

"I understand perfectly."

"Then get on my neck, and let us be off."

The eagle went up, up, up. "Crak, crak," he

soon cried, and the prince gave him meat; "Crouk, crouk," and he gave him to drink.

Soon, however, the provisions were exhausted. They had nearly arrived at the opening which led to the earth.

"Crak, crak! Crak, crak!" said the eagle.

The hero took out his poinard, cut off a piece of his thigh, and gave it to the eagle.

"That is human flesh," said the eagle, and he kept the meat under his tongue. At last he deposited the king's son on the earth.

"Here you are at last. Walk," said the king of the birds.

But the prince could not move, because the wound in his leg was so terribly painful.

"Walk, I say!" repeated the eagle.

And then the king's son confessed that, being short of meat, he had cut a piece from his own thigh, and given it to his guide.

"I knew it! and so I kept the piece of flesh under my tongue. Here it is;" and with this he put back the flesh in its proper place, and the wound immediately healed.

Then the eagle took leave of the prince, and flew away.

"What am I to do now?" said the young man to himself. After reflecting a little, he went towards the city, and made for the shop of the king's tailor. As he was well disguised, the man did not recognise him.

"I am a journeyman tailor, and I want a place."

"That is fortunate, for my apprentice has just died. You shall take his place," replied the tailor.

The young man applied himself to work with such diligence that his master was delighted to have met with him.

At the Court the two eldest sons of the king had been always quarrelling for the hand of the beautiful princess, but at last the king had decided that the eldest should marry her.

"I am willing," replied the princess, "if you give me three things."

"What are they?"

"Three dresses—one representing the sky with the stars; the second, the earth, with all its trees and flowers; and the third, the sea with all the fishes that live in it."

The king was rather taken aback, but he promised to fulfil the maiden's wish. The tailor was sent for, and received the order for the three dresses.

The poor man came back bewildered, wondering how in the world he would be able to accomplish such a piece of work. All day long he pondered, and all night long he dreamed of these dresses, but they were not a bit the nearer completion. The tailor finally came to the conclusion that the thing was impossible.

His workman, seeing him always pensive, at last asked the cause of his sorrow.

"Alas! the king has ordered three dresses which he is very anxious to have made; but my art is far below the requirements of my master, and the king will surely withdraw his patronage from me."

And he related to his workman what had been asked of him.

"Is that all?" cried the pretended tailor, laughing. "That is but child's play."

"Have you gone mad, young man?"

"No, I am not mad at all, and I will undertake to make these three dresses for you."

"Go along! Dost thou, who art but an apprentice, pretend to be a better workman than I, who am the master craftsman of the country, and the king's tailor to boot!"

"Once more, I repeat that I can make the three dresses."

"But when? In twenty years at least?"

"This night. To-morrow morning they shall be ready."

"But where wilt thou find the stuff?"

"I want neither stuff, nor thread, nor needles. Give me only a bottle of *raki*,[1] and a little basket of nuts; shut me up in my room, and come to me to-morrow morning."

The tailor did as the prince requested, and the young man passed the night drinking *raki* and cracking nuts, without troubling his head about the dresses. When morning came the tailor knocked at his door.

"Are the dresses ready?"

"Not yet; wait till sunrise."

As soon as the tailor had gone away, the young man opened the walnuts which the princess had given him, and took out of them three marvellous

[1] A kind of spirit.

dresses representing the sky, the earth, and the sea.

"Well, may I come in?" cried the tailor, presently.

"Yes, come in, for the dresses are now ready!"

The master was thunderstruck at the sight of the magnificent dresses which his apprentice showed him. The good man asked himself if he were not dreaming, or if his apprentice might not be one of those wicked and powerful *Djins* of which he had heard so many stories. He then took the dresses, and went rejoicing with them to the princess.

"Who has been able to make such beautiful stuffs?" she asked.

"I must confess that I was not able to execute such an elaborate piece of work. But my apprentice was able to complete the dresses in a single night."

"I should like to see this clever workman. Go and bring him to me."

A few minutes later the apprentice was in the presence of the lady.

"Is it indeed thou, my beloved one?"

"It is, and I have waited for thee. But thy brothers——"

"I will tell everything to my father, and thou shalt marry me."

The prince went to the king and told him of the treachery of his two eldest sons. The old king became very angry, and wished to kill them. But the princess interceded for them, and begged that they might only be exiled from the country, which was done.

The next day, they celebrated the wedding of the hero and the princess of the enchanted castle, and

there was great feasting and rejoicing. The happy pair lived to a great old age, and had a great many children.

The Prince and the Foal.[1]

There was once a Queen who had no children, and a Jew went to her and said, "Take this apple and eat it, and thou wilt have a child." She took the apple, pared it, and ate it; she threw away the parings, and the mare ate them. By-and-by she had a son, and the mare a foal. When the boy was twelve years old he went to school to learn the art of war; and when he returned home, he was in the habit of throwing down his satchel.

And one day the Queen—"What shall we do?" she said to the Jew (for she was very much in love with him)—"what shall we do to kill the boy that we may be free, and do what we like?"

"We will put poison in his bread," said the Jew, "now that he is coming to eat, and he will die."

But the boy, directly he came home from school, threw down his satchel and went to the Foal's stable. As he entered, he found his Foal drowned in tears, and asked him, "Why dost thou weep?"

"This and that," replied the Foal, "I heard. Thy mother loves the Jew, and they seek to kill thee, and they have put poison in the bread. Eat not of it, but say, 'I cannot, for so my teacher bid me, as I did not know my lessons.'"

"Come and eat," says the mother, "and I will

[1] From Von Hahn's Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια.

speak to the teacher, so that he may not scold thee."

"No, I will not eat," replies the boy, and he runs off to school again.

But they, thus frustrated in their design, stoop down and put poison in the wine. The boy returns in the evening and goes straight to the Foal, which again says to him, weeping, "They have put poison in the wine; do thou drink no wine!"

The boy goes in the evening, and they say to him, "There, drink wine!"

"No, I will not drink," says he, "for he who drinks wine cannot learn his lessons."

Then the Jew says to the Queen: "Let us put poisoned needles in his mattress, and when he goes to lie down the needles will run into him, and he will die."

Again the boy comes home and goes to the Foal. And again the Foal says to him, weeping—

"They have put poison in thy mattress, thou must not sleep on it."

The boy goes in at even, and when he had eaten, his mother says, "Come, and let us lie down and sleep!"

"I," replied the boy, "am not going to sleep here; I will go and sleep outside, and learn how they sleep in the open air who go on journeys." And he went and slept outside, so that the design of the Queen and the Jew could not succeed.

Afterwards came news that the King was returning from the wars where he had been. When the Queen heard it, she feigned illness; and when the

King arrived he sent for doctors to cure her, but none of them could cure her.

Then comes the Jew and says, "I will cure her; but a certain medicine is necessary, which your Majesty will not permit."

The King asks, "What is that? Tell me, and don't be afraid."

Then the Jew says, "Do you love better your wife or your child?"

"Both," replies the King.

"No," said the Jew, "which would you rather have die, the wife or the child?"

"Rather the child," replied the King, "than the Queen, for we may have other children."

And so they decided to kill the child.

And the Jew said, "We must take out his liver, and give it to the Queen to eat."

And when the boy came from school, he went again to the Foal and found him weeping and lamenting.

The child asked him, "Why dost thou weep?"

"They will kill thee," says the Foal.

"Hush, don't be afraid; they will not kill me," said the boy.

He then went upstairs to the King, who kissed him, and said, "Thou art fair, my eyes![1] Yet they will kill thee."

"Why?" asked the child.

"For thy mother," said the King.

"Let them slay me for my mother," he said, "but first I want thee to make me a suit of clothes [like]

[1] Μάτια μου, a common expression of endearment among Greeks.

the sky with the stars, the spring with the flowers, and the sea with the waves; and I will put it on and go three times round the palace, and then you may slay me, and I will go contentedly to the other world."

And immediately the King gave orders, and everything was done as he desired them. Then the boy put on the sky with the stars and went round the palace, and says to the King, "Am I fair, Sire?"

"Thou art fair, my eyes! yet they will slay thee," says the King again to him.

Then he took off that and put it in a wallet, and donned the spring with the flowers, and went round the palace, and says again to the King, "Am I fair, Sire?"

"Fair thou art, my eyes! but they will slay thee," says the King again to him.

Then he put on the sea with the wave, and says, "Am I fair, Sire?"

"Fair thou art, my eyes!" he said; "yet they will kill thee."

Then said the boy to him, "May it be well with thee, and wherever thou findest me, kill me."

And he vanished thence, and went to a lonely spot, and there he took off his finery, and put it in the wallet, and put on old clothes, and took a hair from the tail of the Foal, and said to him—

"Bide thou here, and when I light the hair, be there immediately."

"Good," he says, and the boy ran away.

He was dressed in the sky with the stars, and on his head he wore a bit of tarred skin, and he went to a

city, and sat down beneath the king's palace; and above, at the window, was the youngest daughter of the king. And because he was perspiring, he opened the breast of his coat, and the princess saw the sky with the stars, and she understood that he was a king's son.[1]

One day the King sent his eldest daughter to bring him a melon. She went, and brought him one so dried up as to be uneatable.

"What is this that thou bringest me?" says the King to her.

"Thus am I fading," she replied; "and I want to be married."

"Hush," says the King; "what are you saying?" and he scolded her. "Are you not ashamed of yourself?" he asks.

So he called the second, and she brought him the same as the other, and said the same to him. The King scolded her, and called the youngest; and she went and brought him a beauty.

The King said to her, "Eh, this is in its prime!"

"And I also, Sire," she said, "am in my prime."

"Eh?" said the King; "I will marry you all!"

And he gave orders that all the people were to pass under his window, and his daughters would sit above, and that each should throw a golden apple at the one she wished for. And immediately all the people passed by, and the two hit two passable men,

[1] The prince would appear to have put on the "old clothes" over his magnificent suit.

and the youngest one hit him she had seen with the tarred skin.

When the King saw this, "It is a mistake," he said; and ordered them to pass back again. So they passed the second and third times, and she always hit the same. Then the King went and scolded her, but she said—

"I want that one."

"Eh! If thou wantest him, take him."

And they were married, each one to the man she had hit, and she took the one with the tarred skin. And when the King saw this, he had no respect for her, neither had other people.

A few days afterwards the King fell sick, and they brought to him a physician to cure him, who said, "If you can get for him 'deathless water,' he will get well."

Then went the two bridegrooms to seek for it, and both took splendid horses. And his youngest daughter went to him, and said, "Sire, let my husband go too." And when she begged him very earnestly, "Let him go too," he said.

Then he took a lame horse, and set out, and whenever he came to a puddle he tumbled in. Then everybody mocked at and insulted him, and afterwards they left him, and went away.

Then he lighted the hair, and immediately the Foal arrived there. He put on his fine raiment, and overtook and passed them by, and went by another road and obtained the deathless water, and returned; and he met them on the road, and said—

"Good-day, handsome youths."

"You are welcome, my pallikar."

"Where are you going?" [he asked them].

"We are going to find the deathless water to bathe the eyes of our father-in-law, that he may recover."

"I have deathless water; stand and let my horse strike you on the flank, and I will give you it."

They stood still, and where the Foal struck them he left a golden impression. Then he pulled out the gourd with other water, and gave it to them. They set off joyfully, and he at once returned [by another road], mounted the lame horse, and went on. They again came up with him, abused him, and left him. They went to the King with joy, and bathed his eyes once, but—nothing! They bathed them a second and a third time—nothing!

Then comes he of the tarred skin, and his wife goes to the King, and says—

"Let him come and bathe them."

"Off with you!" he replied. "The others went and could not bring the deathless water, and will he bring it?"

"Let him bathe them. What harm can there be?" she said.

"Eh! Let him bathe them."

Then came he, and as he bathed them the first time, he saw a little; as he bathed them a second time, he saw better; and as he bathed them a third time, he saw perfectly. Then immediately the King embraced him, and said to him—

"Thou art now my son."

And he said, "If thou wouldest have me, strew

between thy palace and my hut gold pieces, and I will mount and come hither."

And immediately the King strewed the street with cloth, and upon it much gold; and all the people came out to walk. Then he [the prince] lighted a hair, and the Foal presented itself. Then he put on his best dress, the sea with the waves, and mounted his horse, and went to the King's palace, and said to the King—

"Look at the bridegrooms' flanks, and you will see the marks which they bear as my slaves."

And the King looked, and he drove them away, and lived happily ever after.

The story of "The Just One" has its counterpart in the folk-tales of many European countries. In the Venetian variant of *El Giusto*, the Lord and the Madonna, whom the peasant successively meets, hesitate to pronounce themselves just. The Breton version is, however, very similar to the Greek; and so is the German story of *Tod der Pathe*, although it ends rather differently. Hans Sachs refers in one of his poems to this legend, of which Provençal and Hungarian variants are also said to exist.

The Just One.[1]

A peasant had just welcomed his first-born.

"Who will be our son's godfather?" asked the mother.

"His godfather shall be the most just man I can

[1] *Les Littératures Populaires*, vol. xxviii. p. 144.

find. To-morrow I will set out to seek this infinitely just person."

The next day the peasant set out. Towards evening he met a handsome old man on the road.

"Whither art thou bound, traveller?" asked the old man.

"My father, I am seeking a godfather for my child."

"I can render you that service."

"I require a person whose justice is without equal."

"I am that person."

"What is thy name, my father?"

"God."

"Then you are not he whom I seek."

"That is strange. How? Is not God sovereign justice itself?"

"No, Lord! You are not the most just. The good things you bestow on mortals are ill distributed. To the righteous you give misery, to the wicked riches. You are all injustice. Adieu!"

The peasant continued his journey, and soon afterwards entered a cave to rest and pass the night. Next day he met a second traveller with a very benign aspect.

"Where goest thou, O peasant?" was his question.

"I seek a man supremely just as sponsor for my son."

"I am that just man. Conduct me to thy house. I will gladly be godfather to thy child."

"What is your name, worshipful sir?"

"I am the good Apostle, the beloved disciple of Jesus Christ—Saint Peter, in fact."

"Then you are not he whom I seek."

"And why so?"

"I said that I required an exceedingly just man, and you say that you are Saint Peter!"

"Well! What then?"

"Then you are not just. Every day you admit into Paradise the wicked, the misers, the dissipated, and the drunkards who have never done a good deed, under the pretext that the Pope has pardoned them. Yes, indeed! And you refuse entrance to heaven to those who deserve it, but who, unfortunately, have no money. Decidedly you are not the person I seek!"

On the third day, the peasant met another traveller, who asked him—

"Where goest thou, gaffer?"

"To seek a sponsor for my child. I have been walking for three days without finding one."

"What kind of a man dost thou want?"

"A being supremely just."

"I am just, and I will be godfather to thy child."

"I have met God, and also Saint Peter. Are you more just than they?"

"I am more just than the Lord and his Apostle."

"Who are you, then?"

"I am Death."

"Then you are right. You respect neither rich nor poor; you strike, indiscriminately, the wretch in his hut, and the king on his throne; you take the child from its mother's breast, and the old with their

crown of white hair. You are supremely just. Will you be godfather to my child?"

"I will. Let us go."

And the peasant, followed by Death, returned home.

The baptism was performed with great ceremony, and Death kept his promise to hold the infant at the font. When the christening was over, Death said to the peasant, "Thou hast done me great honour, my friend, in choosing me as *Nono* to thy son. I will reward thee. Perhaps an honourable profession would please thee. Say, would it not?"

"Yes, your worship—but——"

"But what? There is nothing I cannot do. Listen. I could easily give thee riches; I have but to say the word, and that chest would be full of gold. But fortune, without credit and renown, is worthless. Thou shalt have all these things."

"I, a poor peasant?"

"Yes. From this moment thou art an eminent physician—the first physician in the world."

"I have never studied. I can hardly read and write!"

"What does that matter? The rich banker, Abraham, is ill. Go thou boldly to him, prescribe him what thou wilt, and assure him of recovery. He will not die, and will of course declare that thou hast saved his life. He will reward thee generously, and thy reputation will spread."

"But the other patients?"

"Whenever thou art called to any one, look attentively at the feet and the head of the patient.

If I am at his feet, say that he will not die; if I am at his head, know that his days are numbered. Thou wilt see that all thy drugs and remedies will make no difference."

So the peasant went to the Jew, Abraham, and cured him, after all his colleagues had asserted that nothing could save him. His reputation spread rapidly, and soon every one was talking of the wonderful doctor, who could tell in a moment whether sick persons would live or die.

In a short time, accordingly, the peasant-physician became one of the richest men in the country. The wealthy, the merchants, bishops, judges, ministers, kings, and even the Sultan himself, sent for him on the smallest indisposition, and would have kept him, if possible, always in attendance.

Years passed. The doctor grew old, but was rich and respected, and he continued to bless the lucky day on which he set out to seek a godfather for his boy.

One day he was sitting under the great olive-tree in his garden, when suddenly a stranger stood before him.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Dost thou not, then, recognise me?"

"My eyes are growing dim."

"And yet thou knowest me when I am with thy patients?"

"Ah, is it you? Pardon me, your grace! What are your commands?"

"The number of thy days is nearly accomplished. Thou must prepare to depart."

"Depart? Die? Now?"

"Yes, now."

"Ah, mercy! mercy! Grant me a few years more, a few days only! To-morrow!"

And the doctor threw himself at the feet of Death and wept like a child.

"For the sake of your godson! I want to see him married before I leave the world! Oh, mercy! mercy!"

"Come, come, my friend, I cannot wait."

So the doctor was obliged to follow Death over plains and through forests, across rivers and seas, and over mountains and hills. They hurried on until they came to an immense plain, in the centre of which stood a wonderful palace.

"We have come to the end of our journey," said Death.

As they approached the palace, the doctor saw that the windows were as numerous as the stars of the sky; some were dark, and others brilliantly illuminated. They entered, and Death led the way into one of the lighted chambers. Many tapers were burning, and one of them was nearly burnt out.

"That taper," said Death, "represents thy existence. Dost thou not see that it will be extinguished in a moment?"

"I pray thee, O Death, to let me replace that taper by one of these!"

"They are those of thy family."

"By that one, then?"

"It is the life-taper of thy son, of my godson!"

"What matters it?"

"What matters it! Come, come, look at thy taper! See—the flame flickers—it dies, it is extinguished!"

At the same instant the doctor fell dead at the feet of the inexorable Being who shows favour unto none.

NOTE.—IDENTIFICATION OF ST. GEORGE WITH HORUS AND KHIDHR.[1]

Among the Egyptian monuments in the Louvre, says M. Clermont-Ganneau, is a piece of sculpture representing the combat of Horus with Set, or Typhon, which presents features and details of an exceptional character. Horus is here represented, as usual, as a man with the head of a sparrowhawk, but on horseback. He is dressed in a military costume, and in the act of thrusting with his right hand a lance into the neck of a crocodile which the horse is trampling under foot. The French scholar finds in this representation a striking resemblance to the most ancient representations of St. George. The slain monster, the lance, the horse, the uniform of a Roman officer worn by the victor, are identical in the Byzantine iconography, and, if the sparrowhawk head had disappeared, no one, he thinks, would have hesitated to pronounce the rude fragment a mutilated representation of the Christian Saint. There is also in the British Museum a bronze statuette of Horus Hieracocephalus, similarly in the costume of a Roman soldier.

The cult of St. George, which spread at an early period over Egypt, received a special character in Syria, where it had for its centre the town of Lydda. In the episcopal lists, Lydda bears the name of Ἁγιογιοργιούπολις, "St. George's Town," and is revered equally as the place of his birth and of his martyrdom. The inhabitants still point out "the house of Khidr," the Arab name

[1] See Clermont-Ganneau, *Horus et St. Georges*, Rev. Archéologique, nouv. sér., t. xxxii. pp. 388–397.

of the Saint. Here, too, St. George, under his Arab name, is completely identified in the beliefs common to Syrian Christians and to Moslems both orthodox and schismatic, with two other very remarkable mythical personages. These are (1) Elias the Immortal, confounded on the one hand with Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet Mohammed, and on the other, as mentioned in Chap. IV., with Ἥλιος or Apollo; and (2) Phineas, the grandson of Aaron, who pierced with his lance Zimri the Simeonite, and who appears in the Talmudic legends as an equivalent of Elias, the worker of twelve miracles, a heroic immortal destined to be one of the Angels of the Ark, and also to play a great part at the end of the world. A Moslem *hadith* or tradition, attributed to Mohammed by the ancient commentators on the Koran, says that "Jesus will slay Antichrist at the gate of Lydda," and Antichrist is more definitely connected with the monster slain by St. George in other traditions, one of which says that "Jesus, crowned with a green turban, and girded with a sword, will pursue the *Dadjdjal* (Antichrist) to the gate of Lydda, and there slay him." This name, says M. Clermont-Ganneau, is the phonetic equivalent of that of the Philistine amphibious god, Dagon. As the gods frequently assimilated to themselves the qualities and characteristics of the beings over which they triumphed, so, says M. Clermont-Ganneau, we find among the Egyptians Set-Typhon completely replacing Horus in certain localities, and at certain epochs. And it has occurred to me that similarly the St. George-Horus, triumphing over the amphibious monster, took upon himself the attributes of Genius of both Sea and Land which characterise him in his Moslem form of Khidr. For the maritime Khidr is plainly indicated in his numerous Moslem shrines found all along the Syrian coast, and which are specially resorted to by native sailors and childless women.

In the Moslem mythical story of Alexander the Great, it was Khidr who led the hero to the Stream of Life, situated in a Land of Darkness, in an isle of the Isles of the Sea. And in Oriental folk-belief he is held to be continually travelling about on the earth, suddenly appearing for the succour or reproval of men, and disappearing with equal suddenness. His help is also frequently invoked either under that name or the connected one of *Hasreti* (Prophet) *Elias*.

This myth of St. George is also connected with that of Perseus and the Dragon; and the name of Khidr with Ὕδωρ—water being divinised as one of the "Eight Powers" which govern the world. On the other hand, the word Γεώργιος is derived from γεωργὸς, and thus connected with agriculture. According to Mogaddesy,[1] the signal for sowing the corn was given by the Great Feast of St. George held at Lydda on the 23rd April. Khidr also signifies "verdant" according to some authorities; according to others its meaning is the same as that of the Greek γλαυκὸς; while M. Lenormant is of opinion that it is a mere contraction of Hasis-Adra, the hero of the Chaldean deluge tradition, or of Xisuthros, the Greek form of the same name.[2] The ramifications and transformations of this curious and interesting myth appear, however, to be endless, and I must not attempt here to follow them any further.

According to M. Amélinau, however, "the legend of St. George slaying the dragon is unknown to the Copts, and it is incorrect to say that the Copts have identified Horus and St. George: it is St. Michael who is identified with Horus": *Contes et Romans de l'Égypte Chrétienne*, p. liv. And Gutschmid identifies St. George with Mithra: *Ueber die Sage vom hl. Georg*, &c. (in *Berichte ü. d. Verhandlungen der Koniglich Sachsischen Gesellsch. d. Wissensch. zu Leipzig*, 1861, pp. 185–202). Compare the Coptic legends translated by Mr. Budge.

[1] Or Mukaddasi of Jerusalem, an Arab geographer who wrote about 985. See L'Estrange, *Palestine under the Moslems*.

[2] *Origines de l'Histoire*, tom. ii. p. 13.

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CHAPTER VI.

ARMENIAN WOMEN: THEIR SOCIAL STATUS AND ACTIVITIES.

THE Armenians, as stated in the Introduction, hardly appear in history till the sixth century B.C., when Dikran, or Tigranes, king of Armenia, is said to have maintained his independence against Cyrus the Great. In 328 B.C., however, Vahé, the successor of Dikran, fell in battle with Alexander the Great, the conqueror of Darius, the successor of Cyrus. Only from this date does authentic Armenian history begin. But the Armenians,[1] a few years later (317 B.C.), threw off the Macedonian yoke, chose a king of their own, and, some seventy years later (250 B.C.) established an Arsacid dynasty, related to that then reigning in Persia. After a century or two of national prosperity, Armenia was, at the beginning of the Christian era, added to the Roman Empire, and its king, Artavasdes, was carried prisoner to Alexandria by Antony, and beheaded by Cleopatra (30 A.D.). Armenia, however, though conquered, was not wholly crushed, and again recovered its independence, which it retained until the eleventh century, when the Byzantine emperors "succeeded

[1] I summarise the epitome of Armenian history given by Mr. Stuart Glennie in *Europe and Asia*, pp. 47–54.

in subjugating Armenia, but not the Armenians." Their national development continued, and to their elementary consolidation—begun at the separation of the Armenian from the Greek Church at the end of the fifth century—was soon added a new monarchical consolidation. Rhupen (Reuben), a relative of the last king of the Pagratid dynasty, which had succeeded the Arsacid, retired to the north of Cilicia, and founded, in 1080, in the shelter of the Taurus, a small principality, which, gradually extending its boundaries, became known as the kingdom of Lesser Armenia. This Eastern Christian State maintained its independence until the end of the fourteenth century, when its last king, Leo VI., a prince of the house of Lusignan, defeated by the growing Moslem power, sought refuge in Europe. After living for some years on a pension from the English and French monarchs, Leo VI. died in Paris in 1393, and was buried with royal honours. The Armenians of this city still honour the last king of their country by performing a pilgrimage to his tomb at St. Denis on the anniversary of his death, when Mass is performed by a priest of the Gregorian Church, who comes for the purpose from Marseilles.

But I ought not, perhaps, to pass over the legend of the Armenians concerning their eponymous ancestor, Haik, from whom they derive their native name of *Haikians*, and the name of their country, *Haiasdan*. This Haik was, according to the story—which, however, evidently received its present form after the conversion of the Armenians to Christianity—the great-grandson of Japhet, or, according to

some, of Noah. He had first settled in Mesopotamia, but, finding the rule of Bel, the king of that country, irksome, had removed with his tribe of 300 persons to Armenia. As he refused to return when summoned to do so by Bel, the latter marched an army against the emigrants. But in the battle which ensued Bel was slain by an arrow from the bow of Haik; and the patriarch succeeded in consolidating his new kingdom, which, at his death, he transmitted to his descendants.

The Armenians, besides constituting the bulk of the population in Armenia proper, form large communities in Constantinople and Adrianople, at Broussa and Smyrna, and are also found in several of the smaller towns of European Turkey, such as Gallipoli. In Constantinople and Smyrna, the wealthier members of the Armenian communities are much more advanced in every respect than elsewhere in Turkey; and at Smyrna their adoption of Western manners and education dates farther back than at the Capital. At Smyrna, as elsewhere, the Armenians occupy a separate quarter of the town; and this compares favourably, both as to the width and cleanliness of its streets and as to the architecture of the houses which border them, with the *mahallás* of any of the other races in the city, not excepting even the so-called "Frank," or European, quarter.

It would be impossible to find a more striking illustration of the freedom from Moslem molestation now enjoyed by the subject races, as compared with their position at the beginning of the century, than that which is afforded by the difference in the style of houses built about that period and of those built

during the past twenty or thirty years. The older houses are gloomy and prison-like in outward appearance, having on the lower floor no windows overlooking the street—save perhaps one or two small grated ones, ten or twelve feet from the ground—and the great arched folding door is faced with iron, and defended inside with heavy bars and bolts. This door gives access to a large hall or court, on which, and on the garden beyond, all the ground-floor rooms open. The upper stories far overhang the street, and in the narrower thoroughfares, as in the streets of old London, one might almost shake hands across. This style of architecture presented many advantages when the dwellings of the Christians were exposed to the attacks of the insolent and lawless Janisseries, though it did not always protect the occupants from violence.

The modern houses are much more cheerful in appearance, though not less solidly constructed than those just described. A great number, however, owing to the frequency of earthquake shocks at Smyrna, are only of one story. The wide doorways being above, instead of below, the level of the street, as in the older houses, are approached by handsome steps of white marble, and the spacious hall within is paved with large slabs of the same material. In the smaller one-storied houses the drawing-room windows alone overlook the street, all the other rooms receiving their light and air from the hall. The far end of this apartment, which is used as a general sitting-room, often contains a fountain, and is converted into a species of conservatory, with creepers and choice shrubs in vases. The rest of it

is furnished with a Turkish sofa, a few common chairs, and, in winter, a carpet.

This is, however, but a middle-class dwelling. The abode of a wealthy Armenian is a palatial edifice replete with European luxuries, and even comforts, though many comforts might be dispensed with in such a glorious climate. Orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees blossom and bear fruit in their gardens, which are also fragrant with flowers all the year round. On the broad raised footpaths, tesselated into graceful patterns with black and white pebbles —for garden-walks are in the East always higher than the beds, on account of the prevailing system of irrigation—saunter the Serpuis and Tarquis, in loose Oriental garments, and with slipshod feet, or in the latest fashions from Paris, according to circumstances and the time of day. The beautifully situated village of Buyukdéré,[1] on the Bosphorus, is a favourite resort of the wealthy Armenians of the capital, many of whom pass the summer months in the elegant marine villas which, rising behind each other up the steep hill, command a magnificent view of the wonderful waterway and its picturesque banks.

The dwellings of the poorest class of Armenians—the *hammals*, or porters, and the boatmen and fishermen—though small, are not as a rule without a certain amount of decent comfort, suited to their mode of life. There is very little, if any, overcrowding among any of the Christian or Moslem poor of Turkey, each family having its own separate

[1] So called from the picturesque "Great Valley" at the entrance to which it stands.

cottage, generally approached by a little courtyard. And the exclusiveness of Oriental family life renders any sub-letting to lodgers extremely rare.

The houses in Armenia proper present a striking contrast to those above described, owing to the more rigorous climate, and to the primitive mode of life pursued by their inmates. Even in the large towns of the province the better sort of houses lack the comfort and cheerfulness generally found at Smyrna and Constantinople. At Erzeroum, for instance, they have a most gloomy appearance, being built of dark-coloured stone, with tiny double glazed windows like port-holes, sometimes in two rows, one above the other. This town is situated at the foot of a mountain, up the lower slopes of which the houses climb, each room being built like a separate house with a flat roof, which communicates with those above and below it by means of steps. One may walk along these terraces from house to house over a great part of the town, and, when stopped by a street, a moderate leap will easily clear the chasm, so narrow are the thoroughfares. The space of ground occupied by a rich man's house is prodigious; and the top, being covered with grass, resembles a small field. Here, in the summer time, the women and children come out, bringing their mattresses and cushions, to bask in the balmy air, and here the lambs are left to graze when the wind is not strong enough to blow them into the street. The floors of all these houses are below the level of the roadway. A low door gives access to a dark central passage, on one side of which is the ox stable, or byre; and, on the other, the

kitchen, storeroom, and private apartments of the family. Each room has a rude stone fireplace, in which is burnt *tezek*, the common fuel of the country, made of compressed cow-dung mixed with straw. Some of the wealthier houses may boast chairs and tables, and perhaps a gilt-framed mirror; but, as a rule, the furniture consists of a divan running round three sides of the room, covered with beautiful stuff of native manufacture, and some valuable Persian or Kūrdish rugs spread over the thick carpet of grey felt (*tekké*), which covers the floor. The walls are whitewashed, and the wooden ceilings are curiously carved and painted. The meals are served on a *sofra*, or tray and stand, similar to that used by Moslems, and this substitute for a table is also used by the poorer class of Armenians at Smyrna and in the capital. In fact, many of the Armenian domestic arrangements are identical with those of the Osmanlis, for there is a certain amount of truth in M. de Moltke's saying that "the Armenian is but a baptised Turk."[1]

The ox-stable is the most curious part of the building. It contains sometimes scores of cattle, whose animal heat, during the winter months, contributes considerably towards the warmth of the house. One end of this room has a raised floor, or daïs, railed off from the rest, and used by the men of the family as a selamlik, or reception-room. It is furnished in very much the same style as the rest of the house, with rugs and carpets, and a low divan running round three sides, while on the walls above are

[1] *Lettres d'Orient.*

suspended saddles, guns, pistols, and other weapons. Under the platform the dogs have their abode; and on the divans, safely out of their reach, repose the beautiful so-called "Persian" or "Angora" cats, which, however, come from the Armenian town of Van.

Mr. Curzon, who visited Erzeroum in winter, gives the following graphic description of the town and neighbourhood at this season:

"The whole view, whichever way one looked, was wrapped in interminable snow. . . . . The tops of the houses being flat, the snow-covered city did not resemble any other town, but appeared more like a great rabbit warren. Many of the houses being wholly or partly subterranean, the doors looked like burrows. In the neighbourhood of the Consulate there were several large heaps and mounds of earth, and it was difficult to the uninitiated to discriminate correctly as to which was a house and which was a heap of soil or stones. . . . . Very few people were about, the bulk of the population hybernating at this time of the year in their strange holes and burrows. The bright colours of the Oriental dresses looked to my eyes strangely out of place in the cold, dirty snow."[1]

The dwellings of the peasantry are, in many parts of the Armenian highlands, like some of the Erzeroum houses just described—mere burrows in a hillside. The front is formed by cutting away the surface of a slope perpendicularly for the space of a few yards, the room or rooms are partly excavated in the hill, and all the soil dug out is

[1] *Armenia*, p. 34.

thrown against the side walls and on the roof, which is supported by strong wooden beams. A thick crop of grass soon covers all, on which in summer the lambs graze and the children play, and during the short hot season the whole family may occasionally sleep here "at the moon's inn," without disturbing the storks, who build on the broad mushroom-shaped chimneys, returning with every succeeding spring. In fact, most of the dwellings of the peasantry are still precisely like those described in Xenophon's *Retreat of the Ten Thousand*.[1]

The absolute indissolubility of marriage imposed by the Armenian religious law, together with special social and political conditions, combined, in the past, to make expedient the seclusion, if not subjection, of women. The modification of these conditions by external circumstances, which I have already referred to in the case of the Greeks, has also, at Constantinople and Smyrna, greatly changed the social position of Armenian women. And the contrast between the manners and social life of the inhabitants of the chilly highlands of Armenia and those of the dwellers on the sunny coasts of the Ægean and the Bosphorus is now as great as is the difference in their physical surroundings.

Patriarchal customs are still rigidly adhered to in the former remote regions, and also, to a great extent, in the Turkish towns of the interior, such as Broussa and Kaisariyeh. The "house-father" gathers beneath his own roof-tree his sons and their descendants to the third or fourth generation,

[1] Ἀνάβασις, iv. 5, 24.

one household often consisting of some thirty or forty persons, all of whom must necessarily be subject to his supreme authority. In former times girls were married very young, often when only twelve years of age; but this is no longer the case in the large towns. In order to ensure harmony among the numerous women brought into the house as wives for these successive generations, a practice, which may be termed "the subjection of the daughter-in-law," is resorted to, the wisdom of which, under the circumstances, cannot but be recognised. On the Saturday after a bride has been brought to her new home she performs the ceremony of kissing the hands of all her husband's relatives who are older than herself. Preparatory to this formality she dons a veil of crimson wool, which partly obscures her features, and which she does not thenceforward lay aside until she has the house-father's permission to do so. The young wife must now not venture to address her husband's parents or any of his relatives save those who are her juniors, neither must she speak to her husband in the presence of his parents until such time as the patriarch of the family may see fit to give her permission, which he does by removing her red veil. This, however, seldom happens until she has borne a son—for, as the native proverb says, "a wife shows her character at the cradle"—and the restriction may not be removed for many years. Her period of probation passed, the young wife assumes a higher position in the household. When the head of a house dies, his eldest son succeeds

as house-master, but the widowed mother retains her former position and authority, and is associated with him in the management of the family.

An amusing example of the consequences of too rashly removing the prohibition of silence is to be found in the *Memoirs* of Artemi of Wagarshapat. The author and his mother, a widow, finding it inconvenient not to hold converse save by signs with the wife of his younger brother, the fourth member of their small household, and considering the national custom somewhat absurd, agreed to free her a few months after marriage from its observance. The neighbours were naturally scandalised, but Artemi's mother cared little for the opinion of neighbours who had always been jealous of the superior education which, by her self-denying efforts, she had succeeded in obtaining for her elder son, and the crimson veil of silence was removed. They had, however, reason to repent this hasty resolution, for the new inmate of their home soon proved herself to be a woman of ungovernable temper and bad disposition, and the quarrels which ensued effectually drove peace from the home, and convinced Artemi—but too late—of the unwisdom of lightly setting aside time-honoured customs.

The Armenian proverb, "I speak to thee, my daughter, that thou, my daughter-in-law, mayest hear," well illustrates the attitude of a mother towards her son's wife, and suggests that, though the new-comer is not spoken to, she is none the less "talked at." "A house will not be found

convenient if two wives command in it," also shows the wisdom, under the patriarchal system, of assigning the daughter-in-law a subordinate position. National etiquette also forbids a young wife to go abroad during the first year of her married life, even to church, save at Easter, and at the Feast of the Assumption. This restriction, perhaps wisely, prevents her carrying every little trouble to her mother, who during this period pays her only an occasional formal visit.

All these patriarchal customs are, however, in the cities of the Ægean, and in the towns of European Turkey, things of the past. Western education and ideas are, with every succeeding generation, more and more permeating every class, and though a good many of these apparent changes are merely superficial, and present strange and sometimes ridiculous anomalies, unavoidable in a period of transition from Eastern to Western habits and modes of thought, real progress is no doubt being made by this section of the nation. A young wife becomes the mistress of her husband's house, his parents merely receiving her on her arrival according to the ancient etiquette in matters of marriage, which I shall presently describe, and which is still to a great extent adhered to. She now enjoys the same freedom of action and social status as the European ladies with whom she may be acquainted. All the usual facilities for social intercourse are at her disposal, and she may, if philanthropically disposed, spend some of her leisure time in endeavouring to ameliorate the condition of those of her countrywomen less favoured by fortune,

She has her box at the theatre, and attends the balls given at the casinos of the different nationalities as well as those more exclusively Armenian. I was once, when at Smyrna, invited to a fancy dress ball, given during the Carnival by the members of the Armenian *Cercle* or Club, where I found myself the only European present. The arrangement of the rooms left nothing to be desired, and the stewards were perfect in their duties. The costumes of the ladies especially were extremely rich, varied, and picturesque, and set off to great advantage the beauty of many of the wearers. Many of them were ancient Oriental dresses of a style no longer worn, and composed of rare silk damask decorated with exquisite old embroidery. Others were of the more conventional type of Floras, "Nights," and Shepherdesses. Though none of the company had probably ever had a dancing lesson, there was little fault to be found with their performance, and some of the younger ladies, indeed, waltzed most gracefully. Many of the company spoke English, nearly all expressed themselves fluently in French, and I was indebted to them for a very enjoyable evening.

The travelled Armenian lady often returns to her native town imbued with a sense of her own superiority, and sometimes, I must admit, inclined to treat with contempt her less favoured sisters. I was some years ago slightly acquainted with a lady of this description, who posed as a complete *Parisienne* and *femme du monde*. One day among the numerous callers, both native and foreign, whom

we met in her drawing-room, was an Armenian lady whose resplendent toilette was completed by a pair of bright blue kid gloves. After some conversation with this lady and her party, the hostess crossed over to where I sat with my friends, saying, as she joined us, "Je viens m'asseoir du côté de la civilisation ; ces gants bleus là m'ont donné mal au cœur." On another occasion this very "civilised" lady, after deploring the want of literary taste at Smyrna and Bournabat, said, referring to the English Levantine ladies who constitute the principal element of "society" in that suburb, "Really they have no topics of conversation beyond the success of the last *boughádha*[1] and the price of soap!"

The domestic virtues of the average Armenian woman are, however, many. Her house is a model of neatness and cleanliness, and, even if she is sufficiently wealthy to employ several servants, she will often assist in making the many choice delicacies for which the Armenian *cuisine* is famous, but which I fear that I have not here space to describe. She is a fond and devoted, if not always a judicious, mother, and an affectionate wife ; and, as a rule, the greatest harmony prevails in Armenian households. When, however, family dissensions occur, they are often aggravated by the fact of the absolute indissolubility of the marriage bond, for, though a separation may be effected, neither party is free to contract a fresh union.

As has been already pointed out in the Intro-

[1] The "great wash" performed every three or four weeks, when the clothes are bleached with the ley of wood ashes.

duction, two entirely distinct types are to be found among the Armenians—the fair and the dark, or, as the Turks designate them, the "Pure" (*Indjé*) and the "Coarse" (*Kalun*). It is, no doubt, to this fact that we may attribute the very contradictory estimates formed by different authors of the personal attractions of Armenian women. Dora d'Istria, writing some forty years ago, describes their beauty in glowing terms;[1] while Sir Paul Ricaut, though speaking favourably of the appearance of the men, can find nothing to say in favour of that of the other sex.[2] At the period, however, when this quaintly interesting author recorded his impressions (1679) it was customary for Armenian ladies, even at Smyrna, to live in great seclusion, and when abroad to be veiled and cloaked like Moslem women;[3] and consequently the female specimens of the race with whom he would, under these circumstances, come into contact, would be only women of the lowest class and of the most mixed blood.

The Armenian ladies of Constantinople enjoy a great reputation for beauty, and those of Smyrna may, I think, be said to be not far behind them in this respect. One of their greatest charms consists

[1] "La beauté des Arméniennes quand elle n'est pas défigurée par une embonpoint précoce est véritablement remarquable. . . . . Leur fraicheur est merveilleuse, leur taille svelte et élancée, leurs sourcils quoiqu' épais, parfaitement dessinés, &c."—*Les Femmes en Orient.*

[2] "Their women are commonly ill-shaped, long-nosed, and not one of a thousand so much as tolerably handsome."—*The Present State of the Greek and Armenian Churches*, p. 386.

[3] The Armenian were distinguishable from the Turkish women by the dark colour of their *feridgés* or cloaks, and by the red shoes which the sumptuary laws of the time obliged them to wear when abroad.

in the languorous expression of their dark, almond-shaped eyes. These beauties naturally belong to the "pure" type, and have, as a rule, black hair and eyes; though brown hair and blue eyes are not unfrequently met with, and are distinctive of some families. The complexion of this type is also good, the figure and carriage graceful, and the hands and feet are frequently small and well shaped. A Viennese painter was so struck with the exquisite proportions of the hand and arm of an Armenian lady of my acquaintance that he begged her to sit to him as a model for that part of a picture upon which he was then engaged. This lady belonged to a family famous for the beauty of its female members, among two generations of whom quite half a score of handsome women might be counted, mostly of the brown-haired and blue-eyed type, though of pure Armenian blood, and belonging to the Gregorian Church. And the window of a house in the Armenian quarter of Smyrna, where several of these belles were often visible, was named by their admirers "The Seventh Heaven of Mohammed." A comely specimen of the "coarse" type may occasionally be met with, but, as a rule, there is not among them, as Sir Paul Ricaut says, "one in a thousand so much as tolerably handsome."

But, whether "coarse" or "pure," Armenian women resort more or less to the use of cosmetics, either to enhance their charms, or to conceal their defects. Nor is this practice a result of the emancipation from ancient customs of the daughters of Smyrna and Constantinople. For earlier in the century, when Armenian women still went abroad

veiled and cloaked like Moslems, as above described, and were, in their homes, equally secluded from the gaze of strangers, the passion for "getting up," which appears to be as inherent in the plain little hired drudge as in the elegant *kokona*, was perhaps more largely indulged in than at the present day, when the practice is being abandoned by educated women. I was greatly amused during some idle summer weeks at Bournabat by witnessing the open-air preparation and subsequent application of the mysterious compound used for the purpose by the gardener's wife, who lived in an adjoining cottage. The result of her many hours' pounding, mixing, shaking, and straining was generally made use of on a Sunday or Feast-day, and the effect was truly dazzling. On the opposite side of the lane lived two girls of a rather higher grade, whose daily occupation might be summed up in the words—they "painted their faces, and tired their heads, and looked out of a window;" and the attempts of the gardener's wife to rival these "young ladies" were highly amusing. The concoction and sale of these "washes" constitute, in the cities of the East, one of the minor domestic industries. It is generally carried on by elderly women, who are also skilled in the manufacture of rose- and orange-flower-water and of the delicious preserves met with only in the East. On one occasion, when I had expressed a wish for some rose-water, one of these persons was sent for, who brought with her a handkerchief full of fresh roses (the *Rosa moscata*), and a small still. Setting up the latter in the garden, over

an impromptu fireplace of stones, she in a few hours produced, for the modest charge of six piastres, or one shilling, two large bottles of exquisite rose-water.

The native Armenian costume is now, in the cities of the seaboard and the towns of European Turkey, a thing of the past. A few of the elderly women still retain, it is true, as among the Greeks, the old-fashioned head-dress of the *taktikios*, which consists of a red fez, the full tassel of which is combed and spread all over it, surrounded by a kerchief of dark-coloured muslin, with a painted border and an edge of coloured needle-point lace. The hair, plaited into one tress, is twisted round the *taktikios*, and secured with a gold or silver pin.[1] A long plain skirt of stuff or silk, and a loose jacket lined with fur in winter, complete the costume, both for outdoor and indoor wear, though a shawl is sometimes added. In adopting Parisian fashions, Armenian women have retained their partiality for the vivid dyes which accorded so well with their ancient style of dress, but which now often asserts itself in combinations of colour most unpleasing to a Western eye; and the outdoor display they make of their superabundant jewellery says more for the security of property than for the taste of the wearer. But this tendency generally, if not always, disappears after a visit to Paris, or some other European capital.

There are, however, very few of the Europeanised Armenians who, in the privacy of their homes, are

[1] Twenty years ago, all the elderly women of Smyrna of every class, whether Armenian, Greek, or Frank, wore this head-dress, and also many middle-aged matrons belonging to the two former races.

neat in their attire. All those I have known were in the habit, immediately on their return from a walk or a visit, of exchanging their Parisian finery for a loose skirt and jacket, their high-heeled and many-buttoned boots for slippers (generally down at heel), and their elaborate coiffure for two plaits, hanging loosely over their shoulders. In this guise, too, they sit at their windows, their fair elbows resting on the cushioned sill, chewing gum-mastic, a practice which, though common to all women of the Levant, is more especially characteristic of the Armenians, and in the motions it gives to their jaws, unpleasantly recalls ruminating animals. This bad habit, however, is said to be good for the teeth.

The native costumes still worn in Armenia and in the far interior of Asia Minor vary in form, but the garments, worn one over another, of which they consist are all equally brilliant in colour and durable in material. At Van, the women allow their luxuriant black hair to fall loosely over their shoulders, and on their heads they wear a fez of red cloth, round which is folded, turban-fashion, a many-coloured kerchief. The remainder of the costume closely resembles that formerly worn by all Osmanli women, and still retained by them in many parts of the Empire. It consists of the *intarie*—a long gown of striped cotton, fitting tightly to the figure; the *shalvar*—full trousers of raspberry-coloured silk, drawn in at the ankles; the *shápo*—a long sleeveless jacket reaching to the feet, and open at the sides up to the waist; and, over all, the *jupbé*—an ample pelisse leaving exposed to view only the front of the *shápo* and the cuffs of the

intarie, which are shaped *en sabot* and edged with "needle-lace." The pattern always found on the *shápo* deserves a word as illustrating a survival of the cone-fruit so frequently found on Chaldean monuments. This garment is made of a kind of cashmere of mixed silk and cotton in wide stripes of contrasting colour. On these stripes are printed various running patterns, of which the leading motive is always the cone. This favourite design of Oriental artists is, however, also said to be merely a modification of the figure of a cypress with its crest bent by the wind, that tree being, both in the folk- and culture-lore of most of the nations of Eastern Europe, the type of grace and beauty.

The costume of the women of Kaisariyeh, in Cappadocia, where the Armenians number some 16,000, is composed of very beautiful stuffs, and decorated with embroidery of remarkable delicacy. The head-dress is particularly rich. Strings of gold sequins cover the front of the fez and hang over the forehead. From behind the ears are also suspended strings of seed pearls, and the neck and wrists are similarly decorated with ornaments of gold and pearls. The dress now worn at Sivas is said to be identical with that of the women of ancient Persia. Out of doors, however, all the women of the interior conceal the luxury of their costumes under a cloak of plain stuff, similar to that worn by Moslem women, and shroud their heads and faces with a thick veil.

Armenian girls of the poorer classes manifest an even greater repugnance than Greek girls to employ-

ment outside the sphere of their own homes, and the latter are often employed as servants in Armenian houses, owing to the difficulty of obtaining Armenian domestics. To see the Armenian girls lounging about their doorways one might indeed say that their leading characteristics are apathy and listlessness. Yet, though so much less energetic than their sisters inhabiting the less enervating climate of Armenia, they can hardly, as a class, be stigmatised as indolent. Many little home-industries are pursued, such as the making of the coloured lace called *oya* or *bibil*, formerly so much in demand for trimming the native costumes both of Armenian and Turkish ladies, and also embroidery in gold and silks. The taste and aptitude displayed by Armenian girls for the latter pursuit led to the formation of a class of "art needlework" in connection with the Industrial Institution for Girls, founded at Constantinople in 1887 by Mr. Ohannes Nourian, a philanthropic Armenian resident of that city. To the pupils of this establishment, who now number one hundred and twenty, and are presided over by thirty teachers, was entrusted the task of decorating with their needles the State apartments occupied by the Emperor and Empress of Germany during their recent visit to the Sultan's capital. The Empress's satisfaction with their handiwork was, it is said, expressed to the Sultan in such glowing terms that His Majesty conferred decorations on the lady directresses of the institution.[1] The silk factories of

[1] It is a rather curious fact that the conferment of Orders on Women should have been initiated in Turkey.

Broussa, as before mentioned, afford employment to a considerable number of women, of whom a certain proportion are Armenians, who are, I am told, greatly valued for their powers of steady work.

In Armenia Proper it would appear that the women are not less industrious than their Christian peasant sisters in other parts of Turkey, and, in this respect at least, they rival the men of their nation, who are indefatigable workers. Besides her household work, and the care of the family and domestic animals, the manufacture of clothing for the family and furniture for the house also devolves upon the Armenian woman. The spindle is to her what knitting is to a German housewife, and, with the help of her daughters, many beautiful tissues are produced on the loom, the surplus of which find their way to the bazaars of the capital. Among these are fine linen and silk gauzes; so-called Turkish towels, and *havlús*, or bathing gowns of the same material, with fringed and embroidered borders, made chiefly at Trebizond, Erzeroum, and Van; cloth of fine camel's-hair, and handsome stuffs for covering the seats and cushions of divans. The process of making the felt or *tekké* carpets so much used in the country is very simple. On a mat, larger than the carpet and strengthened at the back with stout linen, the dyed wool is arranged according to the pattern intended. On this another layer of more finely carded wool is placed to the depth of about a foot. Several persons then carefully roll up the mat, and the cylinder thus formed is rolled about and pressed with the feet until the wool is reduced to the thickness of half an inch.

The upper surface is then carefully clipped in order to accentuate the outline of the pattern.

A distinguishing trait of the Armenian character is their fondness for, and consequent kindness to, animals, which contrasts very favourably with the cruelty displayed by their Greek, and more especially by their Jewish, neighbours towards their dumb fellow-creatures. To kill a cat, a rat, or a bird was formerly considered so grave a crime as to deserve ecclesiastical punishment, and M. Fleurian[1] records a case in which a fast of twenty years' duration was imposed by the priest upon a woman for killing her cat. And though much leniency is not, I believe, shown at the present day to the larger vermin, I well remember the horror and indignation of some Armenian ladies at Smyrna on witnessing the inhuman treatment by a Greek baker of a rat which had been caught in a trap in his shop. In Armenia, as before mentioned, the dogs are housed under the platform of the *selamlik*, and the beautiful white cats with long silky fur, and tails oddly dyed of a reddish hue with henna, sit on the knees of their masters or purr by their sides on the cushions of the divan. Besides these more common animals there are the tame, or half tame, lemmings, jerboas, and *kara guez*, or "black-eyes." The last are pretty little creatures, with soft grey fur. Like the pink-eyed lemmings, they hybernate every year, and are easily domesticated. As for birds, the popular reverence for them is so great that it, to some extent, accounts for the immense numbers to be found in Armenia. Some

[1] *Etat présent de l'Arménie*, p. 25.

travellers describe them as literally "covering the ground;" and their variety appears no less great, for Mr. Calvert, when Consul at Erzeroum, collected as many as one hundred and seventy different species.[1]

Armenian salutations and greetings partake of a decidedly religious character. The reply to good-morning and good-evening is invariably, "The blessing of God to you." On separating in the evening the reply to good-night, "And a good dawning," extends the salutation to the next day. At Easter, and for forty days afterwards, the greeting is, "Christ is risen from the dead!" and the response, "Blessed be the Resurrection of Christ." The ordinary form of felicitation on the marriage of a son or daughter, the birth of a child, or any other happy domestic event, is "Light to your eyes!" and the acknowledgment, "May you also enjoy the light."

From the above described contrast between the social life and manners of the two sections of the Armenian nation in Turkey, naturally follows a wide difference in the degree of education to which they have respectively attained. While in point of culture the Armenians of the Ægean would compare not unfavourably with Europeans, the dwellers in the remote Fatherland have advanced but slowly, and female education especially is in a very backward state. Great efforts are, however, being made to remedy this defect, and various educational associations have been organised, which number among

[1] Curzon's *Armenia*, p. 154.

their most active members many ladies belonging to the communities at Smyrna and Constantinople. The "Philomathic Society of Armenian Ladies" have founded at Koum-Kapou, Constantinople, a Training College for native schoolmistresses to be sent to Armenia, Cilicia, and elsewhere; and in this establishment seventy-five have already been trained, and appointed to schools in those districts. The "National Society of Armenian Women" also maintains five girls' schools in the towns of Moush, Hadjin, Keghi, Seghert, and Alashguerd, at which some six hundred pupils are now being educated. The "United Societies for the Promotion of Education in Armenian Centres" have also in their list ten girls' schools, scattered over four different provinces, in which instruction is, according to the returns for 1889, afforded to more than seven hundred girls. All these institutions are maintained by voluntary contributions; for, though the Porte imposes an "Education Tax" on its Christian subjects, Moslem schools alone are benefited thereby. The proportion of girls' to boys' schools, however, notwithstanding all the praiseworthy efforts of these various societies, is as yet, as with the Greeks of Turkey, only as one to four.

The American missions to the Armenians, which have been established for more than half a century at Kharput, Kaisariyeh, Sivas, Van, Erzeroum, Aintàb, and some other places, have already done much for the education of the female portion of the nation in these towns. The schools attached to these establishments, and presided over by devoted ladies from the

Far West, are attended not only by the daughters of Protestant converts, but of orthodox Gregorians, some, who come from a considerable distance, being received as boarders. Many parents who would gladly follow their example are, unfortunately, too poor to be able to pay even the very low fees required for board and education. The course of instruction comprises the English, Turkish, and Armenian languages, Scripture lessons, arithmetic, and more advanced subjects for those who wish to be trained as teachers.

Among the Armenians, as formerly among the Greeks, the Turkish language has, in some districts, and notably at Broussa and Kaisariyeh, entirely replaced the mother-tongue, which is there used only in the church liturgies. This fact forcibly illustrates the state of denationalisation into which this nation has in many places sunk during the Ottoman domination. With the re-birth of national sentiment and aspiration, a reaction has, however, naturally set in, and the rising generation now everywhere learns in the national schools the mother-tongue, which will, it is hoped, soon entirely supersede the use of Turkish, save as a foreign language. Good schools both for boys and girls have long been established in the capital and in Smyrna, and for very many years past the teaching of French has in the latter city been obligatory. Some of the wealthier families at Smyrna send their daughters to the establishment of the German Deaconesses, where, besides receiving a sound general education, they add a good knowledge of English, French, and German to the three native

languages of Armenian, Turkish, and Greek, which they have orally acquired in childhood. Many girls are also educated at home by European governesses, who find their pupils, as a rule, extremely intelligent and painstaking. While Armenian men have been engaged on translations of such works as Milton's *Paradise Lost* and Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, some of the Armenian women of the Capital and of Smyrna have occupied themselves with rendering into their native language, for the benefit of their less cultured sisters, the more popular works of Victor Hugo, Dumas, Ohnet, and other French authors. A literary *Salon*, too, has been formed at Constantinople, though whether the "culture" of its members is, or is not, of the kind satirised by Molière in *Les Précieuses Ridicules* and *Les Femmes Savantes*, I am not in a position to say. Armenian women are also in considerable demand as actresses in Turkish theatres. The plays most in vogue in this country are French operettas, the librettos of which are translated into Turkish, though original comedies are also often placed on the boards. The Sultan employs a company of these women, and himself writes, or rather furnishes, the plots for some of the comedies and burlesques. Armenian literature, the most brilliant period of which was from the fifth to the seventh centuries, long neglected, is at present in a transitional stage, and there is now, I am informed, "more imitation than creation." The recent revival of education and national sentiment, however, will no doubt be followed by a revival of letters, and of this there are, indeed, already various unmistakable signs. Old

traditions are being collected and published; periodicals started, devoted to the national cause; and, as before mentioned, great efforts are being made in the schools to restore the use of the ancient language of Armenia.

I ought not, perhaps, to close this chapter without some remark on the patriotism of the Armenians. For however far from the land of his ancestors a son of Haik may roam, he never forgets its former greatness, nor ceases to long for its deliverance from a foreign yoke. And this sentiment seems to be as strongly developed in the communities which have lived so long in exile that they still retain forms of speech which are obsolete in the Fatherland, as in the emigrant of yesterday. Indeed, the couplet from the ancient folk-song,

> Thy native land still bear in mind,
> To it be ever true and kind,[1]

attributed to an old nurse when taking leave of an Armenian princess about to be married to a foreign monarch, seems always to find an echo in the Armenian breast. And from the women no less than from the men of such far-off colonies as those of Batavia and Sourabayia, in Java, as well as from those inhabiting the Turkish cities, come messages of sympathy, accompanied by more substantial assistance, to the Armenian Patriotic Associations lately established in Europe.

[1] Alishanian, *Armenian Popular Songs*.

CHAPTER VII.

ARMENIAN WOMEN: THEIR FAMILY CEREMONIES.

THE customs observed by the Armenian women in connection with the birth of a child resemble in many particulars those of their Turkish neighbours under similar circumstances, and the ceremonies attending such an event are of an equally superstitious character. As with the Greeks, the mother and child should not be left alone until the latter has been baptised. If, however, this is unavoidable, either a picture of the Virgin or a text from the New Testament is hung over the bed, or a prayer-book is placed under the pillow, to keep away the demons; and, in order to guard against the evil eye, holy water is sprinkled every night over the susceptible persons, who are also fumigated with the smoke of the Palm Sunday branches. The mother holds a reception on the third day, to which her friends and neighbours flock, in order to satisfy their curiosity concerning the new arrival. The baby is rolled up and bandaged in innumerable wraps, with its toes turned in, until it can move neither hand nor foot, and, among the poorer classes especially, these garments are frequently not removed or changed for days together. The baby is washed every day in warm water until it has been baptised, but after-

wards only once a week. For few people in the East give their children the benefit of a daily bath, an idea being generally prevalent that it is an injurious custom, causing all manner of ailments. Kept neither clean nor neat, and indulged with every variety of food, they struggle through infancy in a very irregular manner, but—owing, perhaps, to their being so much in the open air—they grow up, as a rule, strong and healthy.

An Armenian baby is baptised when eight days old, and the rite is administered with great pomp and solemnity. The child is carried to church by the midwife, accompanied by the godfather (*gnkabib*) and relatives, male and female. Arrived at the porch, they are met by the officiating priest, a deacon, and acolytes, and the service commences with the words, "Blessed be the Holy Ghost, the true God." The priest then recites, alternately with the deacon, the 51st and the 131st Psalms, while a string of red and white threads is being twisted, which, when finished, is blessed, prayed over, and reserved for the subsequent ceremony of confirmation. The party advance into the porch, where the midwife kneels as many times as the infant numbers days. The baby is then laid on the threshold of the church, where it remains while the godfather makes his sacramental confession in order to undertake the office of sponsor while in a state of grace. The godfather absolved, the priest takes up the child and gives it into his arms with a Scripture text. The sponsor kneels with it three times, and the priest, placing his hand upon the infant's head,

makes the exorcisms by pronouncing some devout invocations, and then recites more psalms. The godfather then turns to the west, and the priest to the east, when the former renounces, in the child's name, all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world in these words: "We renounce thee, Satan, and all thy frauds, thy deceptions, and thy worship, thine inspiration, thy ways, thy wicked will, thy wicked angels, thy wicked ministers, thy wicked agents, and all thy wicked power."

The priest, addressing the child, then asks, "Dost thou renounce? Dost thou renounce? Dost thou truly renounce?" For whom the sponsor replies, "I do," to each repetition of the question. Giving to the godfather a lighted taper, the priest says: "Turn to the light of the knowledge of God." He then questions the child concerning his belief in the Creed, which is in substance the same as the Apostles' Creed of the English Church, and for the child the godfather again replies, "I do believe;" as also to the following questions, "Dost thou believe in the Father, true God? Dost thou believe in the Son, true God? Dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost, true God?" The priest then reads part of the 28th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and then the Nicene Creed, in which the godfather joins.

While these preliminary ceremonies are being performed, the doors of the church are closed, and remain so until the 20th verse of the 118th Psalm is reached, when, at the words, "This gate of the Lord, into which the righteous shall enter," they are thrown open, and the men of the party enter, and

advance to the font, singing a psalm. The warm water for the baptism which has been brought by the *gnkabib* from the baby's home, being ready, the priest proceeds to consecrate it by the recital of special prayers, and by invoking upon it the virtue of the Holy Ghost, and then pours it into the font in the form of a cross, the deacons chanting all the while. After reading several passages of Scripture from the Old and New Testaments, the deacon exhorts those present to "pray for the peace of all the world, for the prosperity of the Church, for the life and eternal salvation of the Patriarch, for the worthy administration of the present rite, for the spiritual regeneration of the child, and for all the faithful."

This finished, the priest recites over the font the following prayer:

"Thou, Lord, through Thy great power didst create the sea and the earth, and all the creatures that are in them. Thou didst divide and establish the waters in heaven, the abode of Thy celestial hosts, who glorify Thee incessantly. Thou didst send Thy holy Apostles, commanding them to preach to and baptise all infidels in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Thou didst decree, also, by Thy unerring word, that those who are not regenerated through the water shall not enter into Paradise. Of which thing being afraid, this Thy servant, desiring Thee, who art the eternal life, came willingly to be baptised, spiritually, with this water. We pray Thee, Lord, send Thy Holy Spirit into this water, and bless [making here the sign of the cross]

and purify it, in the same manner that Thou didst purify Jordan by descending into it, Thou, our Lord Jesus Christ, who wast all pure from sin, typifying thereby in this fountain of baptism the regeneration of all men. Grant unto him, through this water, by which he is now baptised, that he may obtain pardon for his sins, receive Thy Holy Spirit, be numbered with those who are affiliated with Thee, heavenly Father, and be worthy of an inheritance in Thy celestial kingdom, in order that, purified from sin, he may live in this world according to the pleasure of Thy will, and in the future life may receive, with all Thy saints, the infinite good blessings, and gladly glorify the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, now, and throughout all ages."

After the repetition of other prayers, the "holy chrism" is, with much reverential ceremony, added to the water in the font. Before opening the box in which it is preserved, candles are lighted, and the priest takes successively in his hand the cross, the gospels, and the chrism, makes three times the sign of the cross over the water, and pours into it three drops of the sacred oil, chanting, "Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! May this water be blessed and purified through the sign of the holy Cross, of the holy Gospel, and of the holy Chrism; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" to which the deacon responds thrice, "Hallelujah!" The infant is undressed by the godfather and given into the hands of the priest, who, after the recital of a short prayer, asks the child: "What dost thou demand?" The godfather responds: "I

demand to be baptised." "Dost thou truly demand it?" again questions the priest. To which the sponsor replies: "I demand with faith to be baptised and purified from sin, to be released from the demons, and to serve God;" whereupon the priest says: "Be it unto thee according to thy faith."

The child's name is given to the priest, who, with his left hand under its neck, and, with his right, holding its feet, dips it into the font in such a way that its head is towards the west, its feet are towards the east, and its eyes toward heaven. Then, placing the infant in an upright position in the water, he says: "N——, servant of God, coming by his own will to the state of a catechumen, and thence to that of baptism, is now baptised by me in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," pouring a handful of water over the child's head at each name. He then dips the baby three times into the water, saying at each immersion: "Redeemed by the blood of Christ from the servitude of sin; receiving the liberty which arises from affiliation with Thee, heavenly Father; he becomes co-heir with Christ, and a temple of the Holy Spirit." These three immersions are held to be commemorative of the three days during which Christ remained in the grave. The priest then washes the whole of the child's body, saying, as he does so: "Ye that were baptised in Christ, have been clothed in Christ, hallelujah! And ye that were illuminated in God the Father, may the Holy Ghost rejoice in you, hallelujah!" Some verses of the 34th Psalm are then read, followed by a passage from St. Matthew

(iii. 13–17); and at the words—"And Jesus being baptised, forthwith came out of the water"—the priest takes out the child and delivers him to the godfather. The ceremony is concluded with prayers adapted to the occasion.

In the Armenian, as in the Orthodox Greek Church, a baby is confirmed immediately after baptism, and receives at the same time his first communion. While the "Hymn of the Holy Chrism" is being chanted, the priest takes the infant from the godfather, and, dipping his thumb in the consecrated oil, he makes with it the sign of the cross on nine different parts of its body, as follows. First on the forehead, saying: "May this sweet oil, which is poured upon thee in the name of Christ, be a seal of the celestial gifts"; on the eyes, saying: "May this seal, which is offered to thee in the name of Jesus Christ, illuminate thine eyes, lest thou sleep the sleep of death"; on the ears, saying: "May this anointment of sanctification make thee obedient to the commandments of God"; on the nose, saying: "May this seal, in the name of Jesus Christ, be to thee as a sweet savour of life unto life"; on the mouth, saying: "May this seal, &c., be to thee as a watch, and as a solid door to thy lips"; on the palms, saying: "May this seal, &c., be to thee the cause of good works, of virtuous deeds, and of life"; on the heart, saying: "May this divine seal, in the name of Jesus Christ, create in thee a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within thee"; on the spine, saying: "May this seal, &c., be to thee a shield of safety, wherewith thou mayest be able to quench all the fiery darts of the

wicked"; and, lastly, on the feet, saying: "May this divine seal, &c., direct thy steps to eternal life, and keep thy feet from erring."

The priest then blesses the garments of the child, and clothes him, after which, with the red and white thread twisted at his baptism, he binds on his forehead, or on his little finger, according to locality, a small gold cross. When he has covered the baby with a white cloak, he places in its hand a taper, coloured red and green, saying: "Receive the lamp of faith and of good works, so that, when the Bridegroom shall come, thou mayest be worthy to enter in unto the wedding of light, and enjoy eternal life." The child is now carried to the altar, with the three sides of which his lips are brought into contact, and also with the cross. As baptism is usually administered during the performance of Mass, the baby is brought to the altar at the moment the celebrant communicates; and he, after dipping his finger into the chalice, puts it into the infant's mouth, saying: "Plenitude of the Holy Ghost."

About the ninth day the mother goes with great ceremony to the bath, attended by her friends, who partake with her in the "cooling-room" of a substantial luncheon, in which the favourite national dish of *yahlantchi dolmas* plays a prominent part.

Eight days after the christening the priest repairs to the baby's home, and removes the string from its head, or its finger, accompanying this ceremony with suitable prayers. When the child is forty days old, he is carried to the door of the church, accompanied by his mother, and the priest there reads over them

special prayers. They are then led into the church, and the priest, taking the child in his arms, places him upon the steps of the altar as if in the act of adoration. A hymn in honour of the Virgin is chanted, the priest blesses the mother and child, and the ceremony is concluded.

If, before the baby is forty days old, any animal belonging to the household has young, the child must be passed three times over the newly born creature. If this rule is not observed, the child will grow up melancholy and a prey to malaria. It is said that young brute animals, over which this ceremony has been performed, have often been known to die of the ailments from which these traditional prescriptions have preserved the human animal.

Should a sack of flour be brought into the house before the expiration of the forty days, the baby must be placed at the door on a seat higher than the sack; and, when the latter has been placed in the storeroom, the child must be passed three times over the sack, or it will be afflicted with melancholy and malaria. Also, if a funeral pass within this period, the mother must take her infant up to the terrace till the procession has gone by. If she fails to do this, "the dead will take the child with him." When the bread is put in the oven, the baby must be covered with a quilt, or he will pine and die.

If the baby is attacked with malarious fever, he must be bathed in tepid water which has dripped from a mill-wheel. If this is not procurable, a woman is sent at break of day, on a Friday, to collect water from all the wells and fountains of the village. If

she meets any person while on this errand, she must neither accost him nor answer any questions he may put to her.

If the mother is obliged to go out before the forty days, and meets in the village street another woman similarly circumstanced, they must exchange needles. If they have none on their persons, they must borrow from neighbours.

The baby must not be taken out before it is forty days old, nor must it be left alone for fear of the demon. One evening, however, a woman of Indjé Sou, near Cesaræa, found it necessary to go to a neighbour's house. What to do with her baby she knew not—to take it with her was as dangerous as to leave it alone. The latter at last seemed the only alternative. So she put the baby in the cradle, and placed on its breast as preservatives against the demon a piece of bread, a pair of scissors, and a picture of Christ, and went out. But great was her surprise and horror to find the cradle empty when she returned. She searched everywhere, ransacked the house, shrieked and wept, but all in vain. At last, after having turned the house upside down all night, she found the child standing upright behind the flour-sack. A moment afterwards the cock crowed. At sunrise the woman hastened to the village priest, and told him what had happened.

"You could not have taken the proper precautions," said the priest, "and so the *djin* was able to take your child. If you had not found him before cockcrow, you would never have seen him again."

The priest then accompanied his parishioner to

her house, whence he drove away the *djin* with a prayer, which prevented his ever returning. An ill-conditioned, unmanageable child is often reputed to be the changeling of a *djin*.

Contact with Europeans has, in the cities of the Levant, modified to a slight extent the observances of the Armenians with regard to the affairs of marriage, but in their leading features the national customs connected with the ceremony itself have suffered very little change. Second nuptials are permitted to both sexes, but a third marriage, if not precisely forbidden by religious law, is considered highly reprehensible. The clergy, or friends of the family, fulfil the office of matrimonial go-betweens, thus giving from the outset a religious character to the proceedings. If the parties are found not to be related within the forbidden degrees, which, as with the Greeks, extend to the seventh, and include conventional relationships, and the match is deemed suitable, the betrothal may at once take place. This ceremony consists merely in sending to the bride, by the hands of one or two priests, according to the means of the parties, a gold or silver ring accompanied by presents of jewellery. The priest places the ring on the finger of the maiden with some Scriptural words suited to the occasion, and receives from her mother a similar ring which he conveys to the bridegroom. But, though so simple in form, this betrothal is considered binding, and can only be set aside for very serious reasons.

In the towns of Armenia, Cappadocia, and Cilicia girls are kept almost as much secluded from intercourse with the other sex as are their Moslem sisters,

and the betrothed couple are consequently, as a rule, comparative strangers to each other. This is, however, not the case in Smyrna or Constantinople, where European manners are more or less cultivated by the better class of Armenians, and where marriages of affection are not uncommon, nor in all the villages, where a certain amount of courtship often takes place. But national prejudice, in the towns of Armenia, forbids any but the most formal intercourse between the betrothed couple, and all the arrangements for the auspicious event are made by the respective parents. If the bridegroom is wealthy, he may send with the cross a present of jewels or a purse of money to his future bride, who, unless she happens to be an heiress, brings only linen for the nuptial chamber, though, if her parents are wealthy, a certain amount of jewellery and silver plate may be added to her trousseau. The patriarchal custom of bringing home a bride to the paternal roof, though almost entirely abandoned in Constantinople and Smyrna, is still practised in Armenia and other inland places.

When all is ready for the bridal, the *dandıgin* (the mistress of the ceremonies, who superintends all the arrangements connected with the wedding feast) is commissioned to notify the fact to the bridegroom and his parents, and also to inform them of the day appointed for the *Hars'nik*.[1] Matrimony is never celebrated on fast days, on dominical feasts, or during seven weeks after Easter. Monday is considered a propitious day for the religious ceremony,

[1] An abbreviation of *Harsanik*, an Armenian word signifying the period of festivity attendant upon a wedding ceremony.

and the preceding festivities commence on a Friday. The bride is on this day taken by her friends with great ceremony to the bath, and invitations are issued to all who are to assist at the wedding. On Saturday, musicians are called in, and the bride and her maiden friends pass the time in dancing, feasting, and ministering to the poor, for whom a table is spread and open house kept.

The Sunday of the *Har'snik* is a red-letter day among the Armenian youth, for on this day the young men are allowed to wait upon the girls at the feast given in the afternoon. When the girls leave the table, the married couples sit down, wife and husband side by side, in patriarchal fashion. When the youths have also supped they are again admitted to the society of the maidens, under the pretext of handing round refreshments.

The religious ceremony at the church takes place on Monday evening. The priest, accompanied by his deacon, arrives before the guests assemble to bless the nuptial pledge, or ring, and the wedding garments, over which he offers prayers, imploring God to "make the betrothal happy, and bless the dowry, so that the outer ornaments of the body may be a continual excitement to her to adorn her soul with such angelic virtues as are proper to the condition of matrimony into which she is about to enter." After the arrival of the company, the bride retires with her near relatives and girl companions to be dressed in the national wedding array. The indoor bridal robe is a loose flowing garment of brocaded silk, trimmed round the edges with the silk lace

called *oya*, described in the preceding chapter. But, like the generality of Orientals, the Armenians consider it necessary to disguise their brides. A silver plate is accordingly fastened on the girl's head, and over it is thrown a large piece of crimson silk, which reaches to her feet and covers her whole person. This is secured under the plate and at the side with ribbons; and in some localities a large pair of cardboard wings (*sorgoosh*), covered with feathers, are attached to her head. In this extraordinary disguise she is led back to the reception-room, where she opens the dance with her father, or nearest of kin, during the performance of which small coins[1] are showered over her. This concluded, she takes her seat on a pile of cushions placed in the corner of the wide divan which runs round three sides of the room. If the company is very large, the ladies will dispose themselves on this divan in three rows, sitting on the back cushions, the centre, and the extreme edge, the old *kokonas* taking the most comfortable positions, and the young *doudous* finding places where they best can.

The bridegroom has, in the meantime, been occupied with his toilet, surrounded by a group of lively friends, including the best man, the *Gnkahair*, who has been escorted to the house by a band of musicians.

[1] This ancient Armenian custom is referred to by Moses of Khor'ni, when describing the wedding of the great Artaxés—

> "At Artaxé's wedding gold-strewn was the ground;
> At Sathanig's bridal fine pearls rained around."

Similar munificence was, until quite recently, observed at Turkish royal weddings, and is frequently referred to in folk-tales.

The barber, an important functionary at all these ceremonies, commences his operations, razor in hand, a towel over one shoulder and leather strop over the other. With story and joke he prolongs and repeats the details of his calling on the face of the happy man, whose friends reward the gossip's efforts for their entertainment with presents in the shape of towels, handkerchiefs, scarves, &c., which they suspend on a line stretched across the room. When he deems the generosity of the company exhausted, the barber gives the signal for the production of the wedding garments, which, like those of the bride, have been previously blessed by the priest. Arrayed in these gorgeous robes, and with a scimitar[1] in his girdle, the bridegroom proceeds to the house of rejoicing, a torch borne on each side of him, and attended by a numerous company, some of whom, carrying his presents to the bride, precede him with a band of music.

On arriving, he is conducted with much ceremony to the reception-room. His future mother-in-law greets him with a gift, in return for which he respectfully kisses her hand, and she then presents him to the bride, who rises from her cushions, and, descending to the floor, makes him a lowly reverence. A second betrothal now takes place. The priest repeats the 89th Psalm, after which he gives

[1] Owing to the frequent carrying off of Armenian brides by Moslems on the wedding day, an Imperial Firman was granted to the nation, allowing a bridegroom to wear a sword, and permitting him also to use it against any person attempting to molest the bridal party. Although such abductions are now of rare occurrence, the right to guard against them is still exercised.

the right hand of the girl into that of the man, saying, " When God presented Eve's hand to Adam, Adam said: This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man; therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." Then, approaching their foreheads until they touch, he ties upon each with a crimson silk thread a small cross, reciting meanwhile a prayer composed of Scripture texts.[1]

Still holding each other's hands, the betrothed pair proceed to the house-door, where the bridegroom hands over the maiden to the bridesmaids, and, accompanied by his own party, leads the way to church, the poor blindfolded bride following with her friends. No person is allowed to cross the road between the two parts of the procession, as this would be a bad augury for the future happiness of the couple. On entering the porch of the sacred edifice, the principals, while making three times the sign of the cross, give mental utterance to the dearest wish of their hearts, in the belief that whatever they ask at that moment will be granted them. The first part of the service takes place in the porch. The couple kneel three times during the reading of the 122nd Psalm, after which they confess and receive absolution. Two garlands are then twisted,

[1] According to a folk-belief which has its counterpart in the West, if the bride succeeds either during this ceremony, or during the marriage service in the church, in placing her foot above that of the bridegroom, the future supremacy will be hers.

to be used in the ceremony, psalms being read meanwhile. The priest then takes the cross, and, holding it aloft, pronounces an exhortation, reminding the couple that the bond upon which they are about to enter is indissoluble, and concludes by asking them if they are prepared to "bear all the burdens and fulfil all the duties connected with matrimony." He then asks separately of the pair: "And if thy husband [or wife] become blind, sick, crippled, deaf, or poor [omitted when addressing the husband], wilt thou remain faithful to him [or her] unto death?" When they have replied in the affirmative, the priest joins their hands, saying to the man: "According to the divine order which God gave to our ancestors, I [name], a priest, give thee now this wife in subjection. Wilt thou be her master?" To which he replies: "With the help of God, I will." Then, turning to the woman, he asks: "Wilt thou be obedient to him?" She answers: "I am obedient according to the order of God." These interrogatories are repeated three times. Various exhortations, prayers, and passages of Scripture relating to matrimony follow, after which the doors are opened, and the wedding train, led by the priest, and chanting the hundredth Psalm, advances to the altar. The nuptial Mass follows. When the crowns have been blessed, they are placed on the heads of the company with more prayers, exhortations, and passages of Scripture,[1] after which the holy communion is ad-

[1] I am told that, a few years ago, the Armenian priests were ordered in their marriage service to add after "I wed you in the name of the Lord," the words "and of the Sultan"!

ministered. The religious ceremony concluded, the wedded pair walk hand in hand to the church-door, where the bridesmaids again take charge of the bride, and lead her to her new home. As they go, hymeneal songs and psalms are chanted, and corn and small coins are showered over the heads of the couple. At the moment of their arrival a sheep is sacrificed on the threshold, over the blood of which the wedding party step to enter the house. The bridegroom seats himself on a sofa, specially prepared for the occasion, and places the bride at his right hand. A costly cup is filled with wine and blessed by the priest, who presents it to the couple in turn. The guests meanwhile chant a hymn, in which, in the name of the Church, they augur all kinds of felicity, temporal as well as spiritual, for the happy pair. The repetition of the Lord's Prayer terminates the ecclesiastical ceremony, when all come up in turn and felicitate the couple by kissing their garlands or the crosses on their foreheads, and drop coins into a plate for the benefit of the officiating priests. The bride, refreshed with a cup of coffee, is again consigned, in the loneliness of her veil, to a corner. A baby boy is placed on her knees, with the wish: "May you be a happy mother!" When the baby has been removed, all the children present rush to take off the bride's stockings, and scramble for the money which has previously been hidden in them. After formally opening the dance with her husband, the bride again retires to her corner, where she sits for the rest of the evening a mute and veiled image, taking no part in the festivities going on around her. The brides-

maids remain, during the period of "wearing the crowns," in attendance upon the companion who is leaving their ranks. This may be from three to eight days, both bride and bridegroom retaining their wedding finery all the time, even at night, and living separately until the crowns are removed by the priest. This ceremony is, however, nowadays generally performed on the Wednesday evening following the religious ceremony. A little before supper-time the priest arrives, accompanied by his deacon. Placing the pair with their foreheads in contact, he rests on their united heads a sword and a cross, invoking for them every marital blessing, and reminding them that unfaithfulness will be followed by the Divine wrath, of which the sword is a type. The bride and bridegroom again partake of consecrated wine from the same cup, after which the party all sit down to supper.

When the couple are at last left alone, the husband offers his bride a present, generally a piece of jewellery. If the recipient deems the gift of smaller value than she considers herself entitled to, or than the giver's means permit, she may refuse to receive him as her husband until he shows himself more generous. The priest's wife, who has also been present at the family supper, spends the night in the house, and on the following morning is sent to announce to the bride's parents that their daughter has honourably entered upon her married life. At noon relatives and friends flock to the house to offer their congratulations, and are entertained at the expense of the bridegroom's father. National etiquette does not,

however, allow the bride's parents to visit her until at least a week has elapsed.

On the Saturday after the wedding the bride goes through the ceremony of formally kissing the hands of her father- and mother-in-law in the presence of the rest of the family. On this occasion she dons the veil of crimson crêpe, which she will continue to wear until her father-in-law, when granting her permission to address her husband's relatives, allows her to lay it aside. When a young wife kneads bread for the first time in the house it is customary for the husband to throw into the trough some pieces of money, which she must pick up with her teeth without touching the dough even with her lips. On the fortieth day after the wedding the bride is taken to the fountain or well for the first time. As she goes she must kiss the hand of the first person she may meet, whether man or woman. Arrived at the well, she anoints the stones with butter, evidently in propitiation of the water spirits, and throws handfuls of corn to the birds. This rite performed, she is entitled to fill her pitcher with the limpid water.

During these forty days the wedded pair are supposed to be more than usually subject to the power of evil spirits (*djins*), who are perpetually on the watch to do them a mischief. It is only, however, between sunset and sunrise that their malice is to be feared, and the persons thus menaced are careful not to open their doors, or to go abroad after nightfall. If this is unavoidable, they must be accompanied by some responsible member of the family, when the *djins* cannot touch them, though they may

frighten them with the noises by which they make their presence known.

The custom of having the wedding garments blessed by the priest is also a precaution taken against the supposed practices of the above-mentioned supernatural beings. It is a popular belief, common to both Armenians and Moslems, that if a new article of dress is added to a person's wardrobe without having been previously blessed in the name of either Christ, or the Virgin, or Mohammed, the *djins* will be able to borrow it to wear at their festivities. A story is told of a Turkish woman who, some thirty years ago, was carried off by these spirits to their underground palace, and kept there for three days. On her return home she related her adventures to her gossips, and described the spirits as dressed in clothes evidently borrowed for the occasion from mortals. One of these garments she had recognised as belonging to the daughter of the headman of Indjé Sou.[1] The matrons were disinclined to believe this explanation of the woman's absence. But this privileged individual triumphantly produced a scrap of the dress in question, which she had surreptitiously cut off the skirt, and desired them to ascertain the state in which it had been returned to its irreligious owner.

With the Armenians, as with all other Orientals, there are lucky and unlucky days for marriages, and on those considered most propitious for this event a number of couples often present themselves at church on the same day and at the same hour, and great

[1] Indjé Sou, a name signifying "clear water," is a small town in Cappadocia to the south of Cesaræa.

confusion ensues. Mrs. Blunt describes an amusing incident which happened on one of these occasions in the church at Broussa. The brides, all dressed alike and equally blindfolded by their enveloping crimson veils, were pushed forward by the dense crowd of relatives, friends, and spectators towards the altar, and in the confusion two of them alike in stature changed places. One of them was a pretty peasant girl, the promised bride of a blacksmith; the other the plain daughter of a wealthy burgher, whose bridegroom was a man of her own station. The mistake was not discovered until the conclusion of the ceremony, when, as there was no remedy, all the parties concerned wisely decided to make the best of it, and accepted the partners whom Fate had unexpectedly assigned them.

It is customary among the Armenians, as among the Greeks, to administer the Eucharist to sick and dying persons, but the character attributed by members of the Roman Catholic Church to "extreme unction" does not appear to be attached to this sacrament by the Eastern Churches. The rite administered, the priest departs, leaving the dying person to spend his last moments in undisturbed intercourse with those to whom he is most closely attached by the ties of family. When the last breath has been drawn, the corpse is carefully and reverently washed, and a consecrated wafer (*nishkarc*) is placed on the lips, and secured there with a strip of linen. The ears, nostrils, and hollows of the eyes are filled with cotton-wool and incense; the

two hands are tied together, and crossed on the breast over a taper brought from Jerusalem; and the legs are fastened together by the great toes. The body is then, after being enveloped in a linen sheet, bandaged from head to feet, dressed in its holiday costume, and laid on a bed of state surrounded with flowers and fragrant herbs. Friends come in, singly or in little groups, to take their last farewell, and add their floral tribute to the bier. Finally, the priest, accompanied by his deacon and acolyte, proceeds to the house of mourning to perform a service of prayer and song, and to fumigate the corpse with incense. At the hour fixed for the funeral the relatives assemble to accompany the body to its last resting-place; and as the solemn procession nears the church it is augmented by friends and neighbours, who show their regard for the departed with sighs, groans, and tears. At the church-door the body is met by the clergy, whose number varies according to the rank and means of the deceased. The funeral service is exceedingly solemn and impressive, and at the same time of so touching a character as to excite in the highest degree the emotional feelings of the congregation. Chants and hymns, sung in dialogue form, poetically simulate a leave-taking between the soul and body of the departed, who also makes his last adieux to the church and sanctuary which he has so often visited, to the priest who has taught him the holy Gospel, and finally to his relatives and friends. This pathetic recital concludes with an expression of regret for their lost friend on

the part of the living, and of their persuasion of the fleeting and uncertain nature of all earthly joys and pursuits.

The service in the church concluded, the procession takes its way to the burial-ground, which is generally outside the town or village, funeral psalms and hymns being sung by the clergy all the way and for some little time after arrival at the grave. These concluded, the priest takes up a handful of earth, and, having blessed it, strews it in the grave in the form of a cross, saying: "May this earth fall with the divine blessing into the grave of this servant of God. In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." When this has been done three times, the body is lowered into the grave, and the priest again sprinkles earth on the coffin in the same manner, saying: "Remember, O Lord, Thy servant, and bless, in Thy mercy, his grave. For dust he was, and, according to Thy will, to dust has he returned." Then, making three times the sign of the cross, he prays: "May the divine blessing descend upon the ashes of this our departed one, and raise him up at the last day. In the name, &c." After some concluding prayers the grave is filled up, when all kneel, and in hymns and prayers supplicate Heaven for the eternal peace of the departed. Holding the Gospels over the grave, the priest again blesses it and the assembly present, and recites the Lord's Prayer. The people approach in turn to kiss the sacred book, and then disperse.

For eight successive evenings the priest visits the

house of mourning to offer prayers for the departed soul, and to console the afflicted family.

On the Saturday of the week after the funeral, the family of the deceased make, and distribute to relatives and friends funeral, cakes, to remind them that their prayers are desired for him. On the following day, and for forty subsequent days, alms and food are distributed to the poor, and Masses performed in the church. The clergy visit the graves on the second, seventh, and fifteenth days after burial, and also on the anniversary, in order to repeat part of the funeral ceremony, and so ensure the repose of the dead.

When a child under the age of nine dies, the parents engage a priest to pray constantly for the space of eight days, during which time he is entertained at their expense; and on the ninth day a solemn ceremony is performed in the church.

Ancient Armenian tombstones often took the form of rude representations of quadrupeds, such as horses, cows, or even elephants, some of which may still be seen in their cemeteries. This is, however, characteristic only of Armenia Proper, the dwellers in the Turkish cities appearing to have always conformed in this respect to the customs of their Christian neighbours.

At the death of a person of means, the priest is commissioned to announce in church that a funeral feast will be given on a certain day, to which all the inhabitants of the village are invited. If the deceased is advanced in years, the feast usually takes place on

the day of death; but if he is young, it is held a week afterwards.

Another Armenian funeral custom, observed in Cappadocia, seems to be a curious mixture of ancient Greek and modern Turkish usage. Every person dedicates, according to his or her means, a sum of money or some household goods to be distributed at death to the poor in order to ensure their prayers for the souls' repose. This bequest is called "toll money," or "passage money," and the recipients engage to perform every day, for three days, three prayers, accompanied by genuflexions, for the free passage to Paradise of the deceased, and that he may not be hindered on the way by the toll-takers who guard the roads of heaven. If this custom is disregarded, the soul will be harassed by these celestial officials, and will not find the road to the celestial regions. When a person is lying *in extremis*, great care must be taken that a cat does not pass either over his head or on the roof above it. As the roofs are in Armenia mostly flat, and are consequently a favourite resort of that harmless, necessary animal, such a calamity can only be guarded against by all the neighbours shutting up their pussies for the time being, and, indeed, until the funeral is over, lest one should leap across the narrow street and over the bier. If, notwithstanding all these precautions, a cat should succeed in leaping over the corpse, it is a sign that the deceased has been excommunicated by one of the clergy, and great is the distress of his relatives until a priest is discovered who will admit the ex-

communication in order to obtain the ransom required for removing the ban.

According to vulgar belief, the psalms and hymns which are chanted by the side of the grave are prolonged in order to give the soul of the departed time to go to Jerusalem and prostrate itself before the tomb of Jesus Christ. This act of devotion performed, it returns to the body, embraces it, and then wings its way to heaven. The Armenians seem to have borrowed this notion of the soul accompanying the body on its way to the grave from their Mohammedan neighbours, with whom it is a fixed belief.

On the eighth day after the funeral, the relatives visit the grave, from which they take small portions of earth, and drop them down each other's backs between the clothes and the flesh, in the strange belief that the parents, children, brothers, or sisters of the deceased may thus obtain for themselves the remainder of the life which he has not been permitted to enjoy.

Easter Monday is the day ordained by custom for visiting the graves of deceased relatives. After weeping and lamenting a while over the remains of their lost ones, the mourners dry their tears, and, retiring to the shade of some spreading plane-tree, forget their sorrow under the influence of the good things which they have provided for their annual picnic.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARMENIAN WOMEN: THEIR BELIEFS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

ALTHOUGH the great majority of the Armenians are members of the ancient Gregorian Church, the Pope has, since the sixteenth century, had a considerable number of adherents belonging to this nation; and the labours of the American missionaries in Armenia have resulted in the formation of numerous Protestant communities.

The history of the Gregorian Church may be divided into three periods. The first, however, from 34 to 302, is mainly legendary; the second, from 302 to 491, begins with the establishment of Christianity in Armenia by St. Gregory, and terminates with the rupture with the Greek Church of which the Armenian had until that time formed a branch; and the third period extends from that event to the present day. To the first period belongs the legendary correspondence between Jesus and Abgar, king of Edessa and of the surrounding countries, an account of which is given both by Eusebius and Moses of Khor'ni. This king, having heard of the miracles performed by Christ, and desiring to see and be cured by him of a disease with which he was afflicted, sent to him a letter which, in the version of Eusebius, runs thus:

"Abgarus, king of Edessa, to Jesus the good Saviour, who appeareth at Jerusalem, greeting:

"I have been informed concerning thee and thy cures, which are performed without the use of medicines or herbs.

"For it is reported that thou dost cause the blind to see and the lame to walk, that thou dost cleanse the lepers, and dost cast out unclean spirits and devils, and dost restore to health those who have been long diseased, and also that thou dost raise the dead.

"All which when I heard I was persuaded of these two things:

"Either that thou art God himself descended from heaven, or that thou art the Son of God.

"On this account, therefore, I have written unto thee, earnestly desiring that thou wouldst trouble thyself to take a journey hither, and that thou wouldest also cure me of the disease from which I suffer.

"For I hear that the Jews hold thee in derision, and intend to do thee harm.

"My city is indeed small, but it is sufficient to contain us both."

The reply to this epistle Moses of Khor'ni attributes to St. Thomas, who was deputed by his Master to write the answer. It is as follows:

"Happy art thou, O Abgarus, forasmuch as thou hast believed in me whom thou hast not seen.

"For it is written concerning me, that those who have seen me have not believed in me, that those who have not seen might believe and live.

"As to that part of thy epistle which relates to my visiting thee, I must inform thee that I must fulfil the ends of my mission in this land, and after that be received up again unto him that sent me; but after my ascension I will send one of my disciples, who will cure thy disease, and give life unto thee and all that are with thee."[1]

The seeds of the Christian faith are said to have been sown in Armenia by St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew; and, according to Tertullian, a Christian church flourished in this country so early as the second century.

St. Gregory, called "The Illuminator," the inaugurator of the second period, was a prince of the reigning family of the Arsacidæ, who, having been converted to Christianity, was eager for the conversion of his countrymen. In his missionary work he endured many persecutions, the accounts of which were embellished by the early Christians with marvellous details. According to the popular story, as Tiridates the king was sacrificing to the heathen goddess Anahid,[2] he remarked a young man among the surrounding crowd who appeared to take no part in the solemnity. The king ordered him to be brought up to the altar, and commanded him to complete the sacrifice. Gregory refused, and was in consequence subjected to the most cruel tortures, which he bore

[1] Curzon, *Armenia*, p. 213.

[2] I am told that a fragment of the statue of this Goddess was discovered about four years ago by a peasant of Erisa (Erzinginan), who sold it for £10. The head proved to be of massive gold, and the purchasers re-disposed of it for £10,000.

with superhuman patience and fortitude,[1] and was finally cast into a dungeon so damp, dark, and loathsome as to be a fit habitation only for bats or serpents. But here, for thirteen years, St. Gregory survived, forgotten and neglected, save by a poor widow—according to other authorities, an angel—who brought him a daily supply of bread and water.

Another manifestation, however, of the king's ruthless cruelty resulted in the release of St. Gregory. There lived at that time at Rome a noble and beautiful maiden, named Ripsimeh (Rosina), who, with her nurse and seventy other virgins, had taken a religious vow. Her beauty had attracted the attention of the Emperor Diocletian, who wished to marry her. In order to escape the Imperial solicitations, Ripsimeh, with her nurse, Gaianeh, and her seventy companions, fled from Rome, and finally, after many wanderings, arrived at the capital of Armenia, Vagharshabad. Having succeeded in discovering her retreat, Diocletian gave Tiridates the option of sending her back to Rome or marrying her himself; and when the king beheld the beauty of Ripsimeh, he was minded to avail himself of the Emperor's permission. The fair Roman, however, remained faithful to her vow, and the king, infuriated by repeated refusals, commanded that not only she, but all those who had come in her train, should be first tortured and then executed. The wrath of Heaven towards the perpetrator of this crime was

[1] An account of the tortures inflicted upon St. Gregory was subsequently given by Agathange, secretary to Tiridates, in a work which has, I believe, survived both in Armenian and Greek.

shown by the infliction on Tiridates and his courtiers of the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar—for they lost their reason and became as the beasts of the field. The king's sister, Khosrovitouhd, having, after this terrible event, been repeatedly visited in a dream by an angel who told her that St. Gregory only could restore her brother to reason, finally sent men to the dungeon, with orders to release the Christian if, perchance, he were still alive. The Saint was found not only alive, but strong and healthy, and his prayers on behalf of the afflicted king and his nobles were speedily answered. The first use Tiridates made of his newly recovered reason was to kneel to St. Gregory and beg his forgiveness. After assuring the penitent monarch not only of his own forgiveness, but of that of Heaven, the Saint solemnly asked him, "Where are the Lambs of God?" The dismembered bones of the martyrs, which had been scattered in the fields, were reverently collected and accorded honourable burial, and over the place of their sepulture St. Gregory watched and prayed all that night. During his vigil a wonderful and glorious vision appeared to the holy man, and was at the same time explained by an angel, who also commanded him to build a church over the sacred relics. The spot is now occupied by the monastery and cathedral church of Etchmiadzin, the seat of the Catholicos, or Patriarch, of the Armenian Church. St. Gregory was consecrated Bishop of Etchmiadzin by Leontius, the Bishop of Cesaræa, and, owing to this circumstance, it long remained customary for the Primates of the Armenian

Church to receive investiture at the hands of succeeding Bishops of the capital of Cappadocia.

In point of doctrine, there is very little difference between the Greek and the Armenian Churches. The Gregorians accept the articles of faith as promulgated by the seven Œcumenical Councils, but reject the Western addition of the *filioque* to the Nicene Creed and deny the distinctive doctrines of the Romish Church.[1] The Liturgy used is said to date from the first century, and to have been adapted from that originally used by the early Church of Jerusalem. St. Gregory remodelled it, and introduced into it the Nicene Creed with the comminatory clause, and a conclusion of his own. As regards the future life, although the doctrine of purgatory is not explicitly taught by the Church, the long and numerous prayers appointed for the dead, the Masses performed for the souls of the departed, and the almsgiving practised with the same object, all testify to a practical belief in an intermediate state. Popular belief is, however, very vague on this point, for, while it is denied that any save the Virgin and Elias have yet seen the face of God, the aid of saints and martyrs is invoked as in the Latin and Greek Churches.

The fasts and feasts of the Armenians coincide with those of their Greek neighbours, save for the addition of ten national saints to the already large number included in the calendar of the Orthodox

[1] A priest at his ordination makes this profession of faith: "I believe in Jesus Christ, one person and two natures, and in conformity with the Holy Fathers we reject and detest the decisions of the Council of Chalcedon and the letter of St. Leon to Flavian; and we say anathema to every sect which denies the two natures of Christ."

Greek Church. The fasts are, however, observed by the Armenians with much greater severity, neither shell-fish nor olive oil being partaken of in Lent, and the first meal of the day during that period being deferred until late in the afternoon. The three degrees of self-mortification are called respectively, *bakh*, *dzom*, and *navagatik*. In the first, meat, fish, eggs, cheese, and other dairy produce is abstained from; in the second, nothing is eaten before sunset; and the third signifies total abstinence from food. As in the Greek Church, no indulgences are granted by the clergy for disregarding these ordinances, excepting in cases of severe illness.

It is less easy than in the case of the Greeks to ascertain to what extent the Church feasts of the Armenians are survivals of Pagan festivals. That some of them had their origin in the Nature-worship of their Aryan ancestors there can, however, be no question. The ancient festival of Vartevar—the "Feast of the Blossoming Roses"—is, for instance, now replaced by the three days' feast commemorative of the Transfiguration of Christ. The advent of May, too, is greeted with various observances, many of them identical with those of the Greeks. The streets of the Armenian quarter at Smyrna are, early on May-day morning, alive with promenaders on their way to greet the dawn of the merry month. Their destination is a *kaféné*, or coffee-house, in appearance like a small classic temple, standing in a large garden on the banks of the Meles, close by the Bridge of Caravans. It is too early yet for the long files of not always patient camels, laden with huge bales of

raw cotton and other produce from the interior, and conducted by a little nigger boy on donkey-back, from which the bridge and the road leading to it derive their names. But the storks are astir in the cypress-trees on either hand, which, over the graves of departed Moslems, "uplift," as the great mystic poet[1] says, "their silent hands to Heaven."

Around little tables dispersed among the flower-beds of the *kaféné* garden they all presently gather to breakfast on lettuces and *kattyméria*—a kind of pastry much in vogue at Smyrna, supplemented by tiny cups of Turkish coffee. And having thus greeted the flowery month, the company disperse, the women and children returning to their homes, and the men proceeding to the day's business.

The Armenian women of Symrna and the capital, like the Greek, usually have an *eikon*, or, as they call it, a *badguer*, of the Virgin in their sleeping apartments, before which they repeat their morning and evening prayers. These holy pictures are also often decorated with an aureole, a hand, or an arm of silver, presented to *Surp Mariam*, or Saint Mary, in gratitude for benefits supposed to have been accorded through her intercession. An incident which occurred while I was on a visit to an Armenian family living at Bournabat afforded an interesting illustration of the reverence paid to these representations of the patron Saint *par excellence* of women. A fire had broken out at night in a neighbouring house, and, on the alarm being raised, the two daughters of my host, who slept in the only up-

[1] Jelalū-'d-Dīn er Rūmi, *The Harper*, Redhouse's translation, p. 147.

stairs room, hurried down, leaving all their treasures behind them, but bearing in their arms the two *eikons*, which, frightened as they were, they had stopped to take down from the walls of their chamber. The danger past, we were again dispersing to our several apartments, when my dear old hostess, Kokona Mariem,[1] took up the pictures from the table, and, kissing them with affectionate reverence, ascribed to their sacred protection our escape from the calamity which had overtaken her neighbour.

The Armenian women of the interior are not required to attend the public services of the church more regularly than are the Greek women. In Armenia during the first year of her married life a young wife goes to church only twice—at Easter and at the Feast of the Annunciation. At Smyrna and Constantinople, however, in this as in every other respect, the women enjoy much greater freedom, and follow the example of the Catholic and Protestant women among whom they live.

The wives of the *Derders*, or inferior clergy, like those of the Greek *Papades*, enjoy no social rank, but live, in the country, like the rest of the peasant women, and, in the towns, like the wives of artisans. The Derders are allowed to marry once only, and the higher clergy, though they may have married before entering the Church, must, when ordained, be either bachelors or widowers. The office of Derder is usually hereditary, and though a son of one of these parish priests may, before he is called upon to succeed

[1] The common pronunciation at Smyrna of Mariam—*i.e.*, Mary.

his father, be engaged in a lucrative calling, he is obliged to relinquish it in order to take upon himself the sacred office, for which he is often unfitted both by education—or, rather, want of education—and by inclination. Very poor indeed are the generality of the inferior clergy, their incomes being drawn solely from the small annual contributions of their parishioners, the fees paid for special services, and such small gains as may be derived from the manufacture and sale of tapers and other religious commodities. A few pence are also paid to the priest by each family at his periodical "Blessing of the House," which takes place at Easter, and consists of the repetition of a prayer, accompanied by the burning of incense and the aspersion with holy water in the *sala*, or central room of the house. Wealthy families have this ceremony performed also at the New Year, and sometimes they have every room in the house thus blessed,[1] though, as my informant added, "*ils paient de ce luxe.*" One New Year's Day, when I came in for my share of the benediction, the Derder having sat down after the ceremony to chat with the ladies and partake of a cup of coffee, the youngest daughter went off to the larder, whence she emerged with a quantity of the sweet biscuits always prepared for seasons of festivity, with which she proceeded to fill the pockets of his rusty black *jupbé*, saying to me in English as she did so: "These are for his wife and children; he is so dreadfully poor that I am sure they have none at home."

[1] On the completion of a new house every room is blessed by the priest before the family take up their abode in it.

Besides the ordinary pilgrimages which the Armenian, like the Greek, women make to the shrines and churches of saints and martyrs, a few undertake the longer pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Among the Christian, as among the Moslem, nationalities of Turkey, the accomplishment of this act of religious duty entitles the person who has performed it to the Turkish title of *Hadji*, which is prefixed to his, or her, name. An Armenian lady of my acquaintance had a servant, the daughter of a priest, whom she never addressed without this title, although it lengthened her name of "Antaram" to five syllables; and by her fellow-servants she was naturally treated with even greater respect.

The internal arrangements of the Armenian churches differ from those of the Greeks and Latins. The floor of the chancel, or sanctuary, is raised several feet higher than that of the rest of the building, and the altar is again raised above the floor of the sanctuary. A large curtain conceals from the congregation, at certain periods of the service, both chancel and altar. During the whole of Lent this curtain is kept drawn, and the services are performed behind it. This custom is said to typify the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. A second and smaller curtain screens the altar only, and is drawn during the celebration of the Eucharist, and at the conclusion of the services. On the altar stand a crucifix, with candlesticks on either side, the Gospels, in gorgeous binding, covered with an embroidered napkin, and a copy of the Prayer-book. The sacra-

mental bread and wine also remain perpetually in a tabernacle upon the altar, and tapers are kept continually burning before them. There are no stalls in the choir; the inferior clergy sit cross-legged on mats or rugs spread on the floor, the bishops and other dignitaries only being honoured with chairs. In some churches a gallery is provided for the women, approached, as in the Greek churches, by an outer staircase; in others, the women occupy one side of the nave, as in Catholic churches. Except in the town churches there are no seats for the congregation, who sit either on the matted floor, or on cushions they bring with them.

The ancient metropolitan church and monastery of Etchmiadzin, before mentioned, have been restored again and again, and have recently, I am told, been considerably enlarged. The monastery was formerly celebrated for its extensive library, which contains, however, at the present day, only some seventeen or eighteen hundred volumes, consisting chiefly of Armenian manuscripts. Among the relics treasured in the monastery are the lance which pierced the side of Jesus, brought to Armenia by the Apostle Thaddeus; a piece of the True Cross, presented to Tiridates by Constantine the Great; the head of St. Ripsimeh; and the hands of St. Thaddeus, St. Gregory, and St. James of Nisibis. St. James was the finder of the remains of Noah's Ark, which he presented to the Fathers of Etchmiadzin. Climbing one day the steep sides of Ararat, the saint, overcome with fatigue, laid himself down to rest, when in a vision an angel appeared to him, and pointed out the

spot where the fragments of the Patriarch's vessel were concealed.

Many strange legends are current among the people concerning this centre of Armenian worship. One of these relates that on the spot where the church and monastery now stand rose three rocks in a triangular form, under each of which was a cavern, whence the voices of spirits issued, giving answers to questions after the mode of the Oracles of Delphi. But Jesus Christ, intending to have his name worshipped in that place, descended in person from heaven, and, taking the Cross on which he suffered, struck a blow on each rock, upon which they sank into the ground, and the diabolical spirits were displaced. Another version states that Jesus permitted these spirits of the earth to keep their abodes in the cavities of the rocks on which the convent is built, in order that they might serve the holy monks, its inmates, as slaves and drudges; and that they still invisibly perform their allotted tasks, washing the dishes, sweeping the floors, and fulfilling all the offices of good servants.

The Armenians, in common with the rest of the Christian world, have adopted Nicholas of Damascus' identification of their Mount Massis, "the Mother of the World," with the Ararat of the Deluge. According to Lenormant,[1] however, the word *Ararat*, or *Ararad*, originally signified, not the mountain-peak of Massis, but the whole country watered by the Araxes, whence came the name of Alarodians, given by Herodotos to its inhabitants. St. Jerome, too, applied the name of

[1] *Origines de l'Histoire*, tom. ii., 1re partie, p. 2, &c.

Ararat exclusively to the plain at the foot of the mountain. The story told by Berossos of the stranding of the ship of Xisouthros, the Koranic story of Noah and the Deluge,[1] and other traditions, agree in localising the mountain-peak on which the vessel rested in Kurdistan, to the south-west of Lake Van; and the Chaldean epic poem of Ourouk describes the vessel as resting on the mountain of Nizir in this region. The inhabitants of Cappadocia also claim for their Mount Argæus the honour of having been the resting-place of the Ark.

The mountain of Massis, or Ararat, which is also called by the people of Erivan *Mouthen Aschkark*, the "World of Darkness," appears to have been from the remotest antiquity invested by the inhabitants of the surrounding country with a supernatural character, easily accounted for by the frequent volcanic disturbances which have from time to time changed its aspect. As the Greek gods were located on Olympus, so the summit of Massis was regarded as the abode of supernatural beings whose mysterious proceedings produced the awe-inspiring convulsions which seemed to shake the mountain's very foundations.[2] On the introduction of Christianity, the

[1] Mohammed makes Noah disembark on El Djoudi, which he calls "the Kurd mountain," situated to the south-west of Lake Van.—Lenormant, *Origines*, &c., tom. ii. p. 5.

[2] In an ancient Armenian poem, the hero-king, Artaxés, in his anger, thus addresses his son Artabazes:

"If, when thou followest the chase, thou approachest the mountain, great Massis,
Then shall the Famous Ones seize thee and bear thee away upon Massis.
There shalt thou bide, and for ever be hid from the gladdening sunshine."

location of the resting-place of the Ark on this already sacred mountain endowed its supposed inaccessible peak with new mystery; and the traditional first footsteps of the second father of the human race constituted the adjacent country a holy land. A ravine which penetrates deeply into the heart of the mountain formerly held the village of Arghouri, destroyed by an earthquake in 1846, above which, at an altitude of 6000 feet above sea-level, stands the monastery of St. James. Here, says the legend, Noah planted his vineyard, and the monks still show the withered roots of a vine rendered sterile by the divine malediction, the juice of its fruit having caused "the Just One" to fall into the sin of drunkenness. The monastery is said to occupy the spot on which "Noah builded an altar unto the Lord," and the Lord made a covenant with him "and every living creature." Just above the site of the ruined village, a bent and stunted willow is accredited with having grown from a fragment of the Ark which had there taken root! Not far off is the "grave of Noah's wife;" Erivan, which signifies "First Seen," lies to the north; and Naktchivan was the city first founded by the patriarch on his descent from the mountain. It is also related that the three Magi, one of whom, Gaspar, was an Armenian, were on Mount Massis when they perceived the Star in the East, and started thence for "the place where the young child lay."

According to the story, this prince actually disappeared in a hole at the base of Massis.—Dulaurier, *Chants Populaires de l'Arménie: Rev. des Deux Mondes*, Av. 1852.

The Armenian Paradise-tradition places the Garden of Eden on the present site of Erzeroum. This fact is the more curious and noteworthy seeing that Mr. Stuart Glennie appears to have shown that the Paradise-stories are all derived from actual traditions of early settlements of the White Founders of the Civilisations of Egypt, and particularly of Chaldea; and that among the Chaldean Paradise-legends was one pointing distinctly to the north.[1] Reland and Brugsch[2] have pointed out that in South-western Armenia and in the neighbourhood of Erzeroum, four great rivers have their sources—the Phasis or Araxes, the Kyros, the Euphrates, and the Tigris. Mr. Curzon has remarked that from one spot on a rocky mountain-top, 10,000 feet above sea-level, and only three hours' distance from Erzeroum, may be seen "the sources of the Euphrates, of the Araxes, and of another river which falls into the Black Sea near Batoum."[3] And Delitzsch has shown that the Euphrates and Tigris are certainly identical with the Euphrates and Hiddequel of the Hebrew variant of the Chaldean tradition.[4]

A local Moslem tradition says that the flowers of Paradise bloomed in luxuriant splendour in this now barren region until the time of Khosref Purveez. This mighty Persian monarch was one day encamped with his army on the banks of the Euphrates, in the plain of Erzeroum, when a messenger arrived from the

[1] *Traditions of the Archaian White Races: Trans. Roy. Historical Soc.* 1889.

[2] *Persischen Reise*, Bd. i. s. 145 *et seq.*

[3] *Armenia.* The river thus vaguely indicated is evidently the Tchorouk, the ancient Acampsis.

[4] *Wo lag das Paradies?* p. 171.

Prophet Mohammed, then an insignificant pretender, offering this magnificent Sovereign his protection if he would give up the faith of his fathers and embrace that of Islam. Khosref Purveez threw, in derision, the Prophet's letter into the river, when, in dismay, the bounteous stream, which formerly bestowed wealth and abundance upon the country, shrank into its bed, refusing any longer to fertilise the earth, and all the trees and flowers on its banks withered. Cold, frost, and barrenness have since been the consequence of the Persian king's impiety; and not only this, but the days of his kingdom were from that moment numbered, and a few years afterwards the blacksmith's apron, the standard of the Persians, fell into the hands of the Prophet's general at the battle of Kudseah.

"Some flowers of Eden" Erzeroum may, however, still claim to inherit, for on the mountain sides in the vicinity of the town flourish several species almost, if not quite, unknown elsewhere. Among these the *Ravanea coccinea*, the Armenian *Jotn Yegpaïr*, or "Seven Brothers' Blood," is, perhaps, the most curious and beautiful. The plant is a parasite of the wormwood; it is from eight to twelve inches in height, and its lily-like blossom and stem, for it has no leaves, appear to be covered with crimson velvet. The *Morena Orientalis*, locally named *Aravelian Draghik*, "Flower of the Sun," has something of the appearance of a thistle with flowers growing closely all up the stalk, and its scent resembles that of the honeysuckle. Another of these rare flowers, called in Armenian *Vaïrihagogh*, "Wild grapès," or *Tschahagogh*, "The

grape-like," has a tough, carrot-like root, about two feet long, with leaves like bunches of tussock grass, and, under them, drooping bunches of grape-like globes, each containing a seed. This plant is, however, poisonous.

Although missionaries of the Dominican Order had found their way to Armenia as early as the fourteenth century, it was not until the sixteenth that Roman Catholicism obtained a secure footing in the country. Its successful establishment at the latter period was due to the efforts of the Jesuits, who, after the triumph of the Reformation in the West, were sent by the Pope to "carry into the birthland of Protestantism the revenge of Catholicism."[1] There are, however, at the present day but few adherents of the Papacy in Armenia, except in Erzeroum, Naktchivan, and the other large towns. The greater number are to be found in Constantinople and Smyrna, where they form the higher and wealthier class of the Armenian community. The "United Armenians," as they are called, have retained in their ritual the use of the mother tongue, and also certain forms of worship used in the National Church. Identity of creed being, in the East, considered a closer bond of union than identity of race, marriages between United Armenians and Catholic Franks are not uncommon, the Armenian element being, in one or two generations, completely lost sight of.

It must, however, in justice be admitted that the

[1] Stuart Glennie, *Europe and Asia*, Introd. 51. It was from Armenia that the so-called Paulician heretics, the early Church Reformers, came, about the sixth century, to Europe.

perversion of this section of the Armenians has in no way lessened its patriotism, but has, on the contrary, enabled it to confer immense benefit on the nation. Under "Uniate" auspices a literary and educational propaganda was set on foot in the seventeenth century which has had great results, and which still continues at the present day. The pioneer of this movement was Mekhitar, a native of Sivas, the ancient Sebaste, or Ancyra, in Galatia. His zeal having exposed him to persecution in his own country, he removed to the Morea, then in the hands of the Venetians, where he established a small brotherhood of fellow-workers. Taken prisoner and enslaved by the Turks, he escaped with a few followers to Venice, where he obtained the grant of two small islands in the lagoons. On one of these he established the monastic institution of St. Lazarus, in which he set up a printing-press for the production of religious works in the Armenian tongue. An immense number of books on historical, educational, and religious subjects have, during the past two centuries, been printed in the monastery, and disseminated among the Armenian nation. The demand for native literature has increased with every year, and the Mekhitarist Brothers have now at work five printing presses. At St. Lazarus and at Vienna Armenian journals are also published, which find their way to the various communities of Armenians scattered throughout Turkey, Persia, India, and the West. This Armenian "Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge" also maintains a college for literary

missionaries, who, in the course of their travels as colporteurs through the mountains of Haiasdan, collect valuable manuscripts relating to the past of the country, which are made the bases of national histories. Patriotic ideas have, indeed, always been inculcated by this society in their educational work, and the National Armenian hymn, composed, I believe, by Mekhitar, commemorating Vartan's heroic defence of his country against the Persians in 451, continued to be sung in all the public schools until a few years ago, when its use was forbidden by the Turkish authorities. The Armenian Bible, books of which had been from time to time printed, was first issued entire by the Lazarist press in 1805; and the thoroughness of the work bestowed upon this translation has, I am informed, obtained for it the title of "Queen of Versions." The Old Testament contains three apocryphal books—namely, the *Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs*, the *Book of Jesus the Son of Sirach*, and the *History of Joseph and his wife Asenath*. The last named is extremely rare, and has never, I believe, been printed in any European language.[1] The New Testament includes a *Third Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians*, and an *Epistle of the Corinthians to St. Paul*.

I have already referred to the educational work in Armenia of the American missionaries, whose converts have now existed as an independent Church for nearly half a century. This separation from the

[1] Curzon's *Armenia*, p. 225. Mr. Curzon believes himself to be the sole possessor of an English translation of an Italian translation of this curious legend.

National Church was not, however, originally desired by the missionaries, whose object seems rather to have been that of exposing the absurdity of the popular superstitions, and of teaching a purely evangelical doctrine to individuals. The immediate cause of the separation was the persecutions to which the converts were subjected by the Catholicos and his clergy. These finally became so vexatious that recourse was had to the intervention of the Porte, which, in 1846, officially recognised the Armenian Evangelical Church, and forbade any further interference with its members. The enmity of the Patriarchate has now, however, almost, if not completely, died away, and the native Protestant pastors not unfrequently exchange pulpits with their Gregorian colleagues. These pastors have all been trained by the missionaries in their colleges at Kharpūt and Aintab, and at the other centres of mission work, and are established wherever there seemed an opening or a demand for Protestant teaching. The community, which is now estimated at some sixty thousand souls, is to be found chiefly in the districts surrounding Kharpūt, Kaisariyeh, Aintab, Sivas, Van, and Erzeroum; and some thousands of Protestant Armenians have, with their families, emigrated to America, under the auspices of the missionaries.

CHAPTER IX.

ARMENIAN WOMEN: THEIR FOLK-POESY.

ARMENIAN literature is sufficiently rich in poetry celebrating the exploits of national heroes, both mythical and historical, and which, though epic in intention, is lyric in style and rhythm. The legends contained in these ancient national records cannot, however, justly be termed folk-poesy, as they are no longer traditionally current among the people, and are found only in works written before the eleventh century.[1] But, apart from these now forgotten national legends, Armenia offers a rich and hitherto almost untouched field to the folk-lorist, the difficulty of grappling with the language—the alphabet even of which was described by Byron as a "very Waterloo of an alphabet"—having hitherto baffled European collectors. The subject is now occupying the attention of cultured Armenians, but few of the results of their researches are, unfortunately, as yet available, and I cannot therefore claim that the few specimens with which I have been furnished are at all representative.

[1] The specimens of Armenian folk-poetry given by the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco in her *Essays on Folk-lore* have, with the exception of one or two of the songs from M. Alishanian's collection, been translated from old Armenian MSS. by that author and by M. Dulaurier, on whose article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* this author chiefly bases her essay.

The following curious folk-ideas concerning the Creation of Man and the Fall are current among the Armenian labouring population of Constantinople and its suburbs.[1]

The Story of the Fall.

God took earth from seven mountains and water from seven rivers to make the clay with which to fashion the body of Adam. As soon as the Creator had put the finishing touches to his work, the horse approached the new being and examined it. Knowing by instinct that this creature would desire to mount him, he aimed at Adam a kick, and galloped off. His hoof struck Adam between his feet, and caused the cleft there which man retains to the present day.

When God the Father had formed the body of Adam, God the Son took charge of his maintenance, and God the Holy Ghost breathed into him the breath of life.

God loved Adam, but the chief of the angels was jealous of this preference. "What," said he, fuming with rage, "is it possible that this plaything of yesterday is preferred to me?" And so wrathful was he that he refused to present himself before God one day when it was his turn to adore and serve him. This rebel and his sympathisers were in consequence precipitated from the highest heaven and transformed into devils. Those of them who stopped midway in air,

[1] I am indebted for these legends to M. Minasse Schéraz, who has published them in French in his journal *L'Arménie* for Nov. 1889.

as the good angels began to sing the old Armenian hymn of the *Guétzo* (Stabat), received the name of "suspended devils."

Satan then swore to compass Adam's fall. Under the form of a serpent he approached him and persuaded him to eat of the forbidden fruit. The apple proved difficult to swallow, and stuck in the middle of the throat of Adam, who made fruitless efforts to dislodge it. And this is the origin of the protrusion seen in the throats of many men, and hence called "Adam's apple."

The sun set for the first time on the day which saw Adam driven out from Paradise. He who had never known darkness groped about in the gloom for some time, beside himself with terror. At last he fell asleep, and saw in a dream Christ on the Cross. Awaking with a start he cried, "O Cross! come to my aid!"[1] He was weeping in the darkness, when Satan came to him and offered to recover the light for him on condition that he placed his hand on a stone and pronounced these words: "Let those who may be born of me be thine!" As soon as Adam had accepted this condition the darkness became deeper, and to this day the Armenians call the darkest period of the night, *Atama mouth*, "the darkness of Adam." But Satan encouraged Adam by assuring him that the night was drawing to an end, raised him by his arm, and before long pointed out to him the shimmering edge of the rising sun on the threshold of the east. Since that day, a star has

[1] These words are, at the present day, inscribed at the head of every Armenian primer.

shone towards morning, and is called Lucifer. Satan hid in the Jordan the stone on which Adam had sworn, but Christ was baptised on this very stone, and it shivered to pieces under his feet.

Adam, driven from Paradise, was devoured with rage. He wished to revenge himself on the serpent, on his wife, and on God. But being powerless to reach the other two, he approached, under cover of the darkness, Eve, who sat leaning against a wild fig-tree, weeping. Adam threw her on the ground, bruised her with his knees, and embraced her while foaming with rage. This kiss gave birth to Cain.

Eve, terrified, fled away and hid herself in a deep forest, where she lived among the apes.[1] Adam, wearying of his solitude, went to seek his wife, and promised not to ill-treat her again. Eve melted into tears, and Adam consoled her by pressing her tenderly to his heart. This kiss gave birth to Abel.

On the following day Adam said to his wife, "Thou didst love me when I could lay at thy feet Eden and all its delights. What are thy thoughts towards me now that, from a king, I have become a beggar?" Eve replied, "I love thee still." And Adam rejoined, "Thy love makes me forget Paradise." But the serpent, hidden behind a bush, hissed out: "She loves thee, because there is none other." Eve blushed, and Adam stroked his forehead sadly.

One day Eve called to her Cain and Abel, who, still little children, were playing on the grass. She held

[1] The Flight of Eve is a prominent feature in the Moslem story of the Fall, as told, for instance, in the *Travels* of Evliza Effendi.

out to her firstborn her right arm, and to her second son her left, and said, "Bite them, I command you." The elder boy bit till he drew blood, but Abel merely imprinted a long lingering kiss on his mother's arm. Then said Eve to her husband, "Our Cain will be a wicked man."

Adam and Eve loved Abel dearly. Cain was jealous of their partiality. He wished to kill his brother, but knew not how. Satan took the form of a raven, picked a quarrel with another raven, and in Cain's presence cut his opponent's throat with a pointed black pebble. Cain picked up the stone, hid it in his girdle, proposed to his brother a walk on the mountain, and there cut his throat with the pebble. The peasants of Armenia to this day call flints "Satan's nails," and conscientiously break every pointed black one they may find.

Cain, after his crime, dared not return to his parents; the blood of his brother still adhered to his hands. In vain did he hold them all day long immersed in a neighbouring spring; the stain was still there. Night came on, and, not being able to sleep, he wandered long and far, seeking a waterfall. Guided at last to one by the noise of its waters in the still night, he lay down on the bank and held his reddened hands under the cascade. There he held them, day and night, summer and winter, during a whole year, without sleep and without food, but at the end of that time they were still as crimson as on the day of the crime. And so long as Cain lived, he was never able to get rid of the proof of his fratricide.

Some story-tellers give additional details, and other

versions of parts of this legend. According to one, when God had finished making the body of Adam, there remained still a little earth in his hand. This he threw at the feet of Adam, and it turned into gold; so that man beheld gold on the first day of his existence, and has clung to it ever since.

If Adam had not succumbed to temptation, man would have lived without food, and would never have known death. His whole body was covered with nails overlapping each other like the scales of a fish—the nail being indestructible, and consequently immortal—for such was the body of Adam, to whom God left, after his Fall, only the nails on his extremities to remind him of the past. Adam manifested no repentance, and hence the horny scales with which his body was originally covered were changed into flesh, in order that this might in its turn be resolved into dust.

Adam was not tempted by the fruit of the apple-tree, but by that of the fig-banana called "Adam's fig" by the Armenians and Persians—or, as others say, by the fruit of the Indian or Egyptian fig-tree.

Christ[1] created Adam in a form as beautiful as his own. One day they were sitting side by side; and the archangel Gabriel presented himself before them. For Gabriel commands a host of angels, and has for his colleague the archangel Michael, the leader of the second and last host of angels, the other five having been transformed into cohorts of demons.

[1] Christ, as God the Son, has, in the popular mind, usurped the place of Yahveh, or God the Father, as among the Egyptians about the sixth century B.C., Horus and his mother Isis were worshipped rather than "Our Father," Osiris.

And, mistaking Adam for the Creator, Gabriel prostrated himself to him, saying, "Bless me, O Lord!" But Adam refused his homage, and said to him, "May the Lord bless thee!"

Many of the stories told by the Armenians are, no doubt, borrowed or adopted from the folk-lore of their Turkish and Greek neighbours, though the occurrence of words belonging to the former language cannot be taken as a direct proof of this, seeing that, as before mentioned, the Armenians in many places have substituted it for their own. The piety, not only of animals, but even of inanimate objects, is certainly a frequent theme with Moslem poets and story-tellers;[1] but we find human faculties and sentiments attributed to our "elder brethren" in the folk-lores of all nations. And the following is one of these Armenian stories:—

How the Tame Goose lost the Use of its Wings.

Once upon a time, two geese agreed to take a long journey together. On the eve of their departure, one said to the other, "Mind you are ready, my friend, for, *Inshallah* [if God will], I shall set out at sunrise to-morrow." "And so will I," replied the other, "*Inshallah* or no." Next morning the pious goose, having eaten his breakfast and quenched his thirst in the waters of the stream, rose lightly on the wing,

[1] I may instance the legend of the wooden pillar against which the Prophet was accustomed to lean when preaching, and which, when deserted for a more convenient situation, sobbed and sighed till it attracted Mohammed's attention. It is related in a poetical form by Jelalū-'d-Dīn in his *Mesnevi*.

and flew away to a distant land. The impious bird, however, could not spread his wings, and, after many vain attempts to fly, was caught by a fowler who had observed his movements. And ever since then the tame goose has been unable to fly because he would not say *Inshallah*, while the pious wild goose still enjoys his original freedom.[1]

The moral of the following story is, I think, sufficiently evident. But no doubt the conduct of some of the animals must have been very trying to the temper and patience even of "the Just One." Gratitude, however, is a rather novel feature in the Satanic character. And evidently the Devil "believed" in the coming of the Flood, "and trembled."

How the Devil invented the Rudder.[2]

Shortly before the beginning of the Deluge, the Devil presented himself before the Ark, and said to Noah:

"I pray thee, O Noah, let me come into the Ark."

"No," replied the Just Man. "Off with thee!"

Soon afterwards Noah wanted to drive an ass into the vessel. The obstinate animal, however, refused to advance. Noah coaxed, shouted, swore at, and struck him, all to no purpose, and finally cried—

"Wilt thou go in?—go in, go in, Devil from Hell!"

[1] Curzon, *Armenia*, p. 149.

[2] *Les Littératures Populaires*, vol. xxviii. p. 250.

The real Devil, who was lurking not far off, gave a great leap and entered the Ark.

"What is this?" said Noah. "How darest thou enter my place without my permission?"

"Thou hast just given me permission."

"When?"

"When thou wast driving in thy ass, thou saidst: 'Go in, Devil from Hell!'—and so, I came in."

Noah said no more, but left the Devil on board the Ark. In reward for the good man's hospitality, his Satanic majesty steered the Ark with his feet, and so suggested the invention of the rudder, the use of which had been previously unknown to man.

In the following fairy-tale are many elements found in other Aryan folk-stories. The simile of the three melons occurs in an almost precisely identical form in the Greek story of "The Prince and the Foal." The three Péris who endow the child with magical gifts resemble in some respects the Greek Moirai and Bulgarian Samovidas, and, in others, the Fairy Godmothers of the West; while the Oriental element is present in the incident of the erection of the palace, which recalls *The Tales of the Thousand and One Nights*.

The King's Daughter and the Bath Boy.

Once upon a time, in a certain country, there reigned a powerful king, who had three daughters. They were all old enough to be wedded, but their father had always refused to give them to the princes

who had asked them in marriage. The princesses were anything but pleased at the prospect of becoming old maids; but what could they do when the king was so determined? They finally decided to consult the royal tutor on the matter.

"I will tell your Royal Highnesses what to do," said he. "Buy three water-melons, and present them to his Majesty."

The sisters followed his counsel, and procured the fruit. The king was much surprised at their present; but told his servants to cut them up, and found that the one offered by his eldest daughter was rotten; that brought by his second daughter was over-ripe; and the third was in fine condition.

"What does this signify?" he asked of the royal tutor.

"Prince," replied the learned man, "these water-melons represent your three daughters. The rotten melon is your eldest born, for whom the age of marriage is passed; the over-ripe one, your second child, for whom it has almost passed; and the good melon, your youngest, who is at a marriageable age."

"Thou art right," said the king. "Send for the heralds!"

When the heralds arrived in the presence, the king said to them:

"Go into all the highways and bye-ways of the capital, and announce that the king will give his daughters in marriage to those whom they may choose, be they rich, poor, or even beggars."

The heralds departed. A few days afterwards, a

crowd of suitors filled the palace square. The three princesses came forward, each with a golden ball in her hand. The first threw hers at the son of the Grand Vizier, and so chose him for her husband; the second chose the son of the Lord Chamberlain, a handsome youth, whom she had long loved; and the third, looking around, saw, sitting at the door of the baths, a poor young man, dressed in rags, who was busy ridding his clothes of vermin, and to him she threw the ball.

"This is madness!" cried the king. "Let her throw again."

Another ball was given to the maiden, who once more threw it to the bath boy.

"I will never accept such an one for my son-in-law," protested her father. "Come, my daughter, make a better choice!"

The princess threw the third ball in another direction, but again it struck the bath boy. Her father, furious, refused to allow her to marry such a miserable wretch.

"Very well, then I will marry him without your permission," replied his daughter.

The wedding of the two eldest daughters was celebrated with great pomp, and the rejoicings attending it lasted forty days.[1] At the end of this period, the youngest princess helped herself to a quantity of precious stones from her father's treasury, and went at night to seek the bath boy.

Rat-tat-tat. "Open the door!"

[1] The usual duration of royal wedding festivities in the East at the present day.

"Who is there?"

"Open the door!"

"What do you want?"

"To bathe."

"People don't bathe at this time o' night."

Rat-tat-tat. "Open the door!"

"Who is there?"

"The king's daughter, thy betrothed."

The door was opened, and the prnicess found herself face to face with the bath boy as miserably dressed and dirty as before.

"Wilt thou marry me?" she asked him.

"Willingly, princess, for I love thee to distraction."

"Come, then; let us go to a distant country and be married."

The two lovers quitted the country, and were married. When some months had passed, they returned to the royal city. After consulting as to what they should do, they decided to buy the baths, and took possession of them.

In course of time the young wife found herself on the point of becoming a mother. The king was aware of it, and published an edict forbidding any of the nurses in the country to attend her until her child was born. Her husband sought far and wide for a wise woman, but all feared to disobey the orders of the king. Much distressed at being left alone in her trouble, the princess went into the large apartment of the bath, and laid herself down on the large round stone in the centre, and there she fell asleep.

All at once the wall opened, and three young Péris, as beautiful as the Dawn, came to the aid of the king's daughter, who, soon after, gave birth to a sweet little girl.

"Now that you are the mother of a pretty child," said the Péris, "we will bestow upon her our most precious gifts."

The first hung round the baby's neck a powerful talisman, capable of preserving her from every ailment.

"This shall be my gift," said the second,—"every time she smiles, an unfading rose shall blossom on her cheek."

"And mine," added the third,—"that all her tears will become fine pearls."

"That is not enough," said the second,—"the grass on which she will tread shall become beds of sweet flowers."

"And the water which touches her head shall become pure gold," added the third.

And as the mother and child had no further need of their services, the three Péris left them, and flew back to their sylvan haunts.

When the father returned he was enraptured to find his wife well, and her baby born. He kissed his daughter again and again, and could not take his eyes off her.

"My dear husband," said the princess, "I should dearly like some white bean soup."

"I will go to the market, and buy some vegetables," he replied.

But when he arrived there, no beans were to be had; all were sold. He returned home.

"Go to my sisters, and ask them for some of their soup," said the young mother.

The bath-master (*hammamdji*) went to the palace, and spoke to his sisters-in-law. But the wicked women only took some dirty water from the kitchens, and boiled in it one bean. When her husband brought the soup to her, the princess perceived the malice of her sisters. She, however, partook of the soup.

The little girl grew strong and tall, and her beauty and sweet temper increased. And now the wife of the former bath boy was richer than her royal father, thanks to the magical gifts which the Péris had bestowed upon her daughter. She became discontented with the *hammam*, and begged these nymphs to build for her in a single night the most superb palace imaginable. By means of their magical powers, the Péris were able to fulfil the princess's desire.

When the king got up in the morning, he was much astonished at seeing this new palace so suddenly built opposite his own. He sent for its master, and asked him, "Who art thou, who art so rich and powerful?"

"Do you not know, sire? I am your son-in-law, formerly the bath boy."

"How didst thou build such a palace?"

"The Péris who were present at the birth of thy daughter's child were the architects and masons of my new abode."

"If it is so, I was wrong to refuse you the hand of my youngest daughter. From this day thou art my

favourite son-in-law, and at my death thou shalt reign in my stead."

But the other two sons-in-law were far from being satisfied with this sudden revulsion of affairs.

One of the princesses, being also about to become a mother, resolved to do as her youngest sister had done. So she went to the baths and lay down on the circular stone. The wall opened as before, and three Péris entered. But they were black, ugly, and of forbidding appearance.

"Who art thou?" asked the three nymphs, sternly.

"I am the king's daughter."

"And what seekest thou?"

"I wish you to preside at the birth of my child."

"Darest thou, then, ask our help, who wast hard and cruel to thy good little sister? Art thou not ashamed?"

But the princess begged so earnestly, that they finally consented, and there came into the world a frightful little creature in the shape of a girl.

"Shall we go away without giving her a dowry?" asked the Péris of each other.

"As for me," said the first, "I will that the earth she treads become barren."

"And I, that her tears change into pus."

"And I, that every time she smiles the * * *[1] shall appear on her forehead."

So the dusky goddesses departed, leaving the princess choked with anger and disappointment.

Some years afterwards the king died, and, as he

[1] A coarse expression.

had willed it, the former bath boy succeeded him on the throne. The young princess so richly dowered by the Péris was now fifteen years old, and was more beautiful than ever. The son of a neighbouring king, having heard of the surpassing charms of the princess, asked his father's permission to go and offer her his hand.

"You may go," replied the king, "on condition that you bring to me one of the unfading roses which blossom on her cheek when she smiles."

The prince put on the dress of a dervish, and set out for the city where the former bath boy reigned. After a long journey he came to the capital, and began to seek an opportunity of speaking to the lovely maiden.

One morning he met her in the carriage, accompanied by her maid, on her way to the *mekteb* (parish school). The pretended dervish took off his *kulah*,[1] threw it up in the air, kicked it as it fell, and then caught it on his head, which made the princess laugh. Immediately a rose of extraordinary beauty appeared on the cheek of the Péris' favourite. The youth approached the carriage, and timidly begged the maid to give him the rose.

"No," she replied; "I have only this one, and I will not give it away."

The dervish then performed another trick, which made the princess laugh, when he asked for the second rose.

"Take it. I give it to you," replied the princess.

[1] High, conical felt cap worn by the so-called "Dancing Dervishes."

The prince departed full of joy, and in a month's time arrived at his father's palace.

"Well, hast thou brought the wonderful rose?"

"Yes, my father; look at it, and say if there is anything in the world to equal it."

"No, indeed! Never have I seen anything like it. Now I have but to send my ambassadors to ask for the hand of this princess."

This was done. The neighbouring king accepted the proposal, and it was arranged that the maiden should set out immediately for the country of her betrothed. The princess's mother went to her eldest sister, and begged her to accompany her daughter to her new home. She willingly consented, for reasons which will soon appear. The king loaded forty camels with valuable presents, and the party set out for the neighbouring kingdom.

When they had gone a little distance, the young princess's aunt began to ill-treat her, and would not even give her food to eat. One day, when the girl was hungry, she asked her aunt for some bread.

"If I give you bread, will you give me the talisman you wear round your neck?"

"Willingly. Take it."

The woman took the charm, and hung it round the neck of her own daughter, but gave to her niece in return only a piece of bread which was full of salt.

The following day the bride again asked for bread.

"Let me take out thy right eye, and I will give thee some."

"I consent," said the poor girl.

The next day, again, the unfortunate princess was obliged to allow her other eye to be taken out, in order to satisfy her hunger. The cruel aunt put both of them carefully away in a box which she hid in a chest. At the next halting-place she led the blind girl to a desolate mountain, and left her there. By-and-by the caravan arrived at its destination. The eldest princess said to her daughter:

"My child, above all things beware that thou laugh not, weep not, and walk not in the gardens of the palace."

"I will be careful, mother."

When the king's son met his betrothed he did not recognise her, and at first refused to marry her. But his father compelled him to consent, for fear of a war with his neighbour. Great feasts were also prepared for the occasion, and the rejoicings lasted forty days.

A shepherd who kept his flocks in the valley was seeking a wolf which had carried off several of his sheep. Hearing sounds proceed from behind a bush, he thought it was the beast he sought. and, raising his gun, he was in the act of firing, when he perceived that it was no animal.

"Art thou an evil *djin*, or a demon?" he cried.

"I am neither," was the reply.

"Then what art thou?"

"An unhappy, deserted creature."

The shepherd went up, and saw the blind girl. Touched with pity for her, he took her by the hand and led her to his hut among the rocks.

The following day the princess said to her benefactor:

"My kind friend, take a sack, and hasten to the spot on which you found me. There you will find the pearls formed by my tears."

The shepherd did as he was directed, and found the pearls in thousands. He filled the sack with them, and returned, bent under his precious burden. From this day the poor peasant found himself the richest man of the country, but he was distressed at not being able to do more for the unhappy maiden whom he had received under his roof. One morning, however, the princess smiled for the first time since her arrival in the shepherd's hut. She took the wonderful rose which grew on her cheek, and gave it to her host, saying:

"Go to the king's palace, and offer to the prince's mother-in-law this unfading rose. She will offer you a fortune for it, but give it only for an eye which she keeps in a box at the bottom of a chest."

The worthy man set out. How it happened he knew not, but he travelled as swiftly as the birds, so that in twenty hours he traversed a distance which would have taken any one else twenty days.

As soon as he arrived in the city, he began to cry in the street:

"Who wants to buy an unfading rose?"

The cruel princess hastened to him to buy the wonderful flower. She offered thousands of gold sequins for it, but the man would only exchange it for an eye taken from a certain box. The woman agreed, and gave him the eye. Soon afterwards the

shepherd again came to the palace, and sold another rose for the second eye.

When the maiden had recovered possession of her two eyes, she replaced them in the sockets, and regained her sight. She did not, however, perceive that she had put the right eye in the place of the left. But what mattered it? She was more beautiful than ever!

"My friend," said she to her benefactor, "bring me a large cauldron full of water."

The man obeyed. The princess washed her head in the water, which at once turned to pure gold.

"This is a reward for your kindness to me," said she, "for I am about to start for the capital."

The shepherd shed tears at parting with her, and accompanied her to the end of the valley. Soon afterwards the princess arrived in the city, and went and stood before the king's palace.

"Péris, my godmothers!" she cried, "change me into a cypress!"

And, behold, a tall and slender cypress shot up at the palace gate, to the great astonishment of the city.

The false princess had offered the two roses to her husband; but still he would not believe that they grew on her cheeks. In the meantime his father died, and he ascended the throne. He sent for the Patriarch, and said to him:

"This woman has been forced upon me by my father, but I cannot believe that it is she whom I wished to marry. If she and her mother have deceived me, what ought I to do?"

"The marriage is null, and thou mayest, my son, destroy these deceitful women."

"That is well. Thou art just. I will follow thy advice."

But the king could obtain no proofs against the two princesses, although he himself had no doubt on the subject. When the cruel aunt saw the cypress, she concluded that it must be her niece who had been thus transformed by the Péris.

"This is what thou must do," said she to her daughter. "Pretend to be ill, and go to bed. I will send for the doctor, and will come to an understanding with him."

The ugly princess went to bed, and the Court physician was sent for. The mother gave him in secret a large purse of gold, and told him what to prescribe.

"Well," said the king, "what must we do to cure my wife?"

"Order the cypress to be cut down, and make from it a tisane for the queen."

The tree was cut down, and boiled in a huge cauldron, and the tisane given to the princess to drink. A little bit of the tree, however, was left in the court, and a poor woman picked it up, and took it home to burn. The next day the old woman went out. On her return she found the house clean and neat, the table spread, and an excellent repast ready in the kitchen.

"It must be the neighbours' daughters who have done this," said the good woman to herself.

But the next and the following days the same

thing happened. So she resolved that on the morrow she would hide behind the door, and discover the mysterious servant. She did so, and saw a maiden, more beautiful than the angels, busy putting the house in order.

"Ah! my beautiful child," cried the poor woman; "don't run away. Stay with me; be my daughter, and I will love thee as well as a mother!"

The princess consented, and from that day there was plenty in the house. One day she said to her adopted mother:

"Good mother, go to the king, and ask him for the lame and lean mule which is in his stable; say that you want it to carry your grain to the mill."

The woman went to the palace, and borrowed the poor old beast. The princess led the animal into the garden, and allowed it to feed on the flowery herbage which sprang up under her footsteps. In a few days the mule got quite fat, and in a very short time became stronger and more spirited than any that were in the royal stables.

"Now," said the princess to her hostess, "go to the king, and ask him to send for the mule."

When the old woman arrived, the grooms laughed, and said:

"Never mind, old lady; keep the mule; we are only too glad to be rid of her."

"What is the matter?" asked the king.

"Oh! your majesty, it is about the old mule which was lent to this poor woman."

The king, thinking that the animal was dead, ordered his soldiers to fetch it away and bury it.

But when they saw the mule they cried, "What a beauty!" and tried to catch it, but in vain. So they went to tell the king, who came himself to the old woman's house.

"Ah, what a magnificent creature," he cried. "Tell me, good woman, by what miracle has this animal become so spirited and strong?"

The woman invited the king to be seated, and related to him the story of the maiden as the maiden had told it to her.

"Then it must be my betrothed! Quick! good woman, bring the princess here!"

The princess hastened in, and threw herself into the arms of her beloved prince.

"Come with me to the palace, my beautiful betrothed; I will set about punishing your aunt and cousin as they deserve, and afterwards we will celebrate our wedding."

The princess accompanied the king to the palace, and the two deceitful princesses were sent for. In the meantime, the maiden hung round her neck the talisman, which her lover had found in a box.

The wicked women, finding their trick discovered, would have fallen upon the goddaughter of the Péris had not the talisman prevented them.

"Guards, bind these women!" commanded the king.

Then, turning to the prisoners, he said:

"Choose! forty swords, or forty mules?"

They chose the forty mules.

"So be it. Now, my guards, take forty wild young mules, fasten them together with a long rope, tie

these women by their feet to the rope, and let the animals loose on the mountain."

The guards immediately obeyed, and the princesses, dragged over hill and dale, were dashed into as many pieces as there were rocks on the mountains and stones in the valleys.

The wedding was then celebrated, and the whole city held a wedding feast of forty days' duration. The sky rained honey and the streams ran wine. And didn't they enjoy themselves, my children!

The folk-songs of a people would seem to be influenced in a much greater degree than their folk-stories by climatic and political conditions. And while the tales told in the long winter evenings, by the hearth on which the *tezek* peats are glowing, deal with love, adventure, and enchantment, the subjects which inspire the Armenian rustic muse are the snow-bound hills, the late returning spring, with the birds which herald it or follow in its train; or, it may be, a souvenir of past national glory and a passionate longing for liberty. The inhabitants of Van and its neighbourhood, who are said to possess remarkable poetic powers, and also to have preserved to a great extent the old folk-lore, have an additional subject for song in the ever varying aspects of their mountain-girt lake. The versification of many of these folk-songs is very regular, and, as will be seen from the two following translated specimens, in which the original form has been strictly followed, consists in many instances of double rhymes :—

THE STORK'S WELCOME.[1]

(*Arakil, parov egir.*)

Welcome, Stork, O welcome here!
Welcome, O Stork, O welcome here!
Thou com'st to tell us Spring is near,
And with thy news our hearts to cheer!

Stork, fly down, fly down and rest,
On our poor roof descend and rest;
Upon our ash-tree build thy nest;
Of all the birds we love thee best.

Stork, I'd tell to thee my tale;
Stork, I'd tell my mournful tale;
My thousand griefs to thee bewail,
My thousand griefs to thee bewail.

Stork, when thou away didst hie,
From our ash-tree far didst fly,
The with'ring winds did moan and sigh,
And caused our smiling flowers to die.

The brilliant sky was overcast,
Dark clouds across it drifted fast;
They broke the snow above amassed,[2]
Came winter's flower-destroying blast.

Beginning on Varaca's[3] height,
Beginning on Varaca's height,
Soon all the earth with snow was dight,
And our green field was glist'ning white.

[1] This and the two following songs are from Dr. Issaverden's collection of *Armenian Popular Songs*, which are accompanied by an English prose translation. Though, as before mentioned, many of the pieces in this little book were obtained from old MSS., those I have selected are, I am assured, current at the present day among the people. For the exact rhyme and rhythm of the originals I am indebted to the kind assistance of Mr. M. Sevasly, editor of the *Haiasdan*.

[2] Literally, "from above they were breaking the snow in pieces."

[3] A rocky mountain to the east of the lake and town of Van.

Stork, our little garden here,
Wrapped in snow, lay cold and drear;
And all the roses of the year
Lay withered on their icy bier.

The partridge, it would appear from the next poem, is to the Armenians, as to the Greeks, an ideal of grace, both in form and movement :—

THE PARTRIDGE.

The sun beats from the mountain's brow;
Pretty thing, pretty thing!
The partridge from his nest comes now,
To welcome him the flow'rets bow,
As flies he from the mountain's brow;
Pretty thing, pretty thing!
Partridge with brown-spotted wing.

Thy nest's bedecked with many a flower;
Narcissus, basil sweet, embower;
And lily, with her fragrant dower,
Breathes perfume at dawn's dewy hour;
Pretty thing, pretty thing!
Partridge with brown-spotted wing.

All glossy soft thy feathers shine;
Long-necked, thy beak is small and fine
Thy wing is marked with many a line;
Than dove thou'rt sweeter, birdie mine;
Pretty thing, pretty thing!
Partridge with brown-spotted wing.

When down thou fliest from tree-top tall,
And softly to thy mate dost call,
The world around thou cheerest all,
And joys the heart whate'er befall;
Pretty thing, pretty thing!
Partridge with brown-spotted wing.

And bless thee all the birds of air,
Flocking round thee everywhere;
Chirping, they proclaim thee fair;
None can, in sooth, with thee compare;
Pretty thing, pretty thing!
Partridge with brown-spotted wing.

The following children's song is the Armenian counterpart of Dr. Watts's "How doth the little busy bee." Popular reverence for St. Gregory, "the Illuminator," here assigns to him the place of the Recording Angel:—

CHILDREN'S SONG.

Light appears! Light appears!
O Light most blessèd!
To tree flies sparrow,
To perch the chicken,
Twelve months would the sluggard sleep!
Workman, rise; to labour haste;
Open are the gates of Heaven;
There appears the golden throne,
Seated on it Christ behold,
The Illuminator near.
Pen of gold he takes in hand,
Writes he down both great and small;
Sadly weep the sinners now,
But the just are filled with joy.

CHAPTER X.

BULGARIAN WOMEN: THEIR SOCIAL STATUS AND ACTIVITIES.

It must not be supposed that the autonomy granted to Bulgaria, and the subsequent incorporation with the Principality of Eastern Roumelia, has released all Bulgarians from Ottoman rule, any more than the creation of the Kingdom of Hellas released all Greeks from subjection to the Sultan. Bulgarian communities are scattered over the whole of Macedonia and Thrace, occupying in some places isolated villages, in others forming the majority of the population of a district, and constituting an important element in many of the towns of the interior. As has been already pointed out in the Introduction, the Bulgarians are of two distinct types, the Tatar and the Slavo-Greek. The former is distinguished by the high cheek-bones, broad flat faces, small sunken eyes, nose flat at the top and inclined to be globular at the end, eyebrows thick and prominent, and dark complexion usually found in members of this race. The other type resembles in its general characteristics the rest of the mixed Christian population of these provinces, and some of the women are extremely pretty.

The habitations and mode of life of the townspeople differ in no way from those of the Greeks;

and, as the religious marriage law and surrounding circumstances are identical, the social status of women in the towns is the same. Foreign influence has, as yet, affected the towns of the interior in a very small degree, and the lives of the Bulgarian women of the well-to-do class are still very simple and monotonous. They take an active part in all domestic matters, do all their own needlework, and amuse themselves by promenading and paying and receiving calls on feast-days, and now and then attending a christening or a wedding. On rare occasions an evening party, or even a ball, may be given, if one may dignify with such a name the meeting of a number of people of both sexes who display on their persons every gradation of garment from *bonâ fide* evening dress down to native costume, and including every style that has been "the fashion" for some twenty years past. The deportment and manners of the company at these gatherings are as amusingly unsophisticated as their attire, and their terpsichorean performances are diverting in the highest degree. Such parties are generally given on the "name-day" of some member of the family, that is to say, the day of the saint whose name he or she bears, and on which it is *de rigueur* for all friends to call and offer their felicitations. If dancing is not to form part of the evening's entertainment, native games of cards, vocal music, and similar diversions are substituted. Light refreshments, such as native wine or lemonade and fruit sherbets, fruit and cakes, are handed round from time to time, as well as the inevitable coffee and preserves (*slatko*), which are offered

to every guest on arrival. Such entertainments even among the working classes usually conclude in an orderly manner, for though some of the younger men may drink to excess on the occasion of a great feast or fair, it is the exception and not the rule, and the women of all classes and creeds are most abstemious. Among the educated classes, many of whose members have either travelled abroad or visited the capital, the amusements are directly copied from those of Europeans, and music, conversation, and theatricals occupy the evenings, though deficiencies in dress, etiquette, and other details are often noticeable. There is very little social intercourse with Greek or other neighbours, each nationality keeping exclusively to its own circle, a practice which naturally confines the ideas of the women especially within a very narrow horizon.

The Bulgarian women of the peasant class, however, having no opportunities for copying the manners of more "civilised" neighbours, adhere rigidly to their own national customs, and circumstances combine to give them a much more independent position and freer life, not only than that led by the Bulgarian townswomen, but by the generality of Greek peasant women. For the Bulgarian peasant women, taking, as they do, an equal share with the men of the family in field and farm work, are naturally accorded a co-equality with their husbands and brothers. Added to this, the women marry comparatively much later in life than the generality of Orientals, and, subject to the approval of their fathers, themselves select their husbands.

For a Bulgarian peasant is in no hurry to get rid of the daughters who take such an active part in all that concerns the welfare of the home, and requires from the youth who would transfer the services of any one of them to himself, a certain equivalent in money according to the position of the parties. But though the young husband does not always take his wife home to his father's roof, but sometimes builds a cottage for himself, he yet remains associated with his father in the farm, and is consequently more or less subject to the parental rule; and his wife will in future work for her father-in-law instead of, as formerly, for her father.

In Bulgarian folk-song we find incidents faithfully recorded which illustrate every phase of social life, tragic and comic, to which the above-noted circumstances would naturally give rise. But though one sister-in-law may tyrannise over another, and a virago of a stepmother make the life of her son's too submissive wife a burden to her, an *esprit de corps* is occasionally manifested, and the authority of the paterfamilias made light of by the women of a household, as, for instance, in the song of "The Three Reapers," the eldest of whom addresses her husband's father as "You worn-out donkey!"[1] And we have also here depicted the better side of feminine nature, the brother's sister full of helpful counsel to the maiden whose lover has been beguiled away from her;[1] and the matron who teaches her daughter-in-law how she may regain her husband's wandering affections.[1] For though, as before mentioned in the case of the

[1] See next chapter.

Greeks, divorce is permitted by the Eastern Church, its practice gives rise to social scandal; and when a mother has already a daughter-in-law whose character pleases her, she is naturally unwilling to exchange her for another of whose disposition she has not made proof.

The houses of the better class of peasant farmers are solidly constructed of stone, and sufficiently comfortable. The cottages of the poorer class, however, are of the most primitive style of architecture. A number of poles mark out the extent to be given to the edifice, the spaces between them being filled up with wattles of osier, plastered thickly within and without with clay and cow-dung mixed with straw. When dry, the walls are whitewashed within and without, and the dome-shaped roof is covered with tiles or thatch. The interior of an average cottage is divided into three rooms—the common living-room, the family bedroom, and the storeroom. The floor is of earth, beaten hard, and is covered with coarse matting and thick home-made rugs. The furniture consists chiefly of cushions covered with thick woven tissues, which also serve the family as beds. On the walls are a few of the engravings in very odd perspective, which, though produced in Russia, are distributed to pilgrims by the monks of Mount Athos, and there is also, perhaps, a picture of some saint with a tiny oil lamp suspended before it. The shelves contain some articles of crockery, the brightly burnished copper cooking-pans found in the poorest house in the East, and various odd articles. The bedding, rolled up, is tidily piled in one corner, in another is the *bulka's* spinning-wheel, and in the inner apart-

ment is the loom on which she manufactures the tissues used for the furniture of the house and the clothing of the family. Outside are sheds for the cattle, pig and sheep pens, poultry-house, the oven, and perhaps a well, all enclosed by a wall or fence, and guarded by dogs.

Like all the peasants of Turkey, the Bulgarians are most economical and even frugal in their habits. They are content with very little, and live generally on rye bread and maize porridge, or beans seasoned with vinegar and pepper, supplemented by the produce of the dairy. On great festivals a young pig or a lamb is added to the usual fare, with home-made wine and a heavy kind of cake called a *banitza*.

The clothing of the peasant women is warm and comfortable for winter wear, but must be found intolerably hot and heavy in summer. Only the sturdy frame of a Bulgarian could, I believe, easily support the weight of the full gala costume, with all the ponderous silver ornaments worn on head, neck, waist, and wrists. Indeed, I have never found it possible to wear for more than half an hour at a time the costume I obtained at Salonica, with the object of using it as a fancy ball dress. All the materials of the various garments which compose the dress are home-made, and are of the most durable character. The costume varies a little according to district; that worn in the neighbourhood of Salonica is, I think, one of the most picturesque in style, and pleasing in colour. It consists of a gown of unbleached linen or cotton, reaching from the neck to the ankles, and

decorated round the borders, and especially on the wide sleeves, with elaborate embroidery and drawn-work in fine coloured wools. Another gown without sleeves, similarly decorated, and open at the sides, is sometimes worn over this, and, over all, a sleeveless coat of white felt, finely braided in artistic patterns and colours round the borders and seams. A sash several yards long and about two inches in width, curiously woven by hand, is twisted round the waist, and the costume is completed by an apron which is sometimes entirely covered with elaborate needle-work. On the head is worn a tiny cap covered with gold and silk braid, from which hangs over the shoulders and below the waist an ample fringe of braided scarlet wool, or gold and black silk; and over all is thrown a square of white cotton, embroidered round the borders with silk, and fastened to the cap with innumerable silver ornaments and strings of coins. The working dress is of the same pattern, but of plainer make and more sober colour, and two or three such costumes last a woman from her wedding-day to the day of her death. The women usually go barefooted when about their daily avocations, and put on their shoes and embroidered socks only on great occasions.

The frequent holidays observed by the Bulgarians as members of the Orthodox Church make it necessary for them to work doubly hard on other days in order to accomplish the year's work in twelve months. Consequently, during the spring, summer, and winter the whole family are at work from sunrise to sunset, the women and girls, as soon as their house-

hold duties are finished, going out to assist the men and boys in the fields. The spinning, weaving, and other home manufactures are carried on chiefly in the winter, when the female portion of the family is less called upon for outdoor work than in other seasons.

The work of cutting the grain in autumn is accompanied by these simple people with observances and rejoicings quite Arcadian, enlivened by the sound of the bagpipe, and perhaps also by song. The whole family, from the old grandparents down to the babies, picnic in the fields from morning till night, and the women work as hard as—or, according to some travellers, harder than—the men till all the corn is bound in golden sheaves. Not even the old women past field work are idle, for, while "minding the babies," they are still busy with distaff and spindle. When the tax-collector has taken his tithe, and the rest of the grain has been carried, the work of threshing begins. The earth of the hurdle-fenced enclosure before each cottage is beaten and stamped until it acquires the necessary solidity for the purpose, when the process is carried on in much the same manner as described in a previous chapter. The winnowing and sifting of the grain is done entirely by the girls, who then house it in the queer wooden granaries constructed for the purpose.

After the corn harvest comes the vintage, when the grapes are gathered in the same light-hearted fashion. Besides wine and the spirit called *raki*, or *mastica*, a kind of treacle, called in Greek *petmaiz*, is made from the juice of the grape, and stored up for winter use with the oil, grain, and other provisions.

Large quantities of plums are also dried and exported, a considerable proportion of which, after passing through some mysterious process in France, find their way into the European market as "French plums."

In some districts the culture of the rose-trees, from the blossoms of which the famous attar and water of roses are made, forms an important branch of industry. The flowers, which are of the species *Rosa moscata*, and have very few petals, are grown in plots or gardens of considerable extent, immense quantities being required to yield one ounce of the precious oil.

The picturesque scene presented in such a fragrant harvest-field has been graphically described by Mrs. Blunt in *The People of Turkey*,[1] and, as I have not myself been fortunate enough to witness it, I cannot do better than quote her description:

"At dawn, a tap at my door announced that it was time to rise and witness the rose-gathering, which I had expressed a wish to see. The roses begin to be collected before sunrise, in order to keep in them all the richness of their perfume. The work requires expedition and many hands; so large bands of young men and maidens, adding pleasure to toil, while gathering the roses, amuse themselves by carrying on flirtations and love-makings. The large garden to which I was conducted belonged to the wealthy *Tchorbadji*,[2] in whose house I was staying. It was at some distance from the town, and by the time we reached it the bright rays of a lovely spring morning were fast spreading over the horizon. The

[1] Vol. i. p. 197.

[2] Literally, "the soupmaker," the headman of a small town or village.

field was thickly planted with rose-bushes, bearing a rich harvest of half-open dew-laden buds. The nightingales, in flights, hovered over them, as if disputing their possession with the light-hearted harvesters, and chorused with their rich notes the gay songs of the scattered company, who, dressed in their *Prasnik* (feast-day) clothes—the youths in snow-white shirts and gaudy sleeveless vests, the girls in their picturesque costume, the coloured kerchiefs on their heads floating in the breeze—had the appearance of a host of butterflies flitting over the flowers. The girls were actively employed in stripping off the buds and throwing them into the baskets slung on their left arms. The youths helped them in the task, and each was rewarded with a bud from his sweetheart, which he placed in his cap. The children ran to and fro, emptying the baskets into larger receptacles, presided over by the matrons, who sat under the shade of the trees and sorted the roses. The whole picture was so bright and happy, and in such perfect harmony with the luxuriant beauty surrounding it, that it completely fascinated me, and I felt almost envious of those happy beings—the careless, simple children of nature."[1]

Bulgarian women are also employed to a considerable extent in silkworm rearing, and in tending and gathering the tobacco crops; and, when they have no land of their own to till, will hire themselves out for field and other outdoor work. Half a dozen of these women labourers were employed at the

[1] Kezanlik, the neighbourhood of which is here described, suffered most severely during what are called the "Bulgarian atrocities" of 1876.

Consulate at Salonica when part of the garden was being transformed into a lawn tennis court. They were all of the Tatar type, their faces tanned by sun and wind to a rich brown, and, though not one of them exceeded five feet in height, their broad and sturdy frames seemed incapable of fatigue. Great was their amusement when an officer of H.M.S. *Condor*, anxious for a little healthy exercise, took the spade from one of them and worked with a will for half an hour—that any one should work for amusement was past their comprehension. And the drawing-rooms, especially, of the Consulate, which they were shown one evening by the Abyssinian maid, Milly, were to these simple peasant women as the apartments of an enchanted palace. They did not attempt to enter them, but stood, as if spell-bound, in the corridor outside.

A small number of Bulgarian women belonging to the poorer class in the towns become domestic servants, and, when once they attach themselves to a family, prove most devoted and faithful to their employers. Mr. and Mrs. Blunt had the misfortune a year or two ago to lose an old servant of this description, who had lived for some thirty years in their family. *Kyrà*, or Dame, Maria, as she was called, after being superannuated as cook, had been retained in the capacity of housekeeper. She was short, stout, and Tatar-faced, with a "wooden" countenance, and a capacity for wearing several stones'-weight of clothes on the hottest summer day, though, being a townswoman, her costume consisted chiefly of skirts and jackets one over the other,

and for outdoor wear a long fur-lined pelisse of dark-coloured cloth. Truly dragon-like was her watchfulness over her employers' interests, and the zeal of "the Circumference," as we irreverently dubbed her, led her sometimes almost the length of refusing her mistress the key of the storeroom, for fear that she would be too generous with its contents. It was indeed her firm conviction—which she occasionally expressed—that, were it not for her stewardship, the *Madama* would, by her generosity, long ago have ruined herself. Like the generality of Eastern servants, she was clothed by her mistress, and she allowed her wages, during all these long years of service, to accumulate, and at her death bequeathed her little fortune to the only son of her employers, to whom she was passionately attached. Kyrà Maria was exceedingly pious, and religiously made herself ill every Lent; and her death was, I understand, due to sunstroke when on her way from the Metropolitan Church in the heat of the day. Though she could, I believe, neither read nor write, she spoke Bulgarian and Turkish equally well, but her broken Greek was chiefly exercised for my benefit. Some of her expressions in this language became quite proverbial with us, as, besides being always very much to the point, they were often most laconically put. On one occasion, when I was busy in my room with the manuscript of *The People of Turkey*, she had brought me a cup of tea and some cakes, and, returning to fetch the cup some quarter of an hour afterwards, found that I had forgotten all about it. With a grunt expressive of extreme disapproval of

such neglect of creature comforts, she ejaculated, "Γράπση, γράπση, τσαὶ ὅλο κρεόνη," which may be translated, "Writey, writey, tea all coldy!" and, after fetching me another cup, she waited to see that it was emptied before it again became "all coldy." Any slight indisposition of mine she always attributed to my disregard of her continual injunction to βάλε σάλη, or put on a shawl. "Eh," she would grunt in her curious Greek, as she came into my room, "not well, Mam'zell? Why would you not put on a shawl?"

The Bulgarian, like the Greek women, have no amusement but the song and the dance. Unlike the Greeks, however, who dance only at appointed times and seasons, the Bulgarians are always ready for this national pastime. At the first discordant sound of the *Gaida*, the Eastern bagpipe, the young men and girls form a circle, holding each other by the girdle, and enter enthusiastically and untiringly into the dance, which is called by the Greek name of *hora* (χόρος), and is of a similar character. The married women do not, as a rule, take part in the village dances, though occasionally one of more independent spirit will insist upon continuing this favourite pastime of her maiden days. On unimportant festivals, the girls form themselves into small parties in the immediate neighbourhood of their homes, but on great feast-days, such as Easter, St. George's Day, &c., they assemble on the village common, or in some communal orchard or vineyard. The youths join them with the piper, and the dancers form a long chain with the *horovodka*, or "dance-leader," at one extremity. This damsel commences the song, in which

she is accompanied by half the performers, the other half repeating the verses after them. The song finished, the next in the line becomes *horovodka*, and so on in turn until all have officiated. In some places, however, the maiden endowed by nature with the best voice and the most retentive memory retains the position of conductress; and each village and parish is generally found to possess one or two thus specially gifted. Dancing also plays a great part in wedding rejoicings, when nuptial songs are substituted for those used on other occasions.

Another amusement in which the Bulgarians occasionally indulge is the "bear-dance." This dance, which is chiefly pantomimic, is performed by a man dressed in a bear-skin, and led by a girl who makes him perform all kinds of pranks and buffooneries for the entertainment of the spectators. Sometimes the company join in the dance, and the performance concludes with a general chase of the bear.

The brigands of the Balkans played almost as great a *rôle* in the recent history of the Bulgarians as did the brigands of Olympus and Pindus in the struggle for Greek independence. The wives of the *haidouts*, as the brigands of Bulgaria are called, often accompanied their husbands to the mountains in men's attire, fared like the rest of the outlaws, and often shared their fate. Love of adventure, however, seems to have led numerous young women to adopt this calling, which is by no means in more disrepute among the Bulgarian, than among the Greek peasants. After a few years, if they escaped capture or death, in their encounters with the Turk-

ish troops, the *haidout* women often returned home, married, and settled down to domestic life, like Penka in the folk-song.[1] M. Miladinov, the Bulgarian folk-lorist, met in his wanderings a *ci-devant* brigandess, Sirma, then a woman of eighty, who is the heroine of a song beginning,

> Say, who has ever seen a maid
> Of seventy-seven the captain?[2]

The morals of Bulgarian women would seem to be, on the whole, very good. In the towns, manners are very much the same as among the Greeks; but the peasant women, as has been already described, enjoy much greater freedom, and few restrictions are placed upon intercourse between the sexes. Even Messrs. St. Clair and Brophy, whose rabid Turcophilism would not allow them to see any good in the male Bulgar, admit that their "morality is tolerably good for a people with whom religion has no real force," but ascribe the superiority of morals found among this nation, as compared with the Servians and Roumanians, to the fact of their having Turkish neighbours, whose example "shames" the Bulgars "into morality." Turkish peasants are, no doubt, most virtuous people; but Oriental Christians do not, as a rule, copy the manners of their Moslem neighbours in other respects. And I venture to

[1] See Chap. XIII.

[2] Compare the Greek song on Haidée the Klepht beginning:

> Who fishes on the hills has seen,
> Or deer upon the waters?
> Who an unwedded girl has seen
> Among the *palikária*?

think that the reason of this comparatively higher morality is to be found rather in national temperament, and in social conditions. As among the Greeks, considerable facilities for divorce exist, but they are naturally seldom abused by people whose leading characteristics are industry, thrift, and solid good sense.

The educational progress already made by this people in so short a time appears the more remarkable when we consider the immense difficulties with which they have had to contend. The greatest of these was presented by the language itself. The language brought by the Bulgarians from their original home on the Volga has been almost lost sight of in the successive admixture of Slav, Greek, and Turkish, and the result is a curious dialect difficult to reduce to grammatical form. The first book in Bulgarian was published in 1806; but the more polished style which writers attempted to give the language rendered it almost unintelligible to the vulgar. Numerous grammars have been written, but they all differ widely from each other, not only in their general principles but in their details. Some entirely disregard the popular idiom, and impose the rules of the Russian or Servian language; others attempt to reduce to rules the vernacular, which, being of so very composite a character, is no easy matter. How these difficulties have been got over, I am not in a position to say, as, unfortunately, some official information which I was promised on the subject has not reached me in time for insertion. The first Bulgarian school worthy of the name was opened

at Gabrova in 1835, but after that date schools increased so rapidly that before the last Turco-Russian war they numbered 347. Only twenty-seven, however, of these were girls' schools. For with the Bulgarians, as with other nations, education is deemed of importance only so far as it is of commercial value.

In point of education the Bulgarian women of Macedonia and Thrace are now, in the towns, much on a par with their Greek neighbours. Formerly, in districts where Bulgarian national schools did not exist, the girls attended the schools belonging to the Greek communities. But since the Principality acquired its autonomy, the anti-Hellenic movement which had previously been set on foot, has succeeded, to a great extent, in substituting Bulgarian for Greek education in the Turkish provinces. Teachers are supplied from the training Colleges of Bulgaria Proper, where education has already been made compulsory, and where the schools are organised on the newest and most approved European systems. There is at Philipopolis a girls' Lyceum, established some eight years ago, at which a hundred and fifty girls receive a "High School" education, many of whom eventually become mistresses of Bulgarian schools in the Turkish provinces. Mr. Samuelson, who visited this college not long ago, describes the pupils as "remarkably bright and intelligent, fully equal to girls of any other country, drawn from every class of society."[1] The daughters of wealthy Bulgarians are frequently sent to Constantinople to

[1] *Bulgaria, Past and Present*, p. 148.

be educated, and, it would appear, with very satisfactory results. For I have just been reading over a letter written a dozen years ago to Mrs. Blunt by the daughter of the *Tchorbadji* before mentioned,[1] and which is not only couched in perfect French, but contains a most interesting and ably written description of the rise and progress of the educational movement among her countrymen.[2]

[1] Above, p. 305.

[2] *The People of Turkey*, vol. ii. p. 208.

CHAPTER XI.

BULGARIAN WOMEN: THEIR FAMILY CEREMONIES.

ANCIENT customs connected with domestic events are fast dying out in the towns of Free Bulgaria, where the people are with every succeeding year coming more and more into contact with Western civilisation. But in the country districts of Macedonia and Thrace especially, they still generally survive, and will, no doubt, long continue to be observed. The hardy peasant woman makes very light of the troubles of maternity, but the baby at first has a very hard time of it. The Bulgarian wise-woman, who unites the professions of Mrs. Gamp and village witch, or the matron who may replace her, brings into the room, as soon as the baby is born, a reaping-hook, which she places in a corner in order to keep off all malevolent spirits, Youdas, Strougas, or Samovilas,[1] who may be lurking about. She then proceeds to bathe and salt the baby all over, and, after dressing it, lays it by the side of the mother, while she makes a kind of omelette with eggs, oil, and pepper, as a poultice for the infant's head. It appears to be a popular belief that if a child is not thus salted, its feet or some other part of the body will become malodorous,

[1] See next chapter.

and the poultice is intended to solidify the skull and render it proof against sunstroke. While the baby is screaming its loudest in protest against this treatment, its nurse proceeds to fumigate the room for fear that the presence of the reaping-hook should not have all the effect desired, and the Powers of the Air be attracted by the child's cries. A clove of garlic and some of the charms before mentioned as used by the Greeks for that purpose, are fastened to the baby's cap against the Evil Eye. The mother, though she may be up and about her numerous household duties in a day or so, is not supposed to leave the precincts of her house until forty days after the birth of the child, and, consequently, like the Greek mother, is not present at its baptism, which takes place on the eighth day, and is conducted in a fashion precisely similar to that of the Greeks. On the occasion of her first going abroad, namely, when she goes to be "churched," she uses as a walking-stick the shovel with which the bread is put into, and withdrawn from, the oven.

The upper classes of the Bulgarians follow the customs of their Greek neighbours in matrimonial affairs, the first advance being made by the girl's parents, who commission a professional match-maker—called, in Upper Macedonia, *stroinikote*, or, if a woman, *stroinikitza*; and, in Bulgaria, *svaty*—to procure a suitable husband. Of late years, too, the custom of receiving a dowry with the wife has been gaining ground. The betrothal is a formal religious ceremony, which takes place before witnesses, when the documents containing the wedding contract are exchanged.

Among this class, however, native observances are being gradually laid aside, and an attempt is made to conform to European usages. The bride's *trousseau* is ordered from Vienna; as are the wedding-dress, wreath, and veil which the bridegroom presents to her. The fond mother, too, generally adds to her daughter's "tocher" a number of articles for household use of home or native manufacture, such as embroidered towels, and bed- and table-linen, and charming fabrics made of rich raw and floss silk, or silk and linen.

But with the Bulgarians as with the Greeks, old customs must be sought for among the peasantry, and the observances connected with marriage are not the least curious and interesting. A young peasant cannot marry until his parents, for whom he has hitherto laboured, can afford to give him a sum of money sufficient to buy him a wife. The price ranges from £50 to £300, according to the position of the contracting parties, and is settled by the *svatobi*, or proxies, as well as another and smaller sum, called the *bash parasi*, or "head-money," which is paid to the mother. The *gody*, or betrothal, then takes place, a Wednesday or Thursday evening being considered the most auspicious time for the ceremony. It consists of the exchange of documents certifying, on the one hand, the sum of money to be paid by the bridegroom, and, on the other, the quantity and quality of the *trousseau*, or rather "plenishing," promised by the maiden's parents. Rings are also interchanged by the couple after being blessed by the priest, who acts the part of notary on such

occasions. A short blessing follows, the *fiancée* kisses the hands of the assembled company, and then retires with her friends to feast apart, unawed by the presence of the elders, for whom a table is spread in the principal room. The word table is, however, a misnomer, for such articles of furniture are found only in the dwellings of the wealthier farmers, and the cloth is generally spread on the floor, or perhaps for the elder and more distinguished guests on the low, broad stools called by the Turks *sofra*. The young people afterwards dance outside the house, and sing songs at intervals. The *fiancé* then produces his presents, which consist of various articles of feminine apparel, including several pairs of native shoes, a head-dress and necklace of gold and silver coins, a silver belt, bracelets, earrings, and other ornaments. The value of these gifts is freely discussed by the girl's father, and a bargain generally ensues, the suitor adding to the necklace or head-dress coin after coin until the goodman is content. These treasures are bestowed in the *tekneh*, the wooden trough which serves equally for kneading the bread and cradling the little ones, and the festivities are resumed. On the following day the young woman proudly dons all this finery, and parades herself in the village as "engaged."

Many Bulgarian marriages are no doubt love matches, though more practical considerations often influence Petko and Yanko in the choice of their helpmates. And a helpmate in every sense of the word a Bulgarian wife must be; for, as already described, a very large share of the labour of the

farm devolves upon her, until the children grow up to take a part in it. Petko, therefore, will probably choose his wife, as he would a team of oxen, for her muscular strength and probable working powers, the more so as, like his oxen and buffaloes, he must purchase her with a considerable sum of money; and, consequently, the most physically powerful wife is considered the best investment.

The marriage does not take place until at least six months after the *gody*, and is sometimes deferred for years by selfish parents who wish to retain the services of their daughter as long as possible. Sometimes the couple find it necessary to take matters into their own hands, and elope to the *papas* of some neighbouring village, who unites them in holy matrimony. The girl has generally some sympathetic friend who hides her in her own house until the wrath of her father is somewhat appeased, and he consents to receive her back and give the indispensable wedding feast.

The bridegroom in the meantime must build himself a house, and furnish it according to Bulgarian ideas of what is fitting. Certain domestic animals must also be purchased—a pair of oxen or buffaloes for ploughing and draught work are considered indispensable, and a cow and some poultry should be installed in the farmyard. When all is in readiness, the young man sends his parents or the *swaty* to announce to his future father-in-law that he wishes the wedding to take place in the course of a few weeks. The *swadba* decided upon, the domestic preparations begin. Weddings are generally cele-

brated in the season when little work is going on in the fields, in order that more time may be devoted to the festivities, for feast-days, on which idleness is imperative, are so numerous that the peasants can ill afford to make holiday on working-days.

During the week preceding the marriage, the parents of the couple complete the furnishing of the new home, and, this accomplished, the girl's mother turns her attention to preparing her house for the auspicious event. The walls, ceiling, and floor are cleaned and lime-washed, the copper pots, pans, and dishes, and all the articles of German china and glass that adorn the shelves of the better cottages, are taken down, thoroughly washed, scrubbed, and polished, and returned to their places. A store of carpets and rugs is then produced from the walnut-wood chests, and spread on the mattress-sofas, and on the floors of the rooms and verandah; and lastly, the cakes are made, the fatted calf is killed, and the wine jars are brought up from the cellar. These cakes are sent round to friends, in lieu of invitation cards, requesting the pleasure of the recipients' company on the wedding-day, Sunday, and also, in the case of the women and girls, to view the *trousseau*. All the articles composing it are on Friday hung up on a cord stretched across the room for the inspection of the matrons, who freely criticise the quality of the materials and the handiwork bestowed upon the various garments in the way of embroidery, braiding, and other decorations. The maidens meanwhile assist the bride to add any finishing touches which may be necessary, or dance and sing before the door.

Two of the girls, who act as bridesmaids, come again on the following day to help the bride with her toilette. After washing her from head to foot, they proceed to plait her hair into a multitude of minute tresses, which will not be again undone for several days at least. While this task, which takes some time, is proceeding, the village maidens arrive with offerings of sweetmeats and flowers, and at its conclusion they all sit down together—on the floor—to a vegetarian meal, after which singing and dancing are the order of the day.

On the morrow, in the early forenoon, the wedding guests arrive, the matrons with their daughters dressed in their gayest, decked with silver ornaments, and garlanded with flowers. The bride is seated in state, her face dotted with spangles, and perhaps concealed by a scarlet veil. The upper part of her elaborately embroidered costume is almost equally hidden by the quantity of ornaments and coins, made of alloyed silver, which hang over it. When picnicking one day at the large Bulgarian village of Neokhori, a few miles from Salonica, we had the privilege of seeing a peasant bride "on view." It was a holiday, and all the village was *en fête*, the women and girls standing in their picturesque red and white costumes at their doorways. Most of the men were away, the chief industry of the village being one which necessitates their being frequently absent. As we passed up the street, we came to a cottage, a mere hovel, round which a number of persons were gathered, and we, being strangers and "Franks," were courteously invited in "to see the bride." It was, however, some

minutes before our eyes became sufficiently accustomed to the gloom of the interior to be able to distinguish this much bedizened damsel. And as soon as we had in turn saluted and sufficiently admired her, we gladly escaped from the crowded, stuffy, and windowless apartment to the fresh and sunny outer air.

The religious ceremony, which is the same as with the Greeks, may take place in the church, or in the house of the bridegroom's father. In any case, if both parties belong to the same village, the wedding party return after the service to the house of the bride's parents. Corn, the emblem of plenty, is showered over the happy pair on their arrival, and as soon as the guests are seated the bride makes the round of the room, kissing the hands of all the matrons, from each of whom she receives in return a dried fig.

The wedding feast is then held, and the male portion of the company endeavour to rival their ancestral heroes in their gastronomic feats. Singing and dancing also occupy the younger members of the party until it is time to escort the bride to her new home.

Taking home the bride is, however, performed in much more picturesque fashion by the Bulgarian communities in some parts of Macedonia, especially when the home of the husband is at some distance; and the ceremony has something in common with that attending the Vlach weddings already described. The bride is conducted to the gate of the homestead by her father, who assists her to mount the horse prepared for her. The rest of the guests, also mounted,

form a procession led by one of their number, who carries a flag surmounted by an apple. With their garlands of flowers and vine leaves, their songs and strains of wild music, their gleeful shouts and gay laughter, this wedding procession presents the appearance of an ancient chorus of Bacchanals wending its way by mountain-path and ravine to some old shrine of the vinous god. On entering the village for which they are bound, the company are met by the *Nunco*, or "best man," with other functionaries called respectively *Maldever* and *Stardever*, who, like the Kanephoroi in the Dionysiaka, carry baskets of fruit and cakes, and flasks of wine, all provided by the *Nunco*, who himself carries the bridal crowns and leads a goat with gilded horns.

On arriving at the gate of the bridegroom's dwelling, the standard-bearer enters, followed by the bride, who reins up her steed in front of the flag, which he plants in the centre of the courtyard. A verse is now sung which may be thus translated:

O Maldever, O Stardever, why linger ye outside?
Dismount, dismount, and enter now thy husband's house, O Bride!

The song concluded, the bride bows three times to the company, and is assisted by the bridegroom's father to dismount. After kissing her horse on the forehead, she takes hold of one corner of a handkerchief extended to her by her future father-in-law, and is thus led into the lower story of the house, used generally as granary and storeroom, and lighted only by narrow slits in the walls. The centre of this apartment is occupied by a wine barrel crowned with

the wedding-cake, on which stands a glass of wine. The priests, in their gorgeous sacerdotal robes and tall black hats, range themselves around, holding crosses, and over this Bacchanalian altar the Christian marriage rite is performed. After having tasted the wine, the principals walk three times round the barrel, while cakes, fruits, and comfits are showered over them.

The newly married couple are, in Bulgaria, required to observe a week of seclusion in their home, during which time they may neither go out nor receive visits. At the termination of this *solitude à deux*, the married women arrive to conduct the bride, who carries two water-pails slung, yoke fashion, on her shoulders, to the well, round which she walks three times after throwing in her offering to the *genii loci*. She then draws water and fills her pails, the contents of which are immediately emptied over her by her companions. In return for this service she kisses hands all round, receiving from each person, as she does so, a fig. On the same day the young wife also visits her mother, escorted by the matrons of the village. In Macedonia, however, the Bulgarian brides for the most part follow the Greek custom of making their peace with the water nymphs on the day after the wedding.

The funeral customs of the Bulgarians differ much more from those of the Greeks than do those connected with birth and marriage, although the religious ceremony is the same in both cases. The Bulgarian views the approach of death with a fatalistic indifference almost equal to that displayed by the Ottoman.

Doctors are few and far between in the country districts, and if the simples prescribed by the wise-woman do not cure the patient, it is evident that he, or she, has no longer "life to live." When the end is deemed near, the priest administers the last sacrament, and the moribund, if conscious, sets his affairs in order. The room is meanwhile crowded with female relatives, who give expression to their grief in the most demonstrative fashion. As soon as the spirit has departed from the body, all the pots, pans, kettles, and vessels of every kind are turned upside down in order to prevent its taking refuge in one of them, and subsequently troubling the family. The corpse is laid upon a double mattress between sheets, and completely dressed in its holiday costume, including shoes and stockings. A pillow of homespun linen or cotton is filled with handfuls of earth by all the persons present, and placed under the head. The head is decked with fresh flowers, an *eikon* is laid on the breast, and also a plate with flowers and candles, placed there by persons who wish the dead by these means to carry messages to other lost friends.

When all the preparations are complete, the priest arrives to read part of the burial service, after which the women, watching round the body, chant dirges through the night, and until the clergy arrive on the following morning to conduct the dead to his last resting-place. An ox or buffalo cart is brought to the door, and in this primitive hearse the corpse is conveyed to the church where the funeral Mass is to be performed. At the grave a barrel of wine is broached, and boiled wheat and small loaves are dis-

tributed to all present, who, as they receive these funeral cates, ejaculate *Bogda prosti* ("God have mercy"). The gala costume is taken off, oil and wine are sprinkled on the body, which, wrapped in a shroud, is finally replaced in the coffin, and lowered into the grave.

Returning to the house of mourning, the company wash their hands over the fire, and three days afterwards every article in the house is washed, or sprinkled with water, and exposed to the air for three days. Any household goods which cannot be so purified are sold or given away. On the evening following the funeral, the relatives and friends of the deceased assemble at a great Death Feast, a similar ceremony being repeated ten days later. A widow visits the grave of her husband every day for forty days after burial, and throws water on it in order that he may not die of thirst. And so ineradicable are old pagan beliefs, notwithstanding centuries of professed Christianity, that after feasting on Palm Sunday at the grave, the relatives leave there some of the food and wine, in the belief that the dead will partake of them during the night; and on Easter Monday a red egg is placed on every grave. Ceremonies similar to the *kólyva* of the Greeks, and called by the Bulgarians *Pominki*, or Commemorations, are held at the grave at intervals for three years, at the end of which time the body, if found to be sufficiently decomposed, is disinterred, with the same formalities observed by the Greeks.

CHAPTER XII.

BULGARIAN WOMEN: THEIR BELIEFS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

THE Bulgarian Church, originally a branch of the Orthodox Greek Church, had, in the thirteenth century, thrown off the supremacy of the Patriarch of Constantinople, and continued to exist independently until 1767, when it was once more brought under the jurisdiction of that See. The Bulgarian bishops were immediately replaced by Greeks, their monks sent adrift, and the revenues of the monasteries appropriated by the new clergy. The Greek was also substituted for the Bulgarian language in the services of the Church and in the schools, with the view of extinguishing the Panslavist spirit and substituting for it Pan-Hellenism. Such tyrannical action, though perforce submitted to for a time, was none the less resented by the Bulgarian nation. In 1858, a struggle for a free Church was commenced, which, after being maintained for fourteen years, finally resulted in the issue of an Imperial Firman, releasing the Bulgarians from the spiritual supremacy of the Greeks, and empowering them to elect a religious chief of their own. The dogmas of the Bulgarian Church are consequently precisely similar to those of the Greek, and its fast and feast days are also identical.

The dogmas and precepts of Christianity are, however, things not dreamed of in the philosophy of the lower classes; and to the Bulgarians, as to the members of the sister Church, religion is not a spiritual, but a practical matter, and consists in the superstitious observances connected with periods of penance and festivals of saints, and the other outward forms ordained by the Church and by custom. All these various events of the ecclesiastical year are so inextricably mixed up with fragments and relics of old pagan beliefs and customs, that the lower clergy, being as ignorant as their parishioners, cannot distinguish between *adets*, as these customary observances are called, and the religious beliefs actually professed by the National Church. The vaguest possible notions exist as to the immortality of the soul, and the life beyond the grave. Heaven, Hell, and Gehenna—the purgatory of the Greek Church—present no very distinct notions to their minds, and though a peasant woman may describe the first as the place where the saints and angels are, and the second as the abode of the demons, she will deny all practical belief that the souls of her departed relatives are either in bliss or torture, by following the pagan custom of leaving food and drink for them upon their tombs.

The long connection of the Bulgarian with the Greek Church naturally led to the assimilation of many of its superstitious beliefs and customs, but the paganism of the Bulgarians has remained, in its leading features, distinct from that of the Greeks. It is, in fact, a survival of the pantheistic worship

of the ancient Slavs, which the invading Bulgarians adopted together with the language of the conquered people among whom they settled, and it teems with wild cosmogonic myths.

The festivals of the Bulgarians are, consequently, a curious fusion of old heathen rites with superstitious Christian observances. Owing to the great number of holidays enforced by the Eastern Church, the Anniversaries of the Saints, which have replaced the heathen Gods and the Feasts of Nature, often coincide in date, and are simultaneously celebrated with a strange admixture of Christian and heathen ceremonies.

The year opens during the feast of the winter solstice, called by the Bulgarians *Kulada*. Like the Hallowe'en of Scotland, it is a great time among the girls for all kinds of divinatory rites respecting their future spouses, and to every line or verse of songs sung during this festive period is added the refrain of *Hey Kulada moy Kulada*. The elementary spirits or demons are, at this season, supposed to be especially alert and powerful against mankind, and the Bulgarians, like the inhabitants of Asia Minor during the similar observance of the *Fishoti*,[1] consider it necessary to take every precaution against their malevolence. A log of wood is carefully left in every cart, and some water in every pitcher, in order to prevent any demon's taking possession of them, and by his presence rendering them too heavy to draw, or lift.[2]

[1] See Chap. III.

[2] Mr. Stuart Glennie informs me that, at Braemar, in the Scottish Highlands, one of the "pliskies" or rather "ploys" of the young men on Hallowe'en, of which he has been himself a witness, is secretly to make off

On the feast of St. Demetrios, these supernatural beings threaten the domestic animals, and are exorcised by the placing of lighted tapers in the stables and cattle-sheds, and in the place where firewood is chopped.

The 13th of January is called the *Baboudien*, or "Matron's Day," when the married women celebrate a kind of saturnalia, and, according to some accounts, indulge pretty freely in wine on the occasion.[1]

Lent is most rigorously observed by the Bulgarians, who pursue their usual avocations on a meagre diet of bread, onions, garlic, and vegetable soup. The first day of the second week of this period of penance is observed as the Day of the Dead (*Dusz Nitza*), or All Souls' Day, when the women go from house to house carrying lighted candles.

The month of March is called by the Bulgarians *Baba Mart*, or "Mother March," and is the only female month of the year. During this period the women are allowed to assert a kind of temporary supremacy over their husbands, and to be as idle as they choose. They accordingly, in order to propitiate Baba Mart, abstain from washing, weaving, and spinning, and even from "pipe-claying" the floors of their houses, a task usually performed once a week;

with and hide as many as possible of the carts and other vehicles of the farmers; and he suggests that the "spunkies" may thus be keeping up a practice formerly attributed to unpropitiated spirits.

[1] Mrs. Blunt, whose long residence in various districts inhabited by Bulgarians enabled her to form a correct judgment on the manners of the natives, says that Uskup was the only place where she observed a tendency on the part of the women to make use of wine or spirits; and even here it was only in the privacy of their own homes, for, in the East, women do not frequent the *cafés*, or wine-shops.

for, were they to perform any of these domestic duties, the goddess would give no rain during the rest of the year, but send instead lightning to destroy the house. The 25th day of March, on which the "Mother" is specially honoured, is called the Blagostina, and its observance and that of St. Constantine's day, with which it coincides, are curiously mixed up. It is most probably a survival of the feast of the Vernal Equinox.

Though this festival occurs during Lent, when both fish and oil are forbidden by the Greek Church, the Bulgarians partake of both; and they explain the exception in favour of the former by the following well-known legend, in which the titular saint seems to be curiously confounded with Constantine Palæológos. According to the Bulgarian version of the story, the Byzantine Emperor was, on the last day of the siege of Constantinople, frying fish in his palace, in front of which was a pond, when terrified messengers came to announce that the Turks were mounting the breach, and that the city would soon be taken. The Emperor refused to admit the possibility of such an event. "The Turks," said he, "will no more take the city than these fried fish will jump into the pond!" As he spoke, the fish leapt from the pan into the water, all cooked as they were, and have swum in the pond ever since. Why this should entitle the Bulgarians to an "indulgence" on the day of the Blagostina is, however, not very clear. According to the peasants, this day is a great feast for all creation, and on it even the swallows and bees abstain from labour, in

celebration of the re-birth of Nature. It is also the Feast of Serpents, which now come out of their holes, and are sure to bite during the coming year any who profane their Sabbath day with manual toil. In the evening three large bonfires are lighted, round one of which dance the young people; the matrons form a circle round the second; while round the third the men gather for their potations; and all three parties enliven their proceedings with song.

On St. George's Day, the Bulgarians make a sacrifice of lambs, and relate as their reason for this practice the following curious legend, which seems to be of Moslem origin, and is evidently a compound of the story of Abraham's sacrifice and a legend concerning a Dervish Saint named Sari Saltik.[1]

One day the Almighty entered the house of a very poor man, and asked for some food. The man had neither lamb nor kid to set before him, but, in order to fulfil the sacred duty of hospitality, he took his little son, cut his throat, and put him into the oven. Presently the Lord, being hungry, asked if the food was cooked.

"It will soon be ready," replied the host.

"Open the door of the oven, and see if it be not ready."

The father opened the oven, and saw with astonishment that his son, instead of being roasted, was comfortably seated, and engaged in writing upon his knee in the Turkish fashion. The Almighty then

[1] This Moslem story, as told by Evlya Effendi, "The Traveller," bears also in some of its features a striking resemblance to the Greek legend of St. George.

commanded him in future to sacrifice a lamb on the anniversary of that day.

A Bulgarian folk-song, however, sung on St. George's Day, refers to Abraham by name. Unfortunately, I have not yet been able to procure this song, save in a fragmentary form.

St. John's Eve is observed in Bulgaria with the customary bonfires and other nocturnal commemorations of that universal solar festival.

On the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, sacrifices of lambs and kids are made, accompanied with offerings of wine, honey, cakes, &c., to one of the Saints. The Saint who is to be thus honoured is chosen by lot. Candles are lighted, in front of three *eikons*, and the candle first touched by a little child brought in for the purpose, decides which Saint is to preside. Each person present then drinks a cup of wine with the words, "Sphete [Saint] So-and-so, to thee is the offering!" The lambs or kids are now killed, and, if honey forms part of the offering, the bees are smothered. In the evening all the inhabitants of the village assemble to partake of the various sacrificial meats.

As will have been evident from the foregoing, Bulgarian mythology presents a considerable survival of the Nature-worship which was no doubt the primitive religion of this, as of the Greek and other races. The powers of Nature, however, as has been pointed out in the Introduction, are regarded in two ways. In what Mr. Stuart Glennie calls "the Zoönist folk-conception of Nature," animals, plants, mountains, and rivers are regarded as actuated by

sentiments of sympathy with mankind. In what he distinguishes as the "Spiritist conception," or the conception of natural objects as but the abodes of supernatural beings, these beings are regarded for the most part as malevolently disposed, and they must either be propitiated or guarded against. These supernatural beings are believed to haunt not only the mountains, valleys, rivers, and springs, but even the habitations of human kind, and are endowed by popular imagination with powers and forms equally varied. Nereids, Lamias, Stoicheia, have been borrowed by the Bulgarians from their Greek neighbours and confounded with the Slav nymphs of antiquity; the Vilas, Samovilas, Samodivas, and Youdas; and the Drakos and Drakissa of the Greeks with the fire-breathing *Zmok* and *Oyenik*, or Dragon. The Fates, whose duty it originally was to carry out the decrees of Destiny, have now come to represent in the popular mind that power itself, and are even sometimes confused with the Samodivas and Youdas.[1]

The relative degrees, however, of expression given to the Zoönist and the Spiritist conceptions of Nature probably vary greatly with different races. And the direct personification of natural objects appears to occupy but a small place in Bulgarian folk-poesy, and chiefly occurs with reference to the exploits of the Sun, who occasionally falls in love with a mortal maiden, and seeks to wed her. Though he is, in the Greek poems, represented as the ideal of manly beauty, he is by no means considered a desirable spouse. Indeed, it would appear, from popular expressions among all the

[1] See Chap. XIII.

Christian peoples of the East, that his glance is considered particularly pernicious to the beauty of maidens, and precautions are taken, especially about the time of the vernal equinox, that the "sun may not blacken us" (Νὰ μὴ μας μαύροσε ὁ Ἥλιος). In Roumania a tiny gold coin is worn for this purpose, tied round the wrist with parti-colored silk thread, apparently in order to attract the attention of his solar majesty from the wearer, as other charms are used to divert the Evil Eye to themselves. The expression, "a maiden whom the sun has never seen" (που δὲν τὴν βλέπει ὁ Ἥλιος), also occurs frequently in Greek folk-song. But besides the many supernatural creatures which the Bulgarians borrowed long ago from Slavs and Greeks, there exists a host of others to terrify timid folk. Most curious among these are the demons to whose touch such maladies as ague, paralysis, or even the nightmare, are attributed; and to exorcise them recourse is had to all kinds of spells and charms. Ghosts, however, as we understand the term, are, so far as I have been able to ascertain, non-existent, though, here and there, local apparitions may be met with which partake more or less of their shadowy character.

Among the superstitions adopted by the Bulgarians from their Turkish neighbours is the belief in buried treasure guarded by gigantic negroes or statuesque women, called *tellestim*, or "talismans." The tellestim is also a spirit created by the act of building or making. According to an Oriental belief, every object or building is possessed by such a spirit, which dies when its habitation is destroyed. The dispositions of the tellestims vary, it is said, according to the

character of the beings whose shadows fall upon the foundation stone. Sometimes a lamb is sacrificed, in order that the tellestim may be mild and gentle in disposition; and a story is told of a stingy Bulgar who, having sacrificed a kid instead of a lamb, produced a jumping tellestim, whose antics made the house uninhabitable, and it had to be abandoned. The *ajins*, which haunt ancient ruins, are also, no doubt, analogous to the tellestims which came into existence at the time of their erection.

Although the Vampire is as much a Bulgarian as a Greek superstition, the propensities attributed to the *obour* by the Bulgarians differ from those attributed to the *katakhnas* by the Greeks. The favourite food of the *obour* is carrion, and his beverage the blood of sickly cattle; but, though he does not usually seize on human victims when coarser food is available, he is regarded with no less horror and dread than is the *katakhnas*, and the Bulgarian has fewer scruples than the Greek about the means he makes use of to put a stop to his wanderings.

A Bulgarian, like a Greek, may have inherited this post-mortem tendency to annoy his former neighbours as an *obour*, or may have otherwise acquired it, as, for instance, by having been strangled by another *obour*. This tendency can be detected by the person having only one nostril and also a sharp-pointed tooth. The vampire, however, according to the Bulgarian superstition, does not in the first instance leave his grave in bodily shape, but nine days after death assumes an aërial form. His presence in this condition

is ascertained at night by the appearance of a number of sparks, and in the daytime by a shadow, the density of which varies according to his age as a vampire. In this stage he is comparatively harmless, and is able to cause annoyance only by various impish tricks, such as those attributed to the Teutonic Kobolds, the Irish Phooka, or the English Puck. He also "roars in a terrible voice," or amuses himself by calling persons out by name from their cottages, and then beating them black and blue. When the *obour* has passed forty days without being "laid," he becomes a full-fledged vampire, and may not only revisit the "glimpses of the moon" in his bodily shape, but also pass himself off as a human being, living honestly and naturally, going out at night only on his hideous errand.

The prayers of Christian priests and Moslem *hodjas* are equally resorted to against all these powers of darkness, and the village witch has also her special means of rendering them harmless to human beings. For in every Bulgarian, as in every Greek village and town, there is some old woman learned in all ancient customs and ceremonies of divination, and in the worship of all supernatural powers—whether anathematised, or winked at, by the parish clergy. She is also the possessor of an unlimited number of *marifets*, or charms, for all kinds of purposes, from that which will bring rain when the *papas'* prayers have failed to do so, to that which will drive away the demon of fever. This sorceress is able to cast spells which will cause the person against whom they are aimed to die the

lingering death of the bewitched, or to cure him of the bite he has received from a Spirit of the Fountain, under the form of a cat. The witch is, indeed, the most important person in the village. She assists the Bulgarian at his entrance into and exit from the world; is not only the doctress and sorceress, but the high priestess at all the pagan festivals above described; and, while forming the complement of the *papas*, occasionally poaches even on his preserves.[1] When a witch is called in in her capacity of doctress, she first proceeds to ascertain the gravity of the disease, its nature being apparently of little importance. She produces a scarf or girdle several yards long, in which a knot has been tied, and, after some preliminary words of incantation, proceeds to measure it on the patient's arm, from the elbow to the finger tip. If the knot falls on the hand, the malady is but slight, or merely imaginary; if midway, it is serious; but if on, or near the elbow, it will prove fatal. As the wise-woman has acquired, from long experience, a certain practical knowledge of diseases, she no doubt occasionally succeeds in correctly diagnosing the case, and her wide acquaintance with the use of simples also enables her to prescribe an effectual remedy, the real efficacy of which is disguised under some accompanying incantation or other form of deception. For the witch is naturally not disposed to be communicative on the subject of her pharmacopœia; and, as she and her patients invariably attribute the malady to spells, or demons, she attri-

[1] St. Clair and Brophy, *The Eastern Question in Bulgaria*, p. 43.

butes their cure to the magical practices to which she has had recourse in their behalf.

Many of the antidotes used by the Bulgarians against the Evil Eye are similar to those used by their Christian and Moslem neighbours. The following are, however, I believe, peculiar to this nation:—Take six grains of salt, place them on the eyes of the afflicted person, and then cast them into the fire with a malediction against the person suspected of having caused the evil. Take three pieces of red-hot charcoal, place them in a green dish, and pour water over them with one hand while making over them with the other the sign of the Cross. Drink some of the water, wash your hands with the rest, and then throw it on the ground outside the house. On the last day of February (o.s.) take the heads of forty small fish, thread them on a string, and hang them up to dry. If a child has been affected by the Evil Eye, soak the heads in water and let him drink the decoction. The dried stomach of a stork is also esteemed a sovereign cure for this most prevalent of all maladies.

Among the other folk observances and beliefs affecting every-day life are the numerous *adets*, or customs, non-compliance with which is considered unlucky, or even sinful. These would form a very long list, but the following may serve as specimens:—It is unlucky to give a child a spoon to play with; to give away or sell a loaf without breaking off a piece; to bathe a child under seven years of age; to sell a sack of flour without first making a loaf from it; to clean a stable, sell milk, or fetch

water after dusk, &c. &c. The flour must be fumigated with incense when it is brought from the mill —more especially if the miller be a Turk—in order to drive away any demon which may have entered into it; and before bringing into the house water from the fountain a small quantity from each jar or pail must be spilt on the ground, as some elementary spirit might otherwise be floating on the surface, and, not being thus thrown out, take up his abode in the house, or enter into the body of a person drinking the water. It is also a sin to give alms to a gipsy, Jew, or other "infidel,"[1] or to allow a dog to sleep on the roof of a house, as this disturbs the repose of deceased members of the family. On the first day of Lent, all the dogs of the village are caught, and receive a careful beating, to prevent their going mad during the year. This custom, as before mentioned, is observed by the Vlachs in all parts of Turkey. In order to rid the house of vermin, venomous insects, and snakes, the Bulgarian women, on the last day of February, beat copper pans all over the house, and call out at the same time, "Out with you, snakes, scorpions, flies, bugs, and fleas!" One of these pans is then taken up with a pair of tongs and carried into the courtyard, as if to induce the creatures mentioned to follow it. An attempt is also made to get rid of the two last-named insects, which are the domestic pests *par excellence* of Turkey, by enclosing a few in a reed and handing it to the butcher, with the words, "Here is flesh and blood for you. Take it, and give

[1] A similar superstition exists among Moslems.

us something better in exchange!" As all natives unfortunately rest content with some such feeble attempts to clear their houses of this "small game," it is not surprising that it constitutes, in every part of the country alike, one of the greatest drawbacks to travel or residence.

CHAPTER XIII.

BULGARIAN WOMEN: THEIR FOLK-POESY.

THE Bulgarian language, as spoken and sung by the people, is as far from being identical with that used in books and journals as is the language of Greek folk song and story with the polished literary tongue of Athens. The Slavonic of the popular tongue contains a large admixture of Turkish and Persian, and also of Italian, Greek, and other European words. One of the peculiarities which it presents is, that not only Turkish adjectives and substantives, but also Turkish verbs, are largely made use of, and verbs of purely Slavonic origin are declined with Turkish inflexions of mood and tense. The old Bulgarian language was merely a spoken vernacular, and, as before mentioned, it is only within the present century that efforts have been made to give it a literary form in printed books, which are not, however, much "understanded of the people."

Bulgarian historical traditions, except in the form of songs, are not numerous, and strangely confound comparatively modern Bulgarian or Servian heroes with those belonging to more mythical periods. Kral (King), or Deli,[1] Marko is the favourite hero,

[1] A Turkish word, meaning literally "mad," but used in a complimentary sense, signifying excess of bravery.

and he figures in no fewer than twenty-one of the popular songs collected by the brothers Miladinov. The following tale of his encounter with, and discomfiture by, the Devil, at once recalls, if we substitute Loki for this Christian genius of evil, one of the best known of the Norse stories of the heroes of Asgard:—

"Once upon a time the world was peopled only by Heroes and *Zméï*,[1] and of all the heroes Kral Marko was by far the strongest and most famous. One day the Devil was amusing himself with his great mace of wood, bound with iron, which weighed a hundred *okas*,[2] throwing it up in the air and catching it again in one hand. Deli Marko found him thus employed, and wished him 'good morning' (*Dobra déni*) very politely.

"'You are welcome!' (*Hosh geldin*), replied his majesty.

"'Well found!' (*Hosh boldouk*), responded the hero.

"When these usual compliments and greetings had been interchanged, Deli Marko asked the Devil what he was doing there.

"'Don't you see?' was the reply; 'I am practising for the championship' (*Pehlivanlik*).

"'Let us have a bout together,' suggested Deli Marko.

"'With all my heart,' responded the Devil. 'Go and take your place.'

"Satan hurled his mace a hundred yards, but the hero caught it in the air like a ball.

[1] Dragons, plural of *Zmok*.

[2] An *oka*, the standard measure for both liquids and solids, used throughout Turkey, consists of 300 drachmas, or two pounds and three-quarters English.

"'Bravo!' exclaimed his opponent. 'Now it's your turn—throw the mace for me to catch.'

"But Marko let the Devil's mace lie on the ground, and took up his own, which was also of wood and iron, and weighed three hundred *okas*.[1] This he pitched with a good swing, and the poor Devil, trying to catch it, was knocked down, and a good deal bruised. Deli Marko then took up the mace of his unlucky rival and threw it up to the sky, where it stuck, and he walked away whistling.

"The Devil went back to his own dominions, very sore both in body and mind, and set about forging an iron tube, which he loaded with a little dust from the infernal smithy, and a leaden bullet. When these were ready, he appeared on earth again, and called upon Deli Marko.

"'Dobra deni, Deli Marko.'

"'Hosh geldin!'

"'Hosh boldouk! Come, Deli Marko; you beat me the other day, and you caught my mace, which weighed a hundred *okas*. Do you think that you can catch this little ball, which weighs only two *drachmas*?'

"'There's my hand,' said Deli Marko, laughing disdainfully. 'Throw your little ball, and let's see whether I can't catch it.'

"Then the Devil took his tube, lit the powder, and the bullet struck Deli Marko in the palm, and passed completely through it. The Kral looked sadly at the wound, and sighed out, 'Now that guns are invented, the earth is no longer a place for heroes!'

[1] 825 lbs.

And as there happened to be a *Zmok* passing, he called him up, got on his back, and flew away for ever. The same day all the other Heroes followed his example, and that is the reason there are no longer either Heroes or Dragons to be found in the country."[1]

The story of Yanko, Johnny the Wrestler,[2] which exists in ballad form, would appear to be much older, and his gastronomic exploits certainly equal those of the heroes of Scandinavian mythology. As I have not been able to meet with the words or ascertain the metre of the original, I will not attempt to give it in verse form.

Yanko Krym Pehlivanko.

Yanko the Wrestler said to his mother, "O my mother, my reputation is declining! So tell the furrier to make me a *kalpak* [fur cap] of nine wolf-skins, and let the tenth be the skin of a bear."

And she goes, the mother of Johnny, to the furrier, that he may make the kalpak of the nine wolf-skins, and the tenth the skin of a bear.

Yanko the Wrestler again to his mother says: "I am going to the furrier that he may make me a pair of breeches for wrestling. For a firman from the Czar[3] is come to me, and commands me to wrestle

[1] St. Clair and Brophy, *The Eastern Question*, &c., p. 56.

[2] Wrestling was formerly the great diversion in Turkey among all races, and is still a favourite manly exercise in the East generally. A wrestler is called *Pehlivan*, and the above is merely a diminutive for this word. Yanko is evidently, though not described as such, that popular Oriental hero, a "widow's son."

[3] Probably some Byzantine Cæsar.

with his Pehlivans, and I am going to wrestle with the Pehlivans of the Czar, who are blood-thirsty bears."

And his mother says to Yanko: "Ah! go not, my son! Nine Pehlivans have gone to the Czar, and all the nine were eaten by the bears!"

But Yanko answers his mother: "Open the Hungarian chest, and find me a handsome suit of clothes that I may set out to go to the Czar, and fight his bears, so that his bears kill me not, and I be not ashamed before the Czar." And to his mother Yanko also says: "Bake me nine ovenfuls of bread, and kill me nine fat cows, and broach for me nine barrels of wine." And Yanko eats the nine ovenfuls of bread, and eats the nine fat cows, and drinks the nine barrels of wine, and now he will set out for the Czar's to wrestle.

When Yanko arrives at the Czar's, the Czar sends his black *Chenguin* (gipsy) to announce the combat by sound of trumpet. And he cries and proclaims for three days and nights: "Let great and small assemble in the fields or on the tumuli,[1] for a great wrestling-match will take place between Yanko Krym Pehlivanko and the blood-thirsty bear of the Czar!"

And, great and small, they assemble in the fields and on the tumuli, and the regiment of black gipsies too is there. And nine black men guard with the curved steel, and nine conduct with chains of steel, the terrible bear. And the chains are loosed, and the bear utters a cry. At this cry the earth trembles and the sky thunders.

Yanko the Wrestler was afraid when he saw this

[1] Tumuli or barrows exist in great numbers in European Turkey.

bear. But he hid his fears from the Czar, that the Czar might not laugh at him.

So they catch hold of one another—the bear of blood and Yanko Krym Pehlivanko. Three days and nights they wrestle, but neither the bear nor Yanko falls. Where Yanko grips, the black blood flows; where the bear grips, the white flesh flies. Three days and nights they wrestle, but neither Yanko is thrown nor is the bear thrown.

The Czar says to Yanko: "I see how it will be, Yanko Krym Pehlivanko! Thou wilt die of thy wounds, but my bear will live!"

At this Yanko the Wrestler is very angry. He takes a good grip of the bear, lifts him up to the blue sky, and dashes him against the earth, and in four he breaks him, and the four pieces bury themselves in four holes in the ground. Then the Czar was afraid of Yanko Krym Pehlivanko, and said: "In future, Yanko, if you kill a man, you are absolved beforehand from the guilt of murder." And he commands his black regiment: "Bring hither to Yanko Krym Pehlivanko nine heavy mule-loads of gold as a *bakshish* for Yanko."

And directly the nine heavy mule-loads were brought as a *bakshish* to Yanko, and were given to Yanko Krym Pehlivanko. And he goes off and arrives at his dearly loved mother's, and he calls to her, "Come down, mother, and take these nine heavy mule-loads of gold!" and the mother of Yanko comes down, and she sees the nine loads of gold. "*Bré!*"[1] she exclaims. "Yanko, thou hast not been to the

[1] A Turkish word, here indicating astonishment.

Czar to wrestle, but thou hast been at some *háïdoutlik* [plundering exploit], and thou hast robbed the Czar of these nine heavy mule-loads of gold!"

"The Czar gave them to me, mother," he replies; "and, more than that, he has allowed me to kill any man I choose; such is the permission that he has given to Yanko Krym Pehlivanko—that is to say, to me!"

Rhyme is absolutely non-existent in Bulgarian poetry, versification being founded on the number of syllables and on the accent, which is the same as in the spoken language. The number of syllables contained in a line range in number from four to fourteen, but the metre most commonly used contains either eight or ten syllables, divided either after the fourth or after the fifth syllable. The latter, divided into two equal hemistyches, is most generally used in Macedonia, and presents the fewest irregularities. The versification of Bulgarian folk-songs, unlike the Greek and the Servian, is, however, extremely irregular, and offers, in Macedonia especially, a strange mixture of metres. M. Dozon suggests that this may be accounted for by the fact that the women, who are to a great extent the composers and transmitters of the songs, know little of, and care less for, metrical regularity. This might, however, be said with equal truth of the composers and transmitters of Greek folk-songs.

But, whatever the literary quality of Bulgarian popular songs, there is certainly no lack of quantity, and in their infinite variety they illustrate every phase of domestic life and mythological belief.

Many of them serve as an accompaniment to the dance.

With us Dancing songs have completely disappeared, save as an accompaniment to children's games. But among the peoples of the East, who live under a different social system, they have remained the national diversion *par excellence*, and the national poetry is taught in the school of the dance. The wealth of Bulgarian folk-poesy is proved by the voluminous collections made by native folk-lorists, who have naturally found the women to be its chief depositaries. The brothers Miladinov have included in their volume no fewer than 674 pieces; and that of M. Verkovich contains 335, though this is but a small portion of what he collected. Two hundred and seventy-five of these were from the lips of one woman, Dafina of Serres; and the brothers Miladinov obtained 150 from a young girl of Strouga. "When one has written down so many songs," they say, "one supposes the supply exhausted; and yet it is only necessary to pass to a neighbouring quarter to find a mine equally fruitful."[1]

National talent in the direction of original composition seems, however, to have almost died out, for modern efforts take chiefly the form of satirical couplets and burlesques founded on incidents of every-day life. Although some of the love-songs breathe sentiments of a pure and tender character, there is an element of brutality in those—and especially the more ancient ones—treating of married life. The woman, for example, whose misfortune it is to be childless, or to

[1] Dozon, *Chansons Populaires Bulgares*, Preface.

be the mother only of girls, is despised and ill-treated, or even, like the wife of Momir, threatened with mutilation. The ballad in which this is described also illustrates so many curious phases of folk-belief that it cannot, I think, but be found interesting even in the very abridged form in which it is given by M. Dozon.[1]

The young wife of Momir had nine girls, one after the other. When she was expecting the advent of her tenth child, the Voïvode, Momir Bey, said to her: "Little wife, little wife of Momir, if thou givest me another girl, I will cut off thy legs by the knee and thy arms by the shoulder; I will put out thine eyes, and thou wilt remain a young prisoner; thou wilt remain a cripple." When the time drew near for the birth of her baby, the mother took with her Todora, her youngest daughter, and went out into the green-wood, where she sat down under a leafy sycamore-tree. There the baby was born. But it was not a tenth girl, but a lusty boy. So bitterly does he cry that the leaves fall from the tree. The young Momiritza looks around her, and, perceiving a fire on the mountain side, she sends her little Todora for a light from it. Lambent flames envelop the new-born infant, and warm it. The young Momiritza sleeps. The three Fates appear. But Todora does not sleep; she watches, and hearkens to the words of the Fates. The first says, "Let us take the child." The second says, "Let us not take him till he is older, till he is seven years old." The third says, "Let him grow up; let him become a young man fit to marry; they

[1] *Chansons Populaires Bulgares*, p. 331.

will affiance him to a beautiful girl, and let him take her; when they are going to church, we will carry off the young man." Upon this they disappeared.

Everything happened as had been predicted. The boy grew to a youth, and the youth to a man. When his marriage day was near, Todora related to her mother the words of the *Youdas,* and informed her of her resolution to cheat them of her brother. Her ruse, which, strange to say, succeeded, was to personate her brother at the wedding, dressed in his clothes. The bridal party repaired to church, when there arose tempestuous winds, clouds, and thick dust, followed by a blinding snow-storm. On the wings of the hurricane came the Youdas; they seized the supposed bridegroom, and carried him off to the clouds. *What has happened is irrevocable.*

In the conclusion of this song is illustrated a peculiarity of sentiment found among the Slavs and other Eastern nationalities, and also in the Teutonic mythology. This is the extreme solicitude evinced by women for the welfare of their brothers, who appear to occupy in their affections a much higher place than their husbands.

The meteorological disturbances above referred to are often represented as the *Youdas,* or Fates, themselves; for, in another song, the *Samodiva,* struggling with a mortal youth, thus calls them to her aid:

> Tempests, elements, my sisters!
> Stoïan now prevails against me!
> And the elements came lowering,
> And the whirlwinds wildly whistled;

From the earth they carried Stoïan
High upon a branch they hung him.

In the following folk-song the Samodiva closely resembles the Greek Lamia in allowing herself to be married to a mortal, and also in her professed inability to perform any housewifely function. The incident of stealing the magic dresses I have, I think, met with in Keltic stories, but the introduction of St. John as best man and godfather is, so far as I know, peculiar to the Bulgarian variant.

THE SAMODIVA MARRIED AGAINST HER WILL.[1]

Stoïan led his flocks to pasture
In the haunts of Samodivas,
Where they dance, and play the reed-flute.
There had met three Samodivas,
And in merry round were dancing;
Danced they gaily, and, when wearied,
Upward soared, and lightly floated
Far above the dark-green fir-trees,
Where the forest fountains bubble;
Far above the flowering meadows.
Down on the green plain they 'lighted,
They would bathe them in the river.
So they doff their dainty dresses,
And their golden-bordered kerchiefs.
Doff, too, their green virgin-girdles,
And their Samodivas' bodice.
Stoïan drove his flock before him
Down the hill-slopes to the valley;
He surprised the Samodivas,
And he stole away their dresses.
Came the fair ones from the water,
Not a thread of clothes among them;
And all three did pray of Stoïan:

[1] *Chansons Populaires Bulgares*, No. 4.

"Stoïan, O thou youthful shepherd,
Give us back our clothes, O Stoïan!
Give us back our magic dresses!"
Not a thing would Stoïan give them.
Then the eldest thus conjured him:
"Give me back my dress, O Stoïan,
For I have but a step-mother,
A step-mother who would kill me."
Stoïan made to her no answer;
Back to her her clothes he rendered.
Then the second said to Stoïan:
"Give me back my raiment, Stoïan,
For I have at home nine brothers
Who would kill thee, who would kill me."
Not a word to her said Stoïan,
But he gave her back her garments.
Spake the third one then, Marika;
Thus and thus she said to Stoïan:
"Give me back, Stoïan, my garments,
Give me back my magic raiment;
I'm my mother's only darling,
I'm to her both son and daughter.
Hear my words, O Stoïan; seek not
For thy wife a Samodiva—
Samodivas are not thrifty,
Know not how to tend the children."
Gently then to her says Stoïan:
"Such an one have I been seeking,
Who's her mother's only daughter."
To his own abode he took her,
Dressed her in the garb of mortals;
Wedded too the Samodiva,
With St. John to be the best man.
Full three years they'd lived together,
When was born a son to Stoïan,
Who St. John had for his sponsor.[1]

[1] With the Bulgarians, as with the Greeks, the "best man" at a wedding becomes the godfather of the children of the marriage.

When the christening was ended,
Every one sat down and feasted.
Good St. John then took a fancy,
And he turned and said to Stoïan:
"Stoïánë, *kymtche*,[1] Stoïánë,
Play for me upon thy *gaida*;[2]
Dance thou, dance thou, my *kymítza*,[3]
The gay dance of Samodivas."
Stoïan played upon his *gaida*,
And began to dance Marika,
But she danced the mortals' *hora*.
Said St. John: "My dear *kymítza*,
Why dost thou not dance, Marika,
In the Samodiva fashion?"
"Good St. John, my worthy *kymtche*,
Ask, I beg of thee, my husband
That he give me back my raiment,
My own Samodiva garments,
Else I cannot dance their measure."
Stoïan let St. John persuade him,
For he deemed not she would leave him,—
Was she not his young son's mother?—
So he gave her back her garments.
Then Marika pirouetted,
Up the chimney swift ascended,
On the roof she poised a moment,
Whistled, Samodiva fashion,
Turned, and thus addressed poor Stoïan:
"Said I not to thee, O Stoïan,
Samodivas are not housewives?"
And she clapped her hands together,
Sprang aloft, and far she sailed
To the deep, green forests lonely,
To the haunts of Samodivas.

[1] The relationship between a sponsor and his godchild's father, for which we have, I believe, no equivalent in English: see p. 71, *σύντεχνος*.

[2] The Bulgarian bagpipes

[3] Diminutive of *kyma*, feminine of *kymtche*.

Bathed she in the virgins' fountain,
And, become once more a virgin,[1]
Wended homeward to her mother.

In the following song a class of spell aimed at the powers of Nature is evidently indicated. A similar power of commanding the elements was formerly, and is indeed at the present day, attributed to the Lapp magicians, both male and female, and possibly indicates such a partial community of race as is suggested for them in the Introduction. Shakespeare's witches, too, laid claim to power over the elements.

RADA CARRIED OFF BY A DRAGON.[2]

Rada went to fetch some water
From the Fountain of the Dragons.
As she homeward was returning,
On the way she met two Dragons,
Two fierce Dragons, flaming creatures.[3]
One goes by and harms not Rada,
But the younger stops fair Rada,
Slakes his thirst from out her pitcher.
Then he Rada thus addresses:
"Rada, Rada mine, my dearest,
Every eve you've come to see me
You have brought a brighter posy
Than the one you bring this evening."[4]

[1] The Greek Nereids possess also this privilege: "ἀναλαμβάνουσι λουόμεναι τὴν παρθενίαν τῶν."—POLITES, Μελέτη ἐπὶ τον βίου τῶν νεώτερων ἑλλήνων, 1871.

[2] Dozon, *Chansons Populaires Bulgares*, No. 8.

[3] *Ognenik*, a word derived from *ogœn*, fire, and consequently not identical with the monster called Δράκος in the Greek folk songs and stories, and rendered by some translators "dragon." See Dozon, as above.

[4] Referring probably to the offerings it is customary to make to the genius of the fountain before taking water from it.

Rada answered thus the Dragon:
"Dragon, Dragon, flaming creature,
Let me go my way, O Dragon!
Sick in bed my mother's lying,
Sorely does she pine for water."
Said the Dragon unto Rada:
"Rada, beautiful and youthful,
You may lie to any other,
But you'll not deceive a Dragon,
Soaring in aërial regions,
With keen eye the ether piercing.
I've just passed above your cottage.
There I saw thy mother sitting,
Thy wise mother, the enchantress.
She for thee did sew a garment,
To it divers herbs she fastened,
All the herbs which love do hinder,
Souls divide, and hatred kindle.
So that I may hate thee, Rada,
She has witched the woods and waters;
She has ta'en a living serpent,
In a cauldron new she's placed it,
Fire of thistles white she's lighted.
In the cauldron writhed the serpent,
Writhed and hissed he in his fury
While her spells thy mother chanted:
'As this serpent writhes in torture,
For the love they bear to Rada
Thus may writhe both Turks and Bulgars,
And the fiery Dragon hate thee,
So the Dragon, hating, leave thee.'
Since her spell has not availed,
Hence with me I now will bear you."
Hardly had the Dragon spoken
Than he seized upon the maiden,
Bore her up unto the welkin,
Bore her to the mountain summits,
Hid her in the darksome caverns.

The next song appears to open with a spell pronounced by the maiden's mother on the Sun before sending her to the fountain.

THE SUN BEWITCHED.[1]

"My two sorrows, griefs accursed,
Change yourselves to two dark storm-clouds,
Wing your way to highest heaven,
Bear with you the dust in whirlwinds,
Veil the moon's rays, veil the sunshine!"
Radka goes to fill her pitcher,
And the bright Sun comes to meet her.
Says the Sun, the Sun to Radka:
"Radka, thou bewitching maiden,
Would that God would slay thy mother,
Slay thy mother, the enchantress!
On the Sun has she cast magic.
Sun and Moon has she enchanted,
Forest wide, and fresh green herbage,
Witched the earth, and witched the water.
She has taken writhing serpents,
And with a white thorn transpierced them,
While she sang this incantation:
'As I pierce these writhing serpents,
So may youths transpierce their bosoms
For the sake of lovely Radka!'"

The idea contained in the following quaint little song would seem to be a reversal of the usual practices of the Samodivas in the presence of the infant Christ. As before mentioned, the visits of these nymphs to infants are considered particularly baneful, and are specially guarded against. In this case, however, not only are they powerless to do Jesus

[1] Dozon, *Chansons Populaires Bulgares*, No. 12.

harm, but for his service they perform acts utterly foreign to their nature. On the other hand, it may be that the *Naretchnítzas*, or Fates, are indicated under the name of Samodivas.

CHRIST AND THE SAMODIVAS.[1]

Shine, O Sun, thou little Moon, shine,
Light ye up the woods and mountains;
In the woods there is a convent,
Dedicate to St. Elias.
There's a cell within the convent,
And within the cell is Mary,
She who is of Christ the mother.
After that her Son was cradled,
Three days only she awaited
Ere she went forth from her dwelling,
On a golden shovel leant her,[2]
Silken swaddling bands to bring him.
To her babe when she returned,
Who beside him found she sitting?
In a row there sat three women,
Women who were Samodivas.
One for him a shirt was sewing,
One was knitting him a bandage,
One with coins did deck his bonnet.[3]

In the domestic songs we find not only step-mothers and step-daughters on the best terms with each other, but also daughters, mothers, and sisters-in-law giving mutual sympathy and counsel. Penka, the ex-brigandess, is an illustration of the *haidout*

[1] Dozon, *Chansons Populaires Bulgares*, No. 6.
[2] Referring to the Bulgarian custom described above.
[3] Against the evil eye?

women mentioned in a previous chapter as having accompanied their husbands or brothers to the mountain; though love of adventure, rather than necessity, seems to have been this heroine's incentive to don "manly garments."

PENKA'S ADIEU TO HER BRIGAND LIFE.[1]

Thus to Penka spoke her mother:
"Penka, treasure of thy mother,
Though but thy step-mother am I,
Yet I'd give to thee good counsel.
When the day comes for thy wedding,
When thou leadest the procession,
Bow thyself before thy sponsors,
And salute thy husband's parents,
Bow before his youngest sister,
Bow before his youngest brother.
See that thou thine eyelids raise not,
See thou look not to the mountains,
Lest the *svátobi*[2] imagine
Thou hast walked the hills a brigand."
To her mother answered Penka:
"I of thee would ask a favour—
Ask it also of my father,
That he give to me a tocher,
Give me back my manly garments,
Give me, too, my pair of pistols,
My own sabre bright Frank-fashioned,
And my good, long-barreled rifle.
Once again as man I'd wander,
Were't but two or three days, mother,
Were it but a few hours only.
Once more to the hills I'd hie me,

[1] *Chansons Populaires Bulgares*, No. 18.
[2] Plural of *sváti*, a matchmaker or go-between.

To the balkan [1] with the brigands.
There the gallant ones await me.
'Neath each tree there stands a hero,
And a standard in each valley."[2]
Scarce had Penka finished speaking,
When she donned her manly garments;
Pistols two she girded round her,
And her bright, sharp sword, Frank-fashioned.
To the stable dark she hastened,
Straight let out the well-fed courser,
On his back she girthed the saddle;
Penka to the hills betook her,
To the mountain of the brigands,
Bearing presents to the heroes.
To each one she gives a kerchief,
Folded round a golden sequin,
To remind her ancient comrades
Of the day when Penka wedded.

The method of winning back a faithless lover advised by Nedka's sister-in-law, in another song, is also recommended to a deserted wife by her mother-in-law. The latter tells her son's wife, who has been too much occupied with household duties to be able to pay attention to her personal appearance, to put on her gala dress, and to ornament her head, neck, and waist with a few pounds weight of silver jewellery, and so to regain her faithless husband's affections.

[1] *Balkan* signifies literally "mountain."

[2] These two lines recall the Greek klephtic song:

"For I have forty-two high peaks, and sixty-two fresh fountains,
And every peak a standard bears, and every branch a klephtë."

PASSOW, *Carmina*, &c., 131.

THERE'S BUT NÍKO IN THE WORLD.[1]

"Sister Neda, husband's sister,
Mother has convened a 'bee';[2]
She has also bidden thee;
Twice to thy home has she gone,
So that thou may'st surely come,
And thy people with thee bring—
Bring thy parents to the bee."
To her sister Neda said:
"Brother's wife, dear brother's wife,
I before thee am ashamed;
I am shamed, yet will I tell
Unto thee my sore distress.
For Nikólas is betrothed—
Yea, Nikólas, my first love—
Unto Stancha, down below.
It is not that she is fair,
Nor that she industrious is;
But that she is blithe and gay.
Heartily she greets the youths,
And a table for them spreads,
Where she bids them eat and drink
Dear is Níko still to me—
Five years we've each other loved;
Dear is Níko still to me;
To the bee how can I go?
All the girls will laugh and say,
'They who love are not betrothed!'"
"Husband's sister, sister dear,
Do not be distressed at this.
Bathe thyself—I'll comb thy hair;
Put thou on thy gayest dress,
Tie thy kerchief 'neath thy chin,

[1] *Chansons Populaires Bulgares*, No. 69.

[2] This Americanism perhaps expresses better than any other word a practice resorted to in Bulgaria and in some of the United States, when a number of hands are required to accomplish quickly some necessary household, or field work.

On thy head wreathe brightest flowers.
Take thy coloured distaff, too,
Bind around it whitest flax.
Come, and I will with thee go!
When unto the bee we come,
Pass, my sister, 'fore the girls,
Like a wether 'fore the flock;
Sit thou, sister, 'mid the girls,
Like the moon amid the stars.
Call and sing, yea, loudly sing,
Like two voices from one throat;
For, as you have lovers been,
There's but Niko in the world."

The next piece, which may serve as a specimen of Bulgarian comic song, shows the independent spirit often displayed by the Bulgarian women, but at the same time illustrates the former insecure state of the country.

THE IDLE REAPERS.[1]

They are going, going, gone,
Five young wives, five brothers' wives:
Going to cut the millet yellow.
When unto the field they came,
Said the eldest to the others:
"Sisters, let us rest and sleep
Till the sun's great heat be past,
Till the cooling dew shall fall."
Down they lay them, and they slept
Till their father-in-law appeared
With a waggon for the grain.
Now they looked at one another,—
What a scrape they all were in!
Said the eldest of the sisters:
"Open none of you your mouths;

[1] *Chansons Populaires Bulgares*, No. 81.

Leave the talking all to me."
When up comes the old papa,
Banteringly she him addresses:
"Hé! papa, you worn-out donkey,
Sowing fields so near the highway,
All day long have we been running,
Turks and Janissaries shunning,
Who have passed along the road!"

A warning to young wives not to neglect their personal appearance for the sake of household duties, would seem to be conveyed in the following song. The second bride had apparently no objection to replace a first wife who had lost her good looks, but declined to marry a man who had repudiated his former wife without what she deemed just cause.

THE TOILETTE; OR, THE HELPFUL STEP-MOTHER.

Marko thus said to Dafína:
"I, my dear, will now divorce thee,
For thou art not now so comely
As the day on which we wedded,
Nor when two years we'd been married."
Then to Marko said Dafína:
"My dear Marko, my dear Marko,
Do not cast me off, I pray thee;
Ever 'twas to me unpleasant
On the road to meet a widow,
Widowed, cast off by her husband.
But, my dear, bring hither rather
To our house the fair Todóra,
That she help me in my labour;
For 'tis more than I can manage.
Every day I heat five ovens,
Bread unleavened bake within them.
It is more than I can manage,

By myself to wash the linen.
If the washing I accomplish,
Then I leave undone the mending;
If, my dear, I do the mending,
Then I have not time to wash me;
If, my dear, I wait to wash me,
I can't plait my hair in tresses."
Marko yet would leave Dafína,
And he goes to take Todóra.
To the garden went Dafína,
There gave vent to bitter weeping.
"O, my flow'rets! O, my treasures!
Who did plant you where you're growing?
Who will, tell me, now transplant you?"
To Dafína said the mother:
"Daughter-in-law, my young Dafína,
Do not waste thy time in weeping.
Wash thyself, and I will comb thee;
I will plait thy hair in tresses,
On thy tresses I'll hang ducats.
Put thou on thy widest fringes,[1]
Cover thou thine arms with bracelets,
Dress thee, busk thee, in thy brightest,
Deck thyself in silk and woollen,
Deck thyself in gold and silver;
Then descend thou to the cellar,
Bring forth thence wine bright and ruddy,
Fill with it a yellow bottle;
Then go forth and meet the wedding."
As the mother bade, Dafína
Went to the *hammam* and bathed her;
Wove her hair in braids the mother,
On the tresses hung gold ducats.
Thus bedecked, in silk and woollen,
Forth she went to meet the wedding.
With his bride then came up Marko.
When Todóra saw Dafína,

[1] Part of the head-dress already described in Chap. X.

Thus she cried to her attendants:
"O ye bridesmaids, and ye bridesmen!
Ere I make the salutations,
And the numberless hand-kissings,[1]
I of you would ask a question:
Is that one the wife of Marko?—
She who's so exceeding handsome?—
Is she the divorced of Marko?
How, then, should he wish to wed me?—
Take me home again, I beg you."

[1] Referring to the custom already described (Chap. XI.) of the bride's kissing the hands of all the company on arriving at her husband's house.

CHAPTER XIV.

FRANK WOMEN: THEIR SOCIAL STATUS AND ACTIVITIES—FAMILY CEREMONIES—BELIEFS AND SUPERSTITIONS—AND FOLK-POESY.

As already mentioned in the Introduction, the women generally included under the designation of Franks, though descended chiefly from the Venetian and Genoese who settled in the country at different periods, have also in their veins the blood of nearly every European nation. Now, as at the time of the Turkish conquest, they chiefly occupy at Constantinople the quarter of Pera, and the so-called *Franko-mahallas*, or Frank quarters, of the principal cities and towns of the Empire. The Franks belong almost exclusively to the Roman Catholic Church, and their communities are generally clustered round the religious establishments—church, schools, orphanage, and hospital—of the Brothers of St. Benoît or the Lazarists, and the Sisters of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul. All live under the protection of the Consuls of one or other of the Great Powers, but belong to no country in particular, and in their utter want of national traditions, and consequently of national sentiment, form a striking contrast to the other native Christians. This community puzzled me greatly on first arriving in the country, as it no doubt has puzzled other

strangers, for, on inquiring the nationality of many of the people I met at Smyrna, I was informed that they were Catholics. "Are they French, or Italian?" I would further ask. "Oh, neither," would be the reply; "they are not Europeans; they are only Catholics." So I gave it up, thinking that perhaps time and experience might solve the mystery of Frank nationality.

As might be expected of people who are "only Catholics," neither the social morality nor the intellectual culture of the Franks is of a very high order. Being strict Papists, marriage is, of course, with them indissoluble, but, at the same time, considerable laxity of manners may be, and often is, indulged in without loss of social position. Though the majority of the Franks belong to the mercantile and professional classes, the want of refinement in their conversation is very striking; indeed, the coarseness of expression indulged in by the Franks of Salonica in the presence of children and young people could hardly be outdone by the Turks, who make no pretension to calling a spade anything but a spade. The girls' schools and orphanages are conducted by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul; and though these excellent and devoted women are above all praise in their care of the sick and the poor, they are naturally, from the peculiarity of their position and training, little fitted to raise the tone and enlarge the ideas of the girls committed to their charge. Though instructed fairly well in modern languages and needlework, a Frank girl leaves the school in which she has passed the most important years of her youth imbued with the most illiberal and bigoted

notions, and with interests and ideas restricted to the narrow limits of the conventual horizon. The female orphans, too, who are trained in these establishments mainly with the view of their obtaining employment in families as sewing-maids, though they are expert with their needles, do not, as a rule, prove satisfactory in other respects. For, as the punctilious performance of religious observances is generally substituted for a sound moral training, these girls, having no family ties, often become, when freed from conventual restrictions, very unsteady in their conduct, and consequently very troublesome in a household. On the other hand, they are encouraged by the Sisters to insist upon being allowed to attend the church services at all kinds of inconvenient hours. Under these circumstances, both Catholic and Protestant ladies are often unwilling to receive such servants into their houses. Indeed, one Frank-English lady, who had had considerable experience with servants of all nationalities, informed me that she had never known one of these convent-trained orphans to turn out well.

The foreign governesses, French, English, German, and Swiss, by whom the daughters of the wealthier members of this community are educated, can do little or nothing to counteract the effects of this early training and surrounding example, although they may impart a certain amount of outward polish to the manners of their pupils. The consequence of such a training is that the Frank women, though assiduous observers of all the outward forms of religion, good housewives,

most devoted mothers, and charitable to the poor of their community, are, as a class—though, of course, there are exceptions—devoid of honourable feeling and true refinement, and have, for the most part, no ideas or interests beyond their immediate surroundings, while the staple of their conversation is mere personal gossip in its most contemptible form. Like most Orientals, they are polyglots, and are usually acquainted, more or less imperfectly, with French, Italian, and colloquial Greek and Turkish, according to locality. Their conversation, however, is generally carried on in a strange compound of the three first-named languages, in which the verbs, pronouns, and prepositions are chiefly Greek, the substantives French or Italian, and the adjectives from all three languages in turn. On asking a Frank lady one day how her daughter was getting on with her music, she replied, "*Ο ἔκαμει progrès*" (she has made progress). And one may, for instance, hear such exclamations from them as "Κύτταξε *τή verdura τής montagnas, τὶ magnifique* ποὺ ἐναι!" (Look at the verdure of the mountain, how magnificent it is!)

In personal appearance, however, the Franks do not compare unfavourably with the other races of Turkey. They are usually elegant of figure, dark haired and dark eyed, with good complexions, and much vivacity of expression. Though many of the better class dress neatly and becomingly, an exaggeration of Parisian fashions is characteristic of Frank women generally; and it is said that, in order to meet native taste, a special style is designed every

season by the French houses which supply the shops of Smyrna and Constantinople. The modest black dress and lace mantilla are, however, still worn to some extent by the Frank matrons as a church-going costume.

The Protestant section of the Frank community are chiefly of English and Scottish extraction, though Swiss and Dutch names are to be found among them. Some few families are descendants of members of the various Companies of "Merchants trading to the Levant," who established themselves in Turkey in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The remainder, though later arrivals, have been settled in the country for many generations. They number some hundreds in Constantinople and Smyrna, where they inhabit the Frank quarter and the suburban villages. The so-called English have, however, intermarried with other Protestant residents, and also to some extent with the Catholics, and with Greek and Armenian natives; and, their descendants having again intermarried, it would be difficult to determine what proportion of British blood flows in the veins of many of those who bear English or Scottish names. A few are entirely ignorant of English, while the majority of those who retain the use of this language speak it with a curious twang, in which the accent is laid chiefly on the prepositions; and they frequently interlard their conversation with idioms translated literally from other languages, and also with words and expressions of corrupt Modern Greek. Every sentence, too, especially at Smyrna, is prefaced by them with the

word Καλή, which, though meaning literally "fine," or "good," is used as equivalent only to the English "I say."[1]

The Protestant girls at Smyrna are chiefly educated at the establishment of the German Deaconesses in the *Rue des Roses*, and by visiting masters and governesses. Some few are sent to school in England, but even these are seldom able to get rid of the habits contracted in their earlier girlhood, and, in spite of every educational advantage, the manners, conversation, and style of dress of the generality of these "English" ladies, especially at Smyrna, strike a stranger very oddly. Indeed, they struck me more particularly, I think, when, after an absence of a few years, I spent a day at Smyrna on my way back to Salonica. At Bournabat, where there is quite a little colony of these families, the ladies were—and, I suppose, are still—in the habit of going out walking without either hat or gloves, and, on their return, usually congregated outside the garden gates of the principal houses, which are all furnished for that purpose with seats of masonry covered with wood. Often, when going to pay a call, one would thus find the whole family in the road, and fulfil the social duty there. All the families are related and interrelated by marriage to a most complicated degree, and to this may perhaps be attributed the *sans gêne* of manners and dress into which they have fallen. To such an extent is this occasionally carried, that I

[1] It has occurred to me that this ejaculation may be a local survival of the invocation of Artemis under her designation of Ἡ Καλή—Ephesus, the ancient centre of the cult of this goddess, being only some thirty miles distant.

have known ladies belonging to the best families to present themselves at evening parties in cotton morning gowns and dressing jackets; and a wealthy lady of my acquaintance, who herself always went to church in a pair of native heelless slippers such as the Greek servants wear, sent her daughter to a ball in a printed muslin skirt and white "Garibaldi" jacket.

In winter the Smyrniote ladies pass a great deal of their time sitting at the *tandour*, an old-fashioned Turkish warming apparatus, which, though superseded elsewhere by American stoves, is still in great favour in this city. It consists of a four-legged, square deal table, with a shelf of the same size as the top, covered with tin, a few inches from the floor, on which stands a charcoal brazier. Over all is thrown a large quilt, which the ladies, sitting in the angle of the divan—found in every room in Turkey—draw over their knees and sometimes up to their shoulders. An amusing story is told at Bournabat *à propos* of this custom. An English traveller, arriving with introductions to one of the principal families there, was ushered into the marble-paved corridor, which, covered with a thick Turkey carpet in winter, is at all times a favourite sitting-room. Seeing his future hostess, with one of her daughters, reclining on the divan, and nearly hidden by the quilt, he fled precipitately, exclaiming to the son of the house, who had accompanied him from town, "Why, the ladies are in bed!"

The wives of many of our Consuls in the Levant belong to the above-described community, and when, as not unfrequently happens, these ladies add to

their knowledge of native languages and manners a large amount of tact and intelligence, they are able to exert a very beneficial influence in the localities where their husbands are stationed. In Turkey, legal and other matters are usually settled by the method known as *hatir*—favour, or interest; and, though there may not be "one law for the rich and another for the poor," as in more "advanced" countries, there is no law at all for those who cannot afford to pay for it. Accordingly, the poor and oppressed who are unable to plead their own cause before the authorities, Moslem or Christian, have recourse to the good offices of the *Consulesa* in all kinds of emergencies.

Sometimes it is a poor woman whose husband has been shut up for months without trial in a Turkish prison, pleading for intercession with the Pasha, or a widow who has been defrauded of her property, seeking justice. On another occasion it will be a Greek woman, who wants to be divorced from a drunken husband, and begs the Consul's lady to represent her case to the Archbishop. No *Consulesa*, perhaps, is more resorted to by persons of all creeds and nationalities in trouble than the wife of H.M. representative at Salonica, where the long unsettled state of the surrounding country gives rise to all kinds of abuses and acts of tyranny. Sometimes, however, the cases referred to her are of a somewhat comic character, and one I remember in particular afforded great amusement both to us and to the officers of the British man-of-war then lying in the bay. On this occasion, as on many others, the *hatir*

began with one of the servants, the faithful old Bulgarian housekeeper, Kyrà Maria, who came upstairs to inform her mistress that a young couple were below in the courtyard who had eloped from the village of which the butler was a native. On inquiry, it appeared that the parents of the girl had affianced her, against her will, to an elderly and wealthy suitor, and, to avoid being forced into marriage with him, she had run away with the youth of her own choice. There would probably be, in a few hours, a hue and cry after the runaways—would the Madama not do something to prevent the poor girl's being carried back by her parents and condemned to a life of misery? Every one's sympathies were naturally at once aroused, the girl was safely bestowed, and the Archbishop communicated with. Presently the angry parents arrived in quest of the fugitives, and, proceeding to the "Metropolis," as the archiepiscopal palace is termed, requested the aid of the Greek Primate in their search for their daughter, and the punishment of her abductor. Much to their surprise, his Holiness in reply read them a severe lecture on the wickedness and tyranny of their conduct in forcing the girl to marry for merely pecuniary advantages, when her affections were elsewhere placed; and he declared her absolved from her plighted troth. The good Primate then informed the parents that their daughter had obtained powerful protectors, and refused to inform them of her whereabouts until they promised to wed her to the youth of her choice, when he would himself officiate at the ceremony. The father and mother could not but

obey the spiritual chief of their community; and, a few days later, the happy couple again arrived at the Consulate, accompanied by the bride's parents, to take a grateful leave of their kind protectress before returning to their home. The bride, a pretty little creature, all smiles and blushes, dressed in the Macedonian peasant costume, was greatly admired by the English officers present, who all insisted upon shaking hands with, and congratulating, her and her husband, but were quite horrified when she attempted, native fashion, to kiss their hands in return.

The amusements of the Frank ladies differ little from those of the other native races. Chief among them is the promenade on Sundays and holidays, when the Franks of the capital flock in crowds either to the Petits Champs—an open space with an extended view over the Bosphorus—or to some favourite suburban resort on the banks of those wonderfully picturesque and historically interesting Straits. At Smyrna, the popular resort on these occasions is the broad new quay, which presents a most picturesque and lively, but at the same time most incongruous, scene. The festivals and holy-days of Jews, Moslems, and Christians—or even those of Greek and Latin Christians—rarely coincide. And while the dusty roadway and the gardens of the *cafés* in the background are thronged with Frank ladies in dainty silks and laces, and the Frank *jeunesse dorée*, in smart suits and wonderful collars and cuffs which would astonish a London "masher," the rest of the population of this "Petit Paris de l'Orient"—as I once heard a Frank term it—are pursuing their wonted avocations. The

horn of the tramcar conductor mingles discordantly with the notes of the band which is discoursing airs from the last French comic opera to the holiday-makers, who, seated on rush-bottomed chairs in the *café* garden, are alternately discussing ices, *rahat loukoum*, and their neighbours' toilettes. Every now and again a string of camels, laden with great bales of cotton, file past with their leisurely swinging gait, jostled by sturdy *hamals* (porters) bent under the weight of some quarter ton of merchandise for one of the ships in the harbour. At the various *scalas*, or boat-steps, stand groups of Greek watermen, vociferously placing at the disposal of the Asiatic and European crowd their *péramas*, which are dancing below on the glittering blue waters of the beautiful landlocked bay.

Sitting at their open doorways in summer, and at their windows in winter, is a no less favourite pastime with the Franks than with the other Christian women of Turkey. This practice is perhaps seen to greatest advantage at Smyrna, and forms a rather striking contrast to the usual rigidity of manners with regard to intercourse with strangers. For, though custom does not allow young women to receive in the house the visits of the other sex, they may, in the afternoons, hold *levées* at the windows. And the presence of the duenna is often a mere formality; for not only is she usually seated, cross-legged, with her knitting, in a comfortable corner of the divan in the background, but the conversation at the window is frequently carried on in some European language of which she is completely ignorant—so far in advance

of their parents are the younger generation of to-day.

During the Carnival, these window *levées* are also held in the evenings after dark, when gay parties composed of young men belonging to every nationality of this Asiatic capital roam the streets in disguise, giving notice of their approach by music, or merely by beating the primitive *doubana*, an earthen jar with a piece of parchment stretched tightly over the opening. The windows of the modern houses are about six feet above the street, and, below those which they find unshuttered and lighted, the masquers station themselves with offerings of flowers or bonbons for the fair ones, who, with elbows supported on the cushioned window-ledges, lean out above them, eager to discover their identity. This, however, is no easy matter, unless the disguised ones choose to give some clue. For these polyglot Orientals are generally able to speak the languages which accord with their costumes; and I was on one occasion puzzled for nearly half an hour by an "English" neighbour who had assumed the nasal dialect with the dress of a Greek Islander. Soon the party pass on to mystify others, and make room for fresh groups, perhaps still more fantastically attired—demons from the lower regions, Arabs from Mekka, Dervishes of all orders, and a hundred other disguises. Watching these wild figures in the dark, narrow Oriental streets, with their mysterious retreating gateways and overhanging upper stories, seen in the dim, uncertain light of the Chinese lanterns carried by the revellers, always transported me in fancy to the scenes of the stories

of the *Thousand and One Nights.* Nor was the illusion dispelled when the old Turkish watchman, in ample white turban and pelisse, and armed only with an iron-tipped staff and an old-fashioned lantern, passed on his round, regarding with calm contempt the incomprehensible pranks of the *Giaours.*

On the last Sunday of the Carnival this custom is also observed during the afternoon, when, however, daylight certainly deprives it of much of its interest and charm. One of the thoroughfares in which it is seen to the best advantage is the extension of the Rue Franque called "The Point." The street is thronged with a lively crowd on foot and in carriages, and open house is kept by the inhabitants for their friends from other parts of the town and from the suburban villages. The gaily dressed women and girls who occupy the open windows are besieged by a succession of visitors, and the very atmosphere seems sparkling with fun.

Women do not often take part in these masquerading excursions, and when they do so their destination is, as a rule, the house of a friend to whom an anonymous notification of the proposed call has been sent. These self-invited guests often find on arrival that not only have hospitable preparations been made for their reception, but that others have been asked to meet them, and the party generally terminates with an impromptu dance. At Salonica a Carnival project of this kind once afforded us considerable amusement. The house of a wealthy, but more than usually inhospitable, Greek resident was decided upon by a band of some twenty conspirators,

native and foreign, who were all sworn to secrecy. The victim was, of course, not informed of our intention, but a hint was conveyed to the local *restaurateur* that a supper might be required on a certain evening at very short notice. A secret, however, divided among a score of people did not naturally long remain one, and we soon heard, to our consternation and regret, that Mr. —— had taken to his bed and declared himself very ill! Instead, however, of relinquishing our project, we decided to make one of the chief conspirators, the Russian Consul-General, our host instead. On our arrival at the residence of this gentleman—all of us, both men and women, disguised in calico bags drawn over our heads and concealing our evening dress—we were most hospitably welcomed. The noisy barrel-organ which had accompanied us was dismissed; a band of Roumanian musicians, who had just arrived in the town, were sent for, as was also the supper; and we did not separate until past midnight.

The Franks, being, as we have seen, of such very mixed origin, have naturally neither national traditions nor folk-lore of their own. They, however, make up for the latter deficiency by borrowing largely from the superstitions of the lower orders of the people among whom they dwell, and particularly from the Greeks. For, as a general rule, the nurses of all the Christian children of the East are Greek women; and, whatever the mother-tongue of their parents, the first language the children speak is that of their *dádi*. These often devoted,

but seldom judicious, guardians early instil into the minds of their nurslings a respect for all the folk beliefs and observances in which they have themselves been nurtured; croon to them their quaint, ancient *nanárisma*, or lullabies; or delight their waking hours with tales of enchanted princesses, adventurous youths, and supernatural beings.

Franks, however, both male and female, figure in Greek folk-poesy. We have from Ioannina the song beginning as follows, and entitled—

YANNEOTOPOULA.[1]

O, thou Frank, thou Frankopoúla,[2]
Beautiful Yannotopoúla!
Who has said I do not love thee,
That in worn-out clothes thou'st dressed thee,
And in soilèd garb thou sittest?
Busk thee, busk thee, in thy gayest.
Come with me when evening cometh.[3]

And from Parga we have the following colloquy between a Greek mother and daughter concerning a Frank suitor:—

A FRANK I'LL NOT MARRY.

Over in Roïdo, in Roïdopoula,
A Frank fell in love with a Romeopoúla.[4]
To love him the Romeot girl could not bring her,
Though still in her ears thus her mother would ding her:
"Take him, my daughter: now be thou his dear,
And thou narrow trousers henceforward shalt wear."

[1] Daughter of Ioannina. [2] Daughter of the Frank.

[3] Aravandinos, Συλλογή, &c., No. 392; *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 150.

[4] A Daughter of the Romeots, the name by which the Greeks formerly designated themselves; see p. 31.

"*Mána*, I never will marry a Franko,
To hear his '*Per Dio*,' and his '*Ali mango*."[1]
"Take him, my daughter, he wears a tall hat!"
"I a Frank husband won't marry for that."
"Take him, my daughter, he's plenty of cash!"
"I don't want a husband who has no moustache!"
"Take him, my daughter, and wed now the swain;
You may, in three months' time, divorce him again!"[2]

The Franks have also found their way into the Greek mythological folk-lore, where they figure both in song and story, and, ignorant of, or neglecting, the precautions taken by Odysseús of old,[3] are said to be, with their ship, bewitched by the song of the Siren, as thus narrated :—

THE SIREN AND THE SEAMEN.

('Η Τραγουδίστρια.)

A maid was singing as she sat within a splendid window;
Her song was on the breezes borne away upon the ocean.
As many ships as heard her lay, moored, and made fast their anchors.
And one *tartána* of the Franks, that was of Love the frigate,
Furled not her sails upon the yards, nor yet along was sailing.
Then to his men the captain called astern, where he was standing:
"Ho, sailors! furl the sails at once, and climb into the rigging,
That to this charmer we may list, who sings so passing sweetly.
Hear what's the melody to which this rare song she is singing."

[1] "Περντίο καὶ ἀλλὶ μάγκο," the Greek form of two common Italian expletives. A Jew broker at Salonica, who hawked about curios for sale, made such frequent use of the former oath that it was finally given to him as a nickname, and I never heard him called by any other name. The derivation of the second is unknown to me. At Smyrna it is pronounced as one word, *alimanos*, and is generally used as an expression of dismay.

[2] Aravandinos, Συλλογὴ, &c., No. 404. Compare also Passow, Nos. 574 and 575.

[3] *Od.* xii. 39.

So sweetly on their ears then fell the warbling of the maiden,
The skipper turned his ship once more, and to the shore he steered it;
And on the masts the mariners were hanging in the rigging.[1]

Perhaps this song may not be an inappropriate conclusion to my account of the Christian Women of Turkey, symbolising, as it may, the fascination which folk-lore exercises on all those who have once fallen under its spell. And in another volume I hope to give some account of the Semitic and Moslem Women of Turkey and their Folk-lore.

[1] Aravandinos, Συλλογή, &c., No. 457.

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THE WOMEN OF TURKEY

PART II.

THE JEWISH WOMEN

CHAPTER I.

JUDAIC WOMEN: THEIR STATUS AND OCCUPATIONS.

THE Jews of Turkey belong chiefly to the two sects of the *Sephardim* and the *Ashkenazim*. The former includes all the descendants of those who, on their expulsion from Spain, found refuge in the Ottoman Empire; the latter, those of the earlier settlers in the country. They form considerable communities in all the cities and larger towns, but are seldom found established in the villages of the interior, agriculture not being one of their industries. The great Jewish centre in the Ottoman Empire is Salonica, where they form the majority of the population, their numbers being variously estimated at from 60,000 to 80,000. A colony of Jews appears to have been settled in this city from very ancient times, local tradition says from the time of Alexander the Great. The expulsion of the Jews from Spain in 1493 caused so great an influx at Salonica as to convert the former comparatively insignificant colony into the largest in existence. Here, more especially, the overwhelming numbers of the immigrants appear to have completely absorbed the native element; and the Judæo-Spanish idiom, which they brought with them, and which is written

in Hebrew characters, is now used both as the vernacular and literary language by the Jews throughout Turkey. Like the other subject races of the country, however, they are polyglots, making considerable use of Italian, as well as of their ancient Spanish, among themselves, and of Turkish and Greek in their relations with the other races.

Although the Spanish Jews, during the four centuries since their arrival, have in some degree become blended with the Oriental Jews, two types may still be recognised. The former, who are distinguished by the name of *Sephardim*, are of fairer complexion and have much more regular features than the Jews of Eastern origin, the result, possibly, of some foreign strain acquired during their long residence in the West of Europe. They have also the peculiarity of the high instep, as distinguished from the flat foot of the Oriental Jew, which, with their thick lips and certain other features, may, according to Mr. Stuart-Glennie, be due to an original cross with Negroes in their Arabian cradleland.

In places where the Jews form large communities, their quarter is almost as overcrowded as a London slum, many families among the very poor occupying one house, a practice which is quite at variance with the habits of the other native races. This is particularly noticeable at Salonica, where the Jewish quarter has encroached on the neighbouring Greek and French quarters; and side by side with a fine old mansion, belonging to some decayed Greek family, may be seen—though many of these disappeared in the recent disastrous fire—dilapidated

tenements, the upper stories of which are approached by outside staircases, and which teem with men, women and children.[1] In the other cities and towns of the Empire, however, where the Jews exist in less disproportionate numbers, their quarters present a less squalid and unsightly appearance. The dwellings of the wealthy class naturally occupy the main streets of the quarter, and are spacious and more or less showily furnished, while those of the foreign families—chiefly from Italy—who form the educated class of the community, resemble the houses of the European residents.

The Jewish *mahalláh* of an Oriental town is naturally, under such circumstances, dirtier and more malodorous than the quarters occupied by any of the other races of the country. Indeed, some of the Salonica streets were often, in the summer, simply impassable, so poisonous was the atmosphere, owing to the accumulations of refuse of every description thrown into them from the neighbouring houses. Yet even this state of insanitoriness is said to have its advantages; for, during the last visitation of the cholera to that city, it was remarked that, while the inhabitants of the highest and most salubrious quarters suffered severely, the lowest and most densely crowded Jewish streets escaped the malady. This curious circumstance was being commented upon by some residents, when one of them exclaimed that he

[1] Jewish houses now surround the ancient Hippodrome, the remaining caryatids of which are, according to local belief, females turned to stone by enchantment, and are named by the Hebrews *Las Incantadas*. This term is also used locally to designate the quarter at the south-eastern extremity of the city, where these ruins are situated.

saw nothing extraordinary in it—"The air was already so foul and so overcharged with effluvia that *the cholera could not get in!*"

Notwithstanding, however, the insanitary conditions under which these people live, and the poor food with which they content themselves, chiefly bread, salt fish, and leeks, they are, on the whole, strong and healthy, if we except the skin diseases from which the children, at least, are seldom free. The comparatively low rate of mortality is no doubt attributable to their fondness for being out of doors, which characterises all ranks and ages of the population at all seasons of the year, every species of domestic work which can be performed *al fresco*, being brought into the courtyard or to the doorstep. There the women and girls do their washing, making and mending; the mothers rock their cradles, and comb the little one's heads; and the children play, quarrel and indulge in their amiable national propensity of stone-throwing. Nor are these occupations of the women by any means performed in silence. The most ordinary conversation is carried on in the loud tones of lively dispute, and all talk at once in such an elevated key that a stranger might well fancy that they were perpetually quarrelling. The latter occupation, too, is by no means rare, and the Judæo-Spanish Billingsgate indulged in by some Rachels and Rebeccas on the wooden balconies of their houses in our neighbourhood occasionally became such a nuisance as to call for official interference.

Morally, as well as intellectually, the native Jews of Turkey may be said to be far more backward than

any of the other races. And perhaps in no country are they regarded with more antipathy, or treated with more contumely than in the Ottoman Empire. All kinds of crimes, both fictitious and real, are attributed to them, from the obligation never to transact business with a Christian or Moslem without cheating him, to the kidnapping of children for their mythical Passover rites. This common and widespread vulgar belief obtains great credence among the Moslems as well as among the Greeks of Turkey, and has occasionally led to serious riot and bloodshed, especially at Smyrna, where the Greek population is exceptionally turbulent. During my residence there the coincidence of a Greek child having been found drowned in the river Meles at Eastertide gave rise to a *Judenhetze* which might have assumed serious proportions but for the prompt action of the Ottoman authorities in dispersing the rioters. Greeks openly attacked Jews in the streets, and the assailed, not daring to retaliate, sought refuge in the *khans*, or courtyards, of the foreign consulates and mercantile establishments. Knowing nothing of the disturbance taking place in town, I happened to come in from Bournabat on that day with two other ladies to assist at a bazaar for the benefit of the schools attended by the children of the English railway employees. On arriving at the terminus we were told what had happened; but having obtained the services of a Turkish orderly as escort, we ventured to proceed to our destination. The streets of the Greek quarter of Ayia Sofía, through which we had to pass, were, however, still in a commotion, the inhabitants being all at their doors talk-

ing and gesticulating excitedly. Some of the men, too, bore unmistakable marks of having taken part in the fray of the morning, and one with a broken head was hurried indoors on our approach. An over-excited dame cried out on seeing us that we were "Hebrews (Ἑβραῖοι) who had got a Turk to protect us," and would doubtless have fallen upon us had she not been restrained by her neighbours, who, less blinded by fanaticism, recognised us as English.

The Christians generally allow no opportunity to pass of insulting the Jews, who, as a rule, submit humbly to this contumelious treatment, except at Salonica, where their superior numbers give them greater audacity, where Christians are concerned, though even there they are as abjectly servile before Moslems as in other localities. The very mention of a Jew is prefaced by a Greek with an apology for naming the race, as, for instance, "Μὲ συμπάθια σας (asking your pardon), I met a Jew to-day who," &c. The Moslems, on their side, treat this section of the subject population with unmitigated contempt; manifested, however, not as a rule in acts of personal violence towards them, but in scornful gestures and opprobrious epithets. A forcible example of this feeling is afforded in the story which will be found in a subsequent chapter. The grey-legged partridge applies the word *Tchifut*[1] to the murderers of Hassan and Hussein, the martyred sons of Ali, as it is "the most opprobrious epithet that can be given to any creature of Allah."[2]

[1] This common Moslem name for a Jew signifies "mean, avaricious."

[1] See Chapter on Moslem Folk-poesy.

The hostility manifested towards members of the Jewish race by their Christian neighbours is attributed by Hebrew apologists to religious fanaticism. I venture to think, however, that it is far more generally called forth by just aversion to the character and habits of the Jews. For, to the Moslem, a *Tchifut* is much below a Christian in the scale of humanity, although his creed is identical with that of Islam in its absolute monotheism. Indeed, the only people I know to be hostile to the Jews on purely religious grounds are the Roman Catholic natives of the Spanish Philippines, who have never come into personal contact with that race, and to whom, consequently, the Jews are simply the people who crucified Jesus. So fierce, however, is their fanaticism, that I was assured, when at Manilla, that were a Jew, known as such, to land in the island, he would be torn to pieces, or roasted alive, like the effigies of Judas on Good Friday Eve.

But though the status of the Israelitish race is low among the nationalities of the East, the social position of their women in the community, especially with regard to personal and proprietary rights, is greatly superior to that of the women of the native Christian races, and, in some respects, to that of the Moslem women. Ignoring this important fact, some writers on the Eastern Jews have bewailed what they assume to be the low position assigned to women by the Talmud, and deplored the fact that they are by that authority exempt, in company with "slaves and children," from the study of the law, and the rigid performance of its ritual. If one reflects for a moment on what the observance of

the two codes of Mosaic and of Oral Law entails upon men, it will at once be evident that a woman could not possibly fulfil half their requirements in addition to her household and maternal duties. The degree of seclusion to which Jewish women are subjected also varies, like that of the Christian women, according to locality and social surroundings. In the towns of the interior, especially in Asia Minor, where they may be subject to insult from their Christian and Moslem neighbours, Jewesses naturally go abroad as little as possible, and, like the women of other creeds, have no social intercourse with the other sex. In the seaport cities, however, of the Ægean the reverse is the case, the Jewish women of Constantinople and Salonica in particular being as much *en évidence* as the men.

In Turkey, as elsewhere, the internal affairs of the Jewish community are managed by the *Bethdin*, or Rabbinical Court. Their customs with respect to marriage and divorce have much in common with those of the Moslems, but in the matter of divorce are more favourable to the wife. For, though a Jewish wife cannot nominally repudiate her husband, except for a limited number of reasons, she may apply for a divorce to the Rabbinical Court, which, on finding her claim to be well founded, can compel the husband to divorce her. In such a case, besides returning to her her dowry and any other property of which he has had the usufruct, he pays to her a sum of money called the *Kethuba*, promised in the marriage contract, and to which she would have been entitled on his death. And though a widow does not inherit her husband's property, she has a right, so long as she does not claim

her dowry, or re-marry, to remain in the house of her deceased husband, and be supported by his heirs in the style to which she had been accustomed during his lifetime. A husband, however poor, is bound to support his wife, though she may, if so disposed, add by her own industry to the well-being of the family.

The Rabbinical law, like that of Islam, makes no distinction between legitimate and illegitimate children, so far as rights of maintenance and hereditary succession are concerned.

Early marriages are the rule among all Eastern Jews, though the obligation of a father to marry his children as soon as they attain what is considered a proper age, is not elsewhere so rigidly enforced as at Jerusalem, where, if a man of twenty remains unwed, he incurs the reproach of "causing the Sh'chinah to depart from Israel." Girls are usually married from the age of fifteen upwards, and youths become husbands at eighteen.[1] These early marriages naturally conduce to the maintenance of patriarchal customs. For the young couple, being still in a state of pupilage, and unable to provide for their wants, must remain in the paternal home; and it is no uncommon thing to find several married brothers living with their wives under the roof of their father, who delights in seeing a numerous progeny of grandchildren growing up around him. With those not in affluent circumstances, however, such a custom entails grave anxieties; and while fulfilling the precept "Increase and multiply," the head of the house is often worn out before attain-

[1] At Jerusalem marriage is entered upon at a still earlier age, girls being often but thirteen, and youths from fifteen to seventeen, when wedded.

ing his prime, and sees his wife grown prematurely old before she reaches her thirtieth year.

The Oriental Jews do not recognise the law of monogamy laid down by Rabbi Gershom in the twelfth century. As a rule, however, they are practically monogamists, being allowed to take a second wife without divorcing the first for two reasons only—namely, the fact of the latter being childless, or the mother of girls only. The first wife is, however, entitled to refuse to receive the second into the house in which she has been in the habit of residing, and as a second establishment entails a large additional expense, polygamy is, consequently, not common.

The social morality of the numerous Israelitish communities scattered throughout Turkey varies greatly. At Adrianople, for instance, it is very strict, a faithless wife being led for three successive days round the Jewish *mahalláh*, or quarter, and compelled to stop before every door to be spat upon and abused; and in others of the smaller towns the morals of the community are closely watched. In the capital, however, and also at Salonica and Smyrna, the reverse is the case, morals being very lax among all classes of the Hebrew population, and irregularities of all kinds being winked at even in the "best society." A few years ago, a Jew belonging to a well-known Salonica family, divorced his wife; and though it was an open secret that a bribe of £2000 from the second husband of the lady had prompted this step, no social odium appeared to attach to him among his co-religionists in consequence of his venality.

The perversion of Jewish women to Mohammedan-

ism is not of very frequent occurrence, Turks, as a rule, disdaining to marry Jewesses. The following is a peculiar case :—The wife of a Jerusalem Jew enjoying Austrian protection, fell in love with a Turk, and when he brought her before the Pasha, she declared her wish to become a Mohammedan. The loving, and consequently most miserable, husband had recourse to his Consul, and requested him to do his utmost to prevent his wife from becoming a convert to Islam. It happened, however, that there had been a flaw in the formality of her declaration—namely, that no dragoman from the Consulate had been present, and it was consequently null. After an interval, in which the lady had been instructed in the Koran by her lover, she was again allowed to make her declaration, all due formalities being observed. But, as the French say, "*Souvent femme varie, fol qui s'y fie;*" and the capricious fair one now declared that she could no longer respect Mohammed as a prophet, and desired to return to the house of her injured Jewish husband.

The Jewish type is too well known to require special description, and every species of it, both plain and comely, is to be found in the Ottoman Empire, though even the latter are marred by a certain absence of vivacity and gracelessness of demeanour. The ancient costumes, which all the native Jews continue to wear, are, on the whole, exceedingly picturesque and curious. They vary slightly according to locality, the head-dress worn at Smyrna being different in style and material from that worn at Salonica, where the costume is particularly ornate. Here, the married

women put away their back hair in a rectangular bag of silk or stuff, about twelve inches in length and three to four in width, the extremity being ornamented with embroidery, and terminated by a fringe, frequently of seed pearls. This bag is attached to a kind of cap, which covers the top of the head, round which fine muslin handkerchiefs are twisted, one of them passing under the chin, strings of seed pearls and gold coins being added for full dress. The costume consists chiefly of two or three gowns, or rather long, tight jackets, open from the hips downwards, worn one over the other, and full Turkish trousers. None of these garments meet at the throat, but leave the chest bare, or at most only partially covered by the gauze vests worn by the wealthy, or the coarse cotton gown which forms the under-garment of the poor. The materials vary, from printed cotton to the richest brocaded silk damask, but the designs are always similar —namely, wide contrasting stripes with flower patterns stamped over them. For outdoor wear, a long pelisse of dark red cloth, lined and trimmed with fur, is added, and over the head is thrown a fine white Turkish towel, with fringed ends, which does not, however, conceal the face. Handsome gold bracelets and a necklace of pearls complete the costume. Pearls are, indeed, a passion with Salonica Jewesses, who, whatever their rank, spend all the money at their command in these ornaments for their heads and necks. A Frank lady of my acquaintance, who had a Jewish nurse in her employment, tried to persuade her to save her money instead of thus investing it in a pearl necklace, but to no purpose; the woman would not be

content until she had some half-dozen or more rows of seed pearls round her throat. These ornaments do not, however, encircle the neck, but are merely some eight inches long, the rest being eked out with ribbon.

The costume of the Jewish women of Constantinople differs chiefly from that of Salonica in the substitution for outdoor wear of a short loose jacket, lined and faced with lambskin, swansdown, or squirrel, for the long red pelisse. The coiffure is also much more simple, being merely a *yemeni*, or large square kerchief of coloured muslin, painted with large flowers, and bordered, like the outer gown, with white *oya* lace. This lace border, though rather expensive—or perhaps for that reason—is indispensable. One side of the kerchief is brought low over the forehead, completely concealing the hair, and two of the corners fall over the shoulders behind. This head-dress, however, has only been adopted since the interdiction of the preposterous *chalebi*, formerly worn by the Jewesses of the Turkish capital. It consisted of a large ball of cotton wool, or linen rags, tightly compressed, which was placed on the crown of the head, and held there by one person while another wound round it, in complicated folds, a shawl or scarf, until it attained monstrous proportions, and completely covered the head of the wearer, whom it not only frightfully disfigured, but at the same time exposed to the derisive remarks of both Moslems and Christians. On one occasion, during the vizierate of Reschid Pacha, when the Chief Rabbi was paying his official visit at the Porte, the Minister signified to him that he would like to see a reform in the headgear

of the female portion of his flock. It was accordingly announced forthwith in all the synagogues that the *chalebi* was to be generally abandoned, and a simpler coif adopted. Great was the consternation among the matrons of Israel. Rigid conservatives in everything that related to their nationality, the old women wept and lamented as though about to lose a favourite child, and refused to abandon their beloved *chalebi*. But the Rabbi was bent on carrying out the orders of the Vizier, and he issued an anathema against it, and the hearts of the old women were overwhelmed with sorrow, for they saw in this innovation the presage of the ruin and decay of their sacred religion, and knew that a judgment must surely follow.

And so it fell out. For, not long after this anathema and the consequent abandonment of the *chalebi*, there appeared one night at one of the boat-piers on the Bosphorus a woman, draped in a grey veil, who stepped into a caïque, and when the boatman asked where he should take her, replied, "Row on." Arriving at another *scala*, he asked if she would land.

"Row on," was her only reply, and he took to his oars again.

This had occurred several times when it struck the boatman that his caïque shot through the water as lightly as if he carried no passenger. At length they arrived at the boat-pier of the Jews' village of Khasskeui, where the grey-veiled woman finally stepped on shore, and, turning to the boatman, said:

"Know that I am the Cholera, and that I have come to punish the Jews because their women have laid aside the *chalebi*."

And a fearful outbreak of cholera in this village was the result.

The coiffure of the Jewish women of Aleppo is a high, dome-shaped cap, made of silk striped in different colours, worn low on the forehead. From under it depends a quantity of false hair, either plaited in tresses or hanging loose over the shoulders. The *fotoz* affected by the Israelite ladies of Broussa, like that formerly worn in the capital, is an enormous cushion of parti-coloured stuffs, covered with jewels and strings of pearls, some of which hang in festoons over the cheeks. A veil of white muslin is worn over this out of doors, and the remainder of the dress is concealed by a *feridjé*, or cloak, differing in colour and also slightly in shape from that worn by the Moslem women.

Jewish women are not employed to any great extent as domestic servants by the better class of foreign and Frank residents, the great objection to them being that, no matter how urgently their services may be required, they insist upon spending the whole of the Sabbath in the bosom of their respective families. The lower wages which they will accept alone induces any one to employ them in this capacity. At Smyrna, Salonica, and other places, a number of Jewish women and girls now work in the cotton mills. But the managers of the silk factories at Broussa prefer not to employ them in common with the Christian and Turkish women, as the observance of so many different national holidays occasions great confusion in carrying on the work.

The amusements of Jewish women of the lower

class are, like those of the other natives, very few. The frightful noise they consider music, accompanied by equally discordant vocal performances, are among the chief. Such a *jumbūsh*, as it is called, when supplemented by eating and drinking, they seem, however, thoroughly to enjoy. If we add to these the rejoicings attendant upon wedding or circumcision ceremonies, and an occasional promenade, the list is, I think, exhausted.

Female education among the Jews of Turkey owes the little advance it has made, during the past twenty years or so, rather to the efforts of foreign members of the community than to the wealthy natives of the country, the larger section of whom are utterly devoid of liberal ideas and incapable of public-spirited action. This conservative party, who present all the worst features of the Jewish character, make use of the influence which their large fortunes enable them to exercise only to oppose any movement of the opposite progressive party, and are seldom known to use their wealth for the good of their poor neighbours. The establishment of girls' schools in all the large Jewish centres is therefore entirely due to the action of the European "Alliance Israelite," aided by the foreign Jews and the small section who take an interest in the well-being of their brethren. The school of Salonica owes its success in great measure to the able management and munificence of the Messrs. Allatini, and to the supervision exercised by the ladies belonging to the foreign Jewish families. In it many of the girls of the middle class are fairly well instructed, some of the mistresses being graduates of the Greek training

colleges. The course of lessons, it is true, is, as yet, but primary, but is quite sufficient for the present, and great attention is paid to plain needlework and embroidery, some very elaborate specimens being annually produced by the pupils.

When the resources of the institution are low, or some exceptional expenditure is necessary, funds are raised by means of an entertainment, in which all the principal inhabitants, both native and foreign, take part. For I need hardly say that the animosity towards the Jews above referred to, is *openly* manifested only by the lower classes, and as the Jewish and Moslem notables honour with their presence and contributions the annual gatherings and other entertainments for the benefit of the Greek schools, so the better classes of Greeks and the Moslem officials, whatever their private aversion, in their turn patronise the Jewish educational establishments. During the last years of my residence at Salonica, one of these entertainments took the form of a ball at the school-house. Dancing went on in the lower rooms, the apartments of the upper floor were reserved for cigarette-smoking, cards, and conversation, while refreshments and supper were served under the brightly illuminated trees and among the flower-beds of the garden attached to the school-house. The Governor-General, Dervish Pasha, and his son were present, and though they naturally did not condescend to join the dancers, moved about continually among them, and appeared to take a great interest in the proceedings. The Greek Archbishop made a distinguished figure in his tall cylindrical hat and black

robes, seated side by side with the Jewish Khakham Bashi, or Chief Rabbi, in black and white turban. Ball dresses, however, were conspicuous by their absence; for, aware that the entertainment was to be partially *al fresco*, the European ladies had avoided low dresses, and many of the Salonica Jewesses, who had subscribed their *liras*, presented themselves in their brilliantly coloured native costumes, profusely adorned with seed pearls and gleaming with diamonds.

The work of the Church of England and Scotch Presbyterian Missionaries to the Jews in the East is mostly educational, and the ladies attached to these missions conduct girls' day-schools, which are tolerably well attended. Their pupils, who belong chiefly to the middle classes, receive elementary instruction in their own Hispano-Hebraic tongue, and are also taught French, needlework, and New Testament history. But though the girls become well versed in the Gospel narrative, the influences to which they are exposed at home make conversion impossible; and many parents who could well afford to give their daughters a good secular education, gladly avail themselves of the facilities afforded by the mission schools for obtaining this education at a cheap rate, without any fear of the religious success of the missionaries. Indeed, a lady connected with the Scotch Mission at Salonica once remarked to me, "that it seemed rather absurd to give an almost free education to girls who could come to school wearing handsome gold jewellery."

Like the Greek and Armenian ladies of the cities, Jewish women of wealth and education devote a con-

siderable amount of time and money to the advancement of education among their co-religionists and to the amelioration of the condition of the poor. The highly efficient *Société Charitable des Dames* of Constantinople distributes blankets and other necessaries to the destitute, provides poor girls with dowries, nurses for maternity and other cases, takes charge of orphans, and obtains employment for poor women and girls. And in addition to this and similar organisations, many private efforts are also made to mitigate the extreme poverty which prevails in many of the great Jewish centres of the East.

CHAPTER II.

JUDAIC WOMEN: THEIR FAMILY CEREMONIES

JEWESSES generally have large families, and even the poorest rejoice in the birth of successive children, especially when they happen to be boys. The Jewish observances at births offer a striking contrast to those of their Christian and Moslem neighbours. On such occasions, relatives and friends gather in numbers round the expectant mother, making every effort to amuse and distract her. In some towns, such as Adrianople, these events are made the occasion of festive gatherings, when friends of both sexes assemble round the sick couch, and pass the time with music and dancing.

The child is named without any special ceremony, and, if a boy, is circumcised on the eighth day. Like the Greek baby before baptism, the Jewish infant must be carefully watched until this ceremony has been performed, and especially on the day preceding it. For Ashmedai, the chief of the *Shedim*, or demons, is believed to be lying in wait to stifle the child if left for a moment unguarded. Sponsors are chosen, and a feast is prepared, to which a number of guests, including the Rabbi, are invited. At the table a cover is laid, and a seat left for the prophet Elias, who will it is hoped, honour the ceremony with his presence.

The godmother carries the baby to the door of the room in which the rite is to take place, and there delivers it to the godfather, who holds it during the ceremony. The child is then carried back to its mother, and the rest of the evening is dedicated by both the mother's and the father's party to that combination of noisy revelry and discordant sound comprehended under the Jewish term *jumbūsh.*

On the thirtieth day after the birth of the first male child the ceremony of "redeeming the first-born" is observed. The father invites his male relatives and friends, together with the Rabbi, to take part in the ceremony, and the mother receives their women-kind in her own apartment. Before the supper, with which the proceedings commence, is over, the baby is brought to its father, who, transferring it to the arms of the Rabbi, places on a tray a number of silver pieces. Then addressing the priest, he says, "This is my first-born; I desire to redeem him according to the commandment of God, written in the book of the Law" (Ex. xiii. 2; Numb. xviii. 16, 17). The Rabbi responds, "Dost thou indeed desire to redeem this thy first-born son?" to which the father replies, "I greatly desire to redeem my son, and this is the redemption money according to the law of Moses." The Rabbi takes the money and returns the child to its father, who, holding a cup of wine in his hand, returns thanks to God for permitting him to behold this joyful occasion. When both the Rabbi and the father have partaken of the wine, the former takes up the tray containing the coins, and, holding it over the baby's head, says, "This is instead of this; this is in ex-

change for this; this is redemption of this; and may this child be well instructed in our holy law, enter in due time into the marriage state, and at the last be found full of good works. Amen." The ceremony concludes with a blessing on the child, pronounced by the Rabbi in these words: "The Lord make thee like Ephraim and like Manasseh; may long life and peace be granted thee; may the Lord keep thee from all evil, and may He preserve thy soul."

The supper is then proceeded with, and the evening is given up to festivity, enlivened by the performances which do duty among the Jews for singing and music.

A Jewish girl is under no obligation to marry the person chosen for her by her parents, but enjoys full liberty to reject any candidate for her hand who may be distasteful to her. As there are, however, always some pecuniary matters to settle in connection with the affairs of marriage, the match is usually made up by third parties, parents or relatives, subject to the formal consent of the principals.

In Europe, generally, and also in America, conformity with civil laws of the country in which members of the Jewish nation are domiciled has led to some modifications of the Hebrew marriage law and the ceremonies attendant upon weddings. In the Ottoman Empire, however, where each community among the subject races regulates its internal affairs without reference to the civil laws of the ruling race, the Jews have retained their

ancient marriage laws intact, and all the ceremonies attending their fulfilment are still scrupulously observed.

The ceremonies connected with Jewish weddings are three: the engagement, the betrothal, and the final marriage rite.

A betrothal, according to the Rabbinical law, is not merely a promise to marry, but is looked upon as an initial part of the final wedding ceremony. Though this contract in itself is a civil one, it is usual for a Rabbi to pronounce a blessing upon it. The religious part of the ceremony consists chiefly in the recital of certain formulas appointed by the Ritual Law for the occasion, called *Berachoth Nissu-in*, or Nuptial Blessings. They allude to the divine institution of marriage, and invoke the benediction of the Lord upon the couple. The presence of at least ten persons is required at both a betrothal and a wedding, in order to give the act publicity and solemnity. At the betrothal, the amount of the bride's dowry, the terms of the *Kethuba*, and the date of the wedding, are discussed and settled. Great importance is attached by the Oriental Jews to the *Kethuba*, which, like the *Nekyah* of the Moslems, hereafter described, settles upon the bride a sum of money, to be paid in case of divorce. Considering the facilities for divorce possessed by a Jewish husband, this arrangement appears a very wise one. For the fact of his being compelled to transfer a considerable sum of money to his wife on divorcing her, proves, as it was intended, an effective means of protecting her against unjust and arbitrary dismissal from her husband's roof.

The following is a translation of the original form of the *Kethuba*, in which the marriage-contracts of the Eastern Jews are, I believe, still written. It confers, as will be seen, considerable personal and proprietary rights upon the wife, and also testifies to the honourable position assigned to her in the family.

"On —— (date), in the city of ——, M——, the son of ——, said to the virgin ——, daughter of ——, 'Be thou my wife, according to the laws of Moses and of Israel, and I will work for thee, and I will hold thee in honour, and will support and maintain thee, in accordance with the customs of Jewish husbands, who work for their wives, hold them in honour, and maintain them. I will, furthermore, set aside the sum of two hundred silver denarii to be thy dowry, according to the law, and, besides, provide for thy food, clothing, and necessaries, and cohabit with thee, according to the universal custom.'

"The virgin ——, on her part, consented to become his wife. The marriage portion which she brought from her father's house in silver, gold, valuables, clothes, &c., amounts to the value of ——. M——, the bridegroom, consented to add to this amount from his property the sum of ——, making in all ——. He furthermore declared: 'I take upon myself and my heirs the responsibility for the amount due according to this *Kethuba*, and of the marriage portion, and of the additional sum (by which I promise to increase it), so that all this shall be paid from the best part of my property, real and personal, such as I now possess, or may hereafter acquire. All my property, even the mantle on my shoulders, shall be mortgaged for the

security of the claims above stated, until paid, now and for ever.'

"Thus M——, the bridegroom, has taken upon himself the fullest responsibility for all the obligations of this *Kethuba*, as customary in regard to the daughters of Israel, and in accordance with the strict ordinances of our sages of blessed memory; so that this document is not to be regarded as an illusory obligation or as a mere formal document.

"In order to render the above declarations and assurances of the said bridegroom ——, to the said bride ——, perfectly valid and binding, we have applied the legal formality of symbolical delivery."

As the affairs of marriage come under the category of legal transactions, Jewish weddings never take place on the Sabbath day or on festivals. In former times also it was forbidden to celebrate marriages on the anniversaries of great national calamities, such as the destruction of the Temple. Though these days are no longer observed as days of mourning, popular superstition still considers these periods as unlucky for weddings, especially that between Sasach and Shabuoth, with the exception of some single days. This observance has, however, been shown to have had a pagan origin, and to be identical with a belief current among the Romans, that a marriage during the month of May would portend ill luck to the couple.[1]

The weddings of the Jews, like those of all other

[1] Rabbi Dr. Landsberger in Geiger's *Judische Zeitschrift, &c.*; Mielziner, *Jewish Law of Marriage*, p. 64; and comp. Bayle, *Pensées Diverses*, § 100; and Scott, *Third Letter on Demonology and Witchcraft*, p. 104.

Oriental nations, are very lengthy and tedious proceedings. When residing at Salonica I was invited to one of these ceremonies, among the other guests at which were the wives of the French and Italian Consuls and several English naval officers. A considerable proportion of those that were bidden, including our party, assembled at the home of the bride, who belonged to one of the wealthiest families among the native Jews. Here we were entertained with music and light refreshments, and for the space of an hour or so joined in the dancing, all of which was of a European character. Presently the bride, who, decked in French finery and loaded with jewels, had meanwhile been seated in state on a divan, was led by several matrons towards the staircase, and all the company followed into the courtyard and thence to the street.

"What is going to happen now?" asked one of the officers.

"They are going to take the bride home in procession. Will you join them?"

"By all means. Let us do the thing thoroughly," was the reply. So we took our places in the throng, and in the hot summer afternoon followed the bridal party in its slow progress over the excruciating pavement and through the dust and smells of various streets of the Jewish quarter, till we arrived at the paternal abode of the bridegroom, a large old house in one of the principal thoroughfares. Entering with the rest, we followed the bride upstairs to the *sala*, or great central hall, on the upper floor, and thence into a reception-room at the farther end, which was already

half filled with Jewesses, mostly in gorgeous native costumes, sitting packed closely together in rows. Of the two alternatives of standing together and sitting apart which immediately presented themselves, my friends and I, wisely considering the length of the ceremony, chose the latter. That is to say, we ladies did, for etiquette seemed to demand that the male guests should not venture beyond the threshold; and I fear that I highly scandalised some of the good Hebrew matrons by occasionally exchanging a remark with some of the gentlemen of our party from my seat just inside the door. The bride had meanwhile been conducted to a seat under a canopy of yellow silk, which was fixed to the centre of the wall to the left of the doorway. How long we sat in that crowded room I cannot say; it seemed hours to me. During this interminable period of waiting for the bridegroom, who had been escorted by his friends to the synagogue for the performance of the customary prayers, the Jewesses sat and fanned themselves, now and then making a whispered remark to each other, and the men walked up and down the *sala* outside, smoking cigarettes. At last was the cry raised, "Behold the bridegroom cometh!" and there was a movement of the men towards the top of the staircase, and a general flutter and stir among the maids and matrons around me. Room had to be made for the new arrivals, and in the packing which ensued I presently found myself at the other side of the room, but near the canopy and in a good position for witnessing the ceremony. The bridegroom now entered, accompanied by the Rabbi, and by his male

relatives, some, like himself, in complete Western costume with the exception of the fez, others in the variously coloured robes of the East, and took his place under the canopy by the side of a table, on which stood a flagon of wine and some glasses. The Rabbi, over whose head was thrown a *talith*, or scarf of white silk, took his place on the other side, and the bride, rising from her seat, was led three times round the bridegroom, a ceremony which is held to refer to the saying of Jeremiah that "The woman shall compass a man." The pair then stood facing each other opposite the priest. The latter filled one of the glasses from the flagon, and, holding it in his hand, repeated a prayer, alluding to the holy character of the ceremony, and invoking the blessing of the Lord on the couple. This concluded, he handed the cup to the bride and bridegroom in turn, and when each had taken a sip of the contents, the man placed on the girl's finger a ring, saying, "Behold, thou art sanctified to me by this ring, according to the law of Moses and of Israel."

Then followed the tedious process of reading aloud the *Kethuba*, or marriage contract, before mentioned, which is performed by the priest, all the company standing meanwhile. When this document had been signed by the bridegroom and the witnesses, the Rabbi took another glass of wine, and, holding it in his hand, pronounced over the wedded pair the "Seven Blessings." The contents of this glass were also partaken of by the couple, and an empty glass being then placed on the floor, the bridegroom stamped on it with his boot until it was crushed to

atoms. This ceremony, if reverently and decorously performed, would probably not lack impressiveness. As it was, however, the indescribable flippancy and carelessness with which its details were carried out entirely deprived it of any solemnity, and rendered them simply absurd and meaningless forms. In some parts of the East, Jerusalem for instance, the bride steps three times over a dish containing two live fishes, the emblems of fruitfulness, as the witnesses to the marriage pronounce the same number of times the command, "Be fruitful and multiply."

It is customary for wealthy Jews to make charitable bequests on their death-beds, for, among them, as among the Moslems, almsgiving is considered one of the most meritorious acts that man can perform. When a person is believed to be approaching his end, his friends entrust to him messages for Abraham, Isaac, Rachel, Jacob, Joseph, and other patriarchs and prophets. Prayers are also read by his relatives, and at the moment when he is believed to be about to expire, the bystanders, who stand facing him, repeat solemnly the words, "The Lord reigneth, the Lord reigneth, the Lord shall reign for evermore. Blessed be the name of His glorious kingdom for ever and ever. The Lord is the only God. Hear, O Israel, the Lord is one God, the Lord is *One*." Care is taken that the last words, which contain the essence of the Jewish faith, shall be uttered at the moment when the last breath is drawn.

When all is over, the spectators rend their clothes, and the women give vent to loud wails and cries of

distress. The corpse is almost immediately removed from the bed, and laid on straw spread on the floor. The face is covered with a black cloth, and lighted candles are placed at the head and foot, in order that the soul, which is believed to tarry with the body until the first clod of earth has been cast upon it, may do penance by contemplating the tenement of clay in which it has so often sinned. Soon arrive the "washers of the dead," who, after performing the usual ablutionary rites, pour upon the corpse ten measures of water, and carefully pare the finger and toe nails. The body is then completely dressed in linen, and enveloped in a linen shroud, and with the *talith* thrown over the head, laid in a rough deal coffin. When this has been done, relatives and friends again assemble around the bier, some among whom proceed to relate the events of the life of the deceased in a kind of chant, not scrupling to remind those present of their faults or shortcomings towards him, their groans of contrition not being allowed to interrupt the recital.

Paid mourners are only employed by the wealthy, and their frightful cries are continued as the corpse is borne to the burial-ground. The funeral takes place on the day of decease. As the procession takes its way to the cemetery outside the city, every Jew who may pass swells its numbers, and as it advances the coffin is twice deposited on the ground, while the mourners repeat the ninety-first Psalm in order to drive away evil spirits from the dead.[1] When a Rabbi of repute is being carried to

[1] Evlya Effendi relates in his *Narratice* that Sabáh Sabáh, a saint-fool

the grave, women may be seen to rush forward and place in the open coffin letters which they believe he will be able to deliver to their departed friends.

Arrived at the cemetery, a funeral address is delivered by the Rabbi, the mourners walk seven times round the grave, reciting verses from the Psalms. Fragments of earthenware are placed on the eyes and mouth, in order that the deceased may not behold the misdeeds of those he has forgiven on earth, nor accuse his abusers before God. A pillow filled with the sacred soil of Jerusalem is laid under the head, the coffin is covered merely with a rough plank and lowered into the grave, which is then filled up, each of the mourners casting into it three handfuls of earth. The ceremony is terminated by a prayer, recited by the officiating Rabbi, in which he acknowledges the justice of God even in inflicting death. As each of the spectators turns away, he tears up from the ground a handful of grass, which he casts behind him, and, on leaving the cemetery, he makes the threefold ablution, repeating meanwhile some verses from the book of Deuteronomy.

The Rabbi and a few intimate friends accompany the mourners home to partake of a funeral supper. At this repast seven different kinds of food, hard-boiled eggs, and fruits are served, and as each course

well known in his day at Constantinople, meeting a Jewish funeral, joined the procession. On the Jews protesting that they were burying one of their own people and not a Moslem, the fool so kicked and abused them that they dropped the coffin and left him master of the situation. Being, however, superstitiously afraid that if a Moslem pass under or over the corpse of one of their race he will become a wizard or a devil, they plucked up courage to return, and made peace with Sabáh at the price of some piastres (Part ii. p. 28).

is placed on the table it receives a separate blessing from the Rabbi.

In the room in which the dead person has breathed his last, a lamp is kept continually burning for seven days and nights, and near it are placed a vessel of water and a towel, that the Angel of Death may with them cleanse his sword which has been stained with the blood of the dead man. The family remain indoors for seven days, seated, unwashed and shoeless, on the floor, their only occupation being to read passages from the Book of Job, or from the Lamentations of Jeremiah. During this period the men abstain from their usual avocations, and the women from gossiping at their doors, those of the poorest class being supported meanwhile by friends and neighbours, or by the wealthy members of the community. Friends arrive to pay visits of condolence, who greet the afflicted ones with the words: "The Lord comfort you, together with all the mourners of Zion." For thirty-one days subsequent to the death the men of the family go daily to the synagogue to perform the *Kaddish*. Great importance is attached by the Jews to this prayer, which must be recited by a male relative, a son if possible, its performance by a woman being inadmissible. This is one of the reasons why the Jews are so anxious for male issue, and it is not unfrequent for a man to adopt a son solely in order that he may perform the *Kaddish* for him after his death. If a person leave no heirs, he frequently bequeaths a sum of money to the synagogue in order that the *Kaddish* may be recited by the Rabbis for his benefit.

The Jews make no change in their dress on the death of a relative, but merely rend a slit about three inches long in their upper garment. This sign of mourning is worn ten days for a son, and for a father, six weeks.

Burial in the Holy Land is ardently desired by every devout son and daughter of Israel. The reason for this aspiration among the Eastern Jews is the superstitious belief that if one of their race is buried elsewhere, the angels will afflict his body, which will also be compelled to roll underground until it reaches Jerusalem, a journey occupying forty years. In order to compromise the matter, and avert this punishment, a bag of earth brought from the Holy City is, as before-mentioned, placed in the coffin.

The Turks tell the following story of what befell a Jewish corpse on its way to Palestine.

A legal dignitary of Constantinople was one day embarking with his suite for Jerusalem, where he had been appointed kadi, or judge, when, just as the anchor was being weighed, a Jew of his acquaintance came on board with two baskets, which he begged the functionary to take charge of, and deliver to his brother on arriving at the Holy City. The great man consented, and told one of his people to look after the Jew's property, and see that it reached its destination safely.

A day or two afterwards, the Kadi's servant took a fancy to see what the baskets contained. Unfastening the canvas which covered the top, he found a quantity of *pastourmá*,[1] and being extremely partial to that

[1] Smoke-dried meat.

delicacy, he cut off a piece, and ate it with much relish. Indeed, the meat was so appetising that he tried a second and a third piece, and, before long, had finished the contents of the two baskets.

As the ship neared Jaffa, the Kadi's servant began to feel a little uneasy about the *pastourmá*, but he consoled himself with the reflection that he could pay the Jew for it, or make up to him the value in some other way. When they arrived at Jerusalem, a Jew appeared at the konak, and asked for the baskets. The Kadi's servant, beckoning him aside, said: "I want to speak to you. A regrettable accident has happened to your property—in a word, I have eaten the *pastourmá* which was in the baskets. Tell me what price you put on it, and how you would prefer to be paid."

At these words the Jew began to howl and tear his beard, and a crowd collected round them.

"What is the matter, *tchifut?*" asked one.

The Jew ceased for a moment his tears and howls, and left off plucking his beard; then suddenly began to beat his head and pull his beard afresh, and with a shout seized the other by his collar, and haled him before the Kadi, his master.

"What hast thou taken from this man?" asked the judge of his servant.

"*Effendi*" (Sir), he replied, "this is the Jew to whom the two baskets were consigned. They were full of delicious *pastourmá*. I ate a little of it every day, so that by the time we reached Jaffa it was all gone. I have explained the matter to him, and offered him the price; but this Jew, instead of accepting my proposal, tears his hair and his beard, and drags me to court."

"Speak, Jew," said the judge; "what is thy claim?"

"*Effendi*," replied the son of Israel, "this man has perpetrated a grave crime with what was on the vessel."

"Go on," said the Kadi, "let us hear all about it."

"*Effendi*, my father, as your worship knows, was a rich merchant. When ill, and on the point of death, he charged my brother solemnly to bury him at Jerusalem. As the easiest way of transporting his body, he had the flesh separated from the bones, made into *pastourmá*, and put into baskets. When I reclaimed this paternal *pastourmá*, I found it all eaten —all, even to the very last mouthful."

"You held your sire cheap," said the Kadi, "thus to transport him free of charge, like a basket of fruit. The goods were perishable; and my servant, in offering you the price of the *pastourmá*, has done all that could be required of him."

It is no unusual thing for aged Jews of both sexes to leave home and children in order to pass their last days at Jerusalem, and, by dying there, ensure burial in its sacred soil. While I was at Salonica, an old couple arrived there from Uskub with this object, and having known Mr. and Mrs. Blunt during their residence in this inland town, they called at the Consulate-General to pay their respects. The venerable pilgrims were accompanied by all their near relatives, children and grandchildren, who had escorted them thus far to bid them, on embarking, an eternal farewell.

Wealthy and heirless widows often go to Jerusalem, where they purchase the right to reside by the payment

of one year's income to the Rabbis. On dying they bequeath their wealth to the *Khakhams*, in order that they may perform for them the *Kaddish* prayer, and light a taper on the anniversary of their death.

For the majority, however, burial at Jerusalem, though so ardently desired, is unattainable, and happy is he considered who obtains sepulture on the Asiatic shore of Turkey. This is deemed next best to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, for the bodies here interred will rise at once on the Day of Judgment without the before-mentioned painful journey underground. Those who have vowed to make a pilgrimage to the Holy City, or resolved to proceed thither to die, but have been prevented by circumstances, are entitled to burial in Asia. The Jewish cemeteries on the eastern side of the Bosphorus are consequently overcrowded with the graves of those who have been brought from the European shore.

Jewish cemeteries can be at once distinguished from those of the other native races by the large horizontal slabs of stone or marble which cover the graves. These slabs are occasionally adorned with sculptured flowers and gold arabesques in high relief. The representation of a chair seen on some signifies that the occupant of the grave is a youth or maiden who died after betrothal and before marriage. No one appears able to explain the connection between the chair and this circumstance. "It is an old custom," the Jews reply, when asked its meaning.

In the old disused Jewish graveyard of Egrikapou, at Constantinople, is a large circle, surrounded by moss-grown stones, in which, according to tradition, were

formerly buried "those slain by the Sultan." Here, as elsewhere, the shadows of legends and traditions play around the tombstones. One, which has a pillar at each corner, occupies such a position that they rise into the air like the feet of an overturned dish. This stone has often been raised and secured firmly in its place; but on the following morning is found to have returned again to its former position. Another tombstone, which covers the resting-place of a pious Rabbi, bears the impression of two hands on the white marble, and the name of *La pietra de los Malachim*, "The Stone of the Angels." The popular tradition says that angels raise up the Rabbi when he wishes to visit the throne of God, and let him sink gently down again when he is ready to return to his grave.

With regard to the future life, the Rabbis teach that the souls of those who have kept both the written and the oral law to the best of their ability are consigned for a period not exceeding eleven months to a kind of purgatory, from which they may be released by the prayers and almsdeeds of their friends on earth. "Israelites," however, according to one of these authorities, "who sin with their bodies, and also Gentiles, descend into hell, and are judged there for twelve months. After the twelve months their bodies are consumed and their souls are burnt, and the wind scatters them under the soles of the feet of the righteous. But unbelievers . . . . who have denied the law or the resurrection of the dead . . . . all such go down to hell, and are judged for ever."[1] The *Kaddish*

[1] *Kosh Hoshanah*, fol. xvii. 1, translated by MacCaul in *The Old Paths*, p. 298.

prayers, and also the periodical wailings of the women for the dead, are, consequently, performed for eleven months only, as to continue them for twelve months would imply a belief on the part of the mourners that their departed relatives could not be numbered among the righteous. On the anniversary of a death, a taper is lighted in honour of the deceased. The days preceding the Passover are specially dedicated to wailings at the tombs. Groups of red-cloaked and white-veiled women may then be frequently seen following a dark-robed priest across the wide intervening space between the old battlemented walls and the City of the Dead without, and making their way among the flat slabs which mark the resting-places of thousands of departed Israelites. Arrived at the spot they seek, they give utterance to wild cries and wails, which increase as their leader recites the prayers and passages of mournful import appointed for such occasions.

The *Kaddish* prayer is performed once a week at the going out of the Sabbath, that being the hour at which the souls of parents are believed to return to their place of torture, from which they are redeemed by the petition offered in public by a son. During the Feast of Tabernacles mention is made in the evening devotions of the souls of departed parents; and the following prayer is offered for them on the last day of the Festival: "May the Almighty remember the soul of my honoured father (or mother), who has gone to his repose. For his sake I now solemnly vow almsdeeds, and in reward of this may his soul be bound up in the bundle of life with the souls of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Sarah, Rebekah, and Rachel, and with the rest

of the righteous men and women who are in Paradise. And let us say *Amen.*"

The Jews are, like the Moslems, fatalists, and believe that a set time is appointed for every man to die. In connection with this belief, however, the strange notion is current that it is possible to elude the stroke of the Angel of Death by changing the name of the sick person whom he appears to threaten. For instance, if it has been decreed that Isaac is to die, the sentence cannot be carried out upon him if he is no longer Isaac, but Moses. Prayers are, however, offered for the recovery of the sick, both in public and private. Dr. Frankl, in his interesting account of the Eastern Jews, describes a most affecting scene which he witnessed in a Jerusalem synagogue. A woman, whose daughter was dangerously ill, accompanied by two friends, all draped in the white robes of mourning, stood before the open ark, the matron's extended arms supported by her two companions, while she gave vent to a loud wail of sorrow, followed by a shrieking prayer. The three figures then turned in the direction of the attendant Rabbis, and stood as if sculptured in marble, while the mother repeated, in an agonised voice, a number of penitentiary psalms.[1]

[1] *Jews in the East*, p. 107.

CHAPTER III.

JUDAIC WOMEN: THEIR BELIEFS.

THE Jews of Turkey, both Sephardim and Ashkenazim, differ in their religious beliefs from the Jews of the West, not only in being the most bigoted adherents of the doctrines of the Talmud to be found anywhere, but also in observing many rites and usages peculiar to themselves. The Talmud is believed by its devotees to be the perfection of divine wisdom, the consummation of all moral and religious teaching, an emanation of the divine mind, the absolute and unchangeable law, delivered to Moses, and transmitted, unimpaired and unabridged, through the mouths of holy men, who, in later times, and in order that it might not be forgotten or lost, reduced it to writing, and thus perpetuated its testimony in the form of the *Mishna* (second law), which contains the text, and the *Gemarah* (accomplishment), which is the only true and infallible commentary on the spoken word. The Rabbis are the masters of this sophistical and often cabalistic learning, which, while intermixed with beautiful sentiments, lofty moral principles, and apt illustrations, contains many superstitious utterances and meaningless fatuities. The Talmud also inculcates a belief in the Manichean doctrine of the existence of good and evil spirits, who regulate and control

the affairs of men. Adonai and Ashmedai, angels and demons, represent the prevailing influences which direct human actions and the government of the world. The air is said to be peopled with a host of malevolent beings, known by the name of *Shedim*, a word calculated to inspire fear and terror, and which is never pronounced, the expressive substitute of "those without" being used in its place. It is also taught that every man has two attendant spirits as his constant companions, the good angel hovering on his right, and the malevolent demon on his left, and that his actions are prompted either by the one or the other of these spiritual influences. The superstitions which have grown out of this doctrine are naturally extremely fanciful, and most degrading to the intellect. In fact, one may, I think, truthfully say that the Rabbinical writers have converted the pure monotheism of Moses and the Prophets into a paganism equal, in its adoration of holy men and angels, its propitiation of demons and its magical practices, and its rigid observance of fast, feast, and Sabbath days, to that of the most ignorant member of the Greek Orthodox, or Roman Catholic Church.

The moral and religious instruction imparted to children is comprised in the "Six hundred and thirteen Precepts," which they begin to commit to memory when six years old, and are expected to be perfect in on arriving at eight years of age. Two hundred and forty-eight of these precepts are affirmative, and three hundred and sixty-five are negative, in conformity with the construction of the

human body, which, according to some cabalistic calculation of the Rabbis, is composed of the former number of members or organs, and the latter number of veins. Of these precepts, all, save three, may be transgressed, if life would be endangered by strict compliance with them. A sick person may, for instance, partake of nourishing food on a fast day, or one in health may perform a forbidden action on the Sabbath, if by so doing he might save the life of another. These three, however, which are the negative precepts relating to murder, adultery, and denial of the faith of Israel, may on no account be set aside.

In the matter of "clean" and "unclean" food the Eastern Jews are particularly strict, and the preparation of every article of consumption is regulated by many strange and complicated rules. All flesh is said to be *trephah*, or unclean, unless killed by a specially qualified butcher and in the presence of a Rabbi, who certifies that the animal is without blemish. A knife of a peculiar shape is used for the purpose, and the windpipe must be nearly severed with not fewer than two, and not more than three, strokes, otherwise the flesh is not *kosher*, or clean, and cannot be eaten by Israelites. Certain parts only of the animal are acceptable as food, and all fat must be removed before the meat is cooked. A duty on all *kosher* meat is imposed by the Rabbi of each community, and the proceeds are applied to charitable purposes and to the support of schools. This tax falls very heavily on the poor, who, at Salonica especially, form the majority, and attempts

have been made, from time to time, to obtain its removal or modification. Such, however, is the tenacity with which ancient customs are adhered to that the opposition of the more conservative party in the city has hitherto prevented any change in this respect.

Not meat only, however, but cheese, wine, oil, and various other provisions are not considered *kosher* unless made by Israelites and pronounced such by a Rabbi. Butter is not much used, and only purchased when packed in skins, with the hairy side turned inwards. Vegetable produce, on the other hand, is not held to be defiled by Gentile contact unless it has been previously moistened with water, oil, honey, milk, wine, or blood. Rules relating to the order in which certain kinds of food may be eaten are also strictly observed. Cheese, milk, or butter, for instance, must not be partaken of after meat until six hours have elapsed, though meat may be eaten immediately after such dairy produce. Bread, also, must not be mixed with milk, unless the loaves are made of a special shape, lest it should inadvertently be eaten with meat. In order also to carry out the more rigidly the forced interpretation given to the Mosaic command, "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk,"[1] the utensils used for cooking and serving meat and milk must be kept strictly separate. Bread made by Gentile hands does not appear to be accounted absolutely unclean, although the Jews, as a rule, have their own bakeries. A deaf and dumb, but exceedingly sharp, little Jew boy, who used to help

[1] Deut. xiv. 21.

in the garden at the Consulate-General, would, I remember, run delightedly home with a portion of a loaf, though he steadfastly refused all other food offered to him from the kitchen.

Great attention is also paid to keeping separate viands intended respectively for fast and feast days, any contact between the two rendering both unlawful.

Sesame oil enters largely into the composition of the majority of Jewish dishes, and consequently renders them quite unpalatable to Gentiles generally. This oil is also used for making pastry, which has also the drawback of being exceedingly heavy and indigestible. Indeed, so objectionable are their viands considered by the other races, both native and foreign, that the Jews, when entertaining guests belonging to other creeds, provide for them dishes to which they are more accustomed. The hospitality of the native Jews is, however, as a rule, extended only to members of their own race, and not very frequently even to them.

The Israelites of Salonica and Constantinople, who are of foreign extraction, are, strange to say, much more emancipated from the Mosaic law than are generally those of the reformed Jews of the West of Europe. Their customs differ very little from those of the European residents, whose society they court. Though conforming to national usages in certain respects, such as abstaining from business on the proscribed days, they are by no means very observant of fasts or of the national prejudices with regard to *kosher* food. Indeed, we had often occasion to

remark with amusement that ham, which was seldom seen on the tables of our Gentile friends, was never absent from the *menu* at a Jewish dinner or supper, and was much more largely patronised by the hosts than by their Christian guests.

When washing the hands before and after meat, the Rabbinical Jews are careful to pour the water three times over them, for, according to the teaching of the Talmud, an evil spirit or demon rests upon the hands, and is only exorcised by the magical number of three.

The Jewish Sabbath, as is well known, begins at sunset on the evening of Friday. Long before this hour arrives, the house is swept and garnished, food is cooked for the following day, and the children are washed and dressed. These duties performed, and the Sabbath garments of her husband laid out for him, the mother turns her attention to her own toilette, combs and plaits her hair, washes, and changes all her clothes; pockets are emptied of every article, even to the handkerchief, which, if not altogether dispensed with for twenty-four hours, is worn round the waist as part of the girdle, and so does not come under the category of "things carried." Tobacco, too, is laid aside, for to smoke would be to "touch fire," which is unlawful on the Sabbath day. Clothes which have been worn on working days can never again form part of the Sabbath attire, which must be uncontaminated by labour, an obligation founded on the injunction "that thy Sabbath apparel be not like thy daily clothes." If there is a daughter in service in some Christian family, nothing will prevent her

returning home to spend the Sabbath in the bosom of her family, permission for which is the more readily given as she would do no work in the interval if she remained. No cooking is, of course, done on the holy day, nor are fires lighted by the family. If the weather is cold, a gipsy is hired to light the *mangals*, or braziers, and attend to them during the day. The lighting of the Sabbath lamp is the signal for all worldly occupations to cease.

At Salonica numbers of the men repair before sunset to the *Meidan*, or Common, outside the Vardar Gate, where, collected in large groups, they murmur their evening prayers in concert. The women, however, take no part in these open-air devotions, nor do they usually attend the vesper service in the synagogue, which ushers in the Sabbath. Arrived at home, the father and sons find the table laid ready for the evening meal, and upon it the customary salt, wine, and couple of loaves. After washing his hands, the head of the house recites part of the second chapter of Genesis, and then pronounces the doxology, "Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who hast created the fruit of the vine." As he does so, he fixes his gaze on the Sabbath lamp, for the Talmud declares that, if during the week a man have lost a fiftieth part of his sight, he may recover it by looking at this holy light. A curious ceremony now follows, which illustrates one of the strange beliefs which the Jews, in common with the Moslems, entertain respecting the prophet Elias. The father takes in his hand a cup of wine, and making a tour of the house, drops some of its contents on the floor of every room, say-

ing, "Elias the prophet! Elias the prophet! come quickly to us with the Messiah, the son of David!" This invocation, they say, is so acceptable to the prophet that every family in which it is uttered is placed under his special protection, and blessed with blessings of increase. Then follows the second doxology, "Blessed art Thou, O God, who hast hallowed the Sabbath day in Israel;" after which the speaker tastes the wine and hands the cup to the others, who also utter a blessing over it before partaking of its contents. He then takes up one of the loaves, and making a sign over the other, says, "Blessed art Thou, Lord our God, who hast provided bread for the earth." The bread is then distributed to the family, who now sit down to their usual evening meal.

Attendance at public worship is not required of unmarried girls, but the matrons invariably go to the synagogue on Sabbaths and festivals. According to the Eastern custom, common to all creeds, they do not mix with the men in places of public worship, but sit apart in a gallery, screened from view by a wooden lattice. They take, too, but a passive part in the service, except during the *haghaha*, or elevation and exhibition of the *Thora* rolls, when, while the men stand up, the women behind their screen spread out their arms towards the sacred parchments, and throw kisses to them with an expression of fervent devotion.

The public service over, the remainder of the day is passed in feasting, and the usual amusements of lounging, promenading, and gossiping, with *jumbūsh* —music and singing—in the evening. Their promenades do not, however, exceed the prescribed "Sabbath

day's journey," namely, 12,000 handbreadths, or 2000 yards. So many and so minute are the directions given by the Rabbinical writers for the scrupulous observance of the proper distance, that a whole tractate in the *Mishna* is devoted to this subject alone.

The Sabbath day is personalised by the Rabbis under the name of "The Queen," or "The Bride," and its advent is greeted with the cry of "The Bride cometh! The Bride cometh!" In one of the Pentecostal prayers the Sabbath is glorified as follows: "It is the end of all work, above and beneath; it is accounted the seventh among the days; the first convocation of seasons; holy to the Lord of Hosts; a glorious holy Sabbath to those who rest thereon; it redeemed the first created man from judgment; he chanted a song, and appeased the wrath of God." These two last circumstances, not mentioned by Moses, are related at length in the traditions of the Rabbis, and throw some light on the reason for the idolatrous character of the reverence paid to the Sabbath by the Talmudic Jews. At the seventh hour of the day, on the eve of the Sabbath (*i.e.*, about one o'clock P.M. on Friday), the first Adam was introduced into Paradise by the ministering angels, who sang his praises. But between the suns, on the eve of the Sabbath (*i.e.*, between sunset on Friday and sunrise on Saturday), he was driven out, and went forth; and the angels called to him, saying, "Adam, being in honour, abideth not: he is like the beasts that perish." The Sabbath day then came, and interceded for Adam. "Lord of the earth," it said, "in the six days of the creation, nothing in the world was killed, and wilt Thou

begin with me? Is this my sanctification, and is this my blessing, as it is said, 'And God blessed the seventh day and hallowed it.'" Therefore, by the merit of the Sabbath day, Adam was delivered from the judgment of hell. And when Adam saw the power of the Sabbath, he said, "It was not for nothing that the Holy One—whose Name be blessed—hallowed, and sanctified it." So he began to sing and chant to the Sabbath day Psalm xcii., which, according to Rabbi Ishmael, was forgotten in the generations until Moses came and restored it. Another version adds that the Sabbath protested against the honour paid it by Adam with the words, "Dost thou sing hymns to me? Rather let us both sing hymns to the Holy One—whose Name be blessed."

The Mosaic ordinances with respect to the fasts and feasts, as contained in the Pentateuch, are supplemented by numerous other observances enjoined by the traditions of the scribes. This Oral Law requires that every single day appointed as a holiday by Moses shall be supplemented by another, which is to be observed with equal strictness; it has added other fasts and feasts to the number commanded by the ancient law; and it regulates with extreme rigidity every detail of ritual by which all these ordinances are to be accompanied. No food, for instance, which has not been specially intended to be consumed on a feast day, may be touched, however great the necessity. Eggs laid on such days are not to be used until the morrow, and if inadvertently put in a dish or basket with others which have been "destined" for consumption on the feast day, the whole supply becomes forbidden food, as

it is difficult to distinguish one egg from another. All sorts of extraordinary quibbles and evasions are, however, set forth in the Rabbinical books in order to enable men to comply strictly with the letter of the law, while avoiding any inconvenience to themselves. The observance, too, of the fasts and feasts, and especially the latter, often becomes a real hardship to the poor, who, besides being obliged to refrain from work, are bound to procure, in honour of these festivals, luxuries which they can ill afford.

The first great event of the Hebrew religious year is the double Feast of the Passover and of Unleavened Bread. On the eve of the thirteenth day of the first month, according to the Jewish calendar, the male members of the family repair before sunset to the synagogue, where a special service is performed. On their return, the head of the house proceeds to make the formal search for leaven. Taking in his hand a lamp, spoon, and goosequill, he cries, "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, King of the Universe, who hast sanctified us with Thy commandments and bidden us to remove the leaven!" In dead silence he visits every room in the house, gathering up as he goes the pieces which have been purposely placed in his way on tables, sideboards, window ledges, &c.; then proceeding to the place where the leaven, which is a portion of the dough from the last baking, is usually kept, places it, together with the pieces of bread he has collected, and the lamp and spoon, in a linen cloth. This done, he says, "All manner of leaven which may remain in my house and which I have not seen, shall be null, and accounted but as the

dust of the earth." The following minute directions are given in the Talmud respecting the search for leaven :—" On the evening before the 14th of Nisan, before the coming out of the stars, they are to search for the leaven by the light of a single wax taper ; and when the time draws near it is unlawful to do any work, or to eat, or to study. . . . . If, after the search, he sees a mouse come into the house with leaven in his mouth, it is necessary to search a second time. And although he should find the crumbs about the house, he is not to say the mouse has eaten the bread long since, and these are the crumbs ; but, on the contrary, he must fear lest it should have left the leaven in a hole or a window, and that these crumbs were there before ; he must therefore search again. If he find nothing, then he must search the whole house," &c. &c. And again, " If a mouse enter a house with bread in his mouth, and a mouse also go out of the same house with bread in his mouth, one may conclude that this is one and the selfsame mouse. But if the one that entered was black and the one that went out white, a search is necessary," &c. &c.[1] Early on the following morning all leavened bread, fermented liquor, and all vessels which have at any time contained either, are removed from the house. All cooking utensils which are used during the feast must either be new, or kept from one Passover to another. New clothes are always worn for the first time by the poor at this festival.

On the first day of the Passover it is incumbent on the first-born son of every family to fast, in com-

[1] McCaul, *The Old Paths*, pp. 81, 82.

memoration of the deliverance of the first-born of the Israelites from the last of the plagues of Egypt. This duty is performed by proxy in the person of the father until his son has attained the age of eleven ; and if the father be dead, it devolves upon the mother.

The feast commences at sunset on the fourteenth day. On returning from the synagogue, the table is laid with the special Passover viands. On the central dish, which is covered with a napkin, is placed a large cake of unleavened bread, marked with three notches called *Israelite*. This is covered with another napkin, on which is placed a second cake with two notches, and above this, and also separated by a napkin, is a third, marked with one notch. Duplicates of these cakes are kept in reserve for use in the event of the first getting broken. In another dish is the shank-bone of a shoulder of lamb, on which is a small piece of meat, and a hard boiled egg. The first commemorates the Paschal lamb, and the second signifies that it was roasted whole. The third dish contains a lettuce, or horseradish, and some bitter herbs. Brine, or vinegar, signifies the passage of the Red Sea, and a confection of almonds the brickmaking in Egypt. All the family, including the servants, sit down together, for all were equal when in bondage to the Egyptians. A glass of wine is poured out for each person, and also for Elias, who, as the forerunner of the Messiah, may appear among them during the evening. After the formula of question and answer as to the meaning of this ceremony has been gone through, each person eats a morsel of the lamb of the size of an olive, and a portion of the cake and almond paste. The usual supper is

then served. At its conclusion grace is said and the glasses are refilled. The doors are thrown wide open, and for a few minutes absolute silence is observed, as it is during this interval that the advent of Elias is looked for. The head of the house then prays: "Pour out Thy wrath upon the heathen who have not known Thee, and upon the kingdoms which have not called upon Thy name; for they have devoured Jacob and laid waste his dwelling-place; pour out Thine indignation upon them, and cause Thy fierce anger to overtake them; pursue them in wrath and destroy them from under the heaven of the Lord." A fourth glass of wine is now poured out, Psalms cxv., cxvi., cxvii., cxviii., and cxxxvi. are repeated, and various benedictions and sacred songs conclude the ceremonies of the inauguration of the Passover.

The following and two last days of the feast are held sacred, but the four intervening days are considered common, and on them the usual worldly avocations are pursued. When the stars shine out on the eighth day the Feast of the Passover is at an end.

The great fasts of the year occur between the fourth and seventh months, or from July to September. The three weeks intervening between the fasts of the fourth and fifth months are observed as periods of mourning, during which no marriages or rejoicings of any kind take place. From the commencement, until the eighth day of the latter month, the month of Ab, the Talmudist Jews abstain from meat and wine, and on the ninth day from food of any kind, and also from water. Before sunset on the eve of this day, on which is commemorated the

taking of Jerusalem and the destruction of the Temple, the head of the house, seated on the floor, eats the "meal of mourners"—bread strewn with ashes—and then repairs to the synagogue. The service on this occasion, as well on the following morning, consists chiefly of chanted laments for the lost glory of Israel, and plaintive aspirations for its restoration.

On the Day of Atonement, which is kept on "the tenth day of the seventh month," or in the latter end of September, the Jews also in a similar degree "afflict their souls," and abstain from all manner of work. In the evening the head of the house performs the ceremony of atonement, first for himself and subsequently for the various members of his family in turn. For each man or boy, a cock is provided, and for each woman or girl, a hen. The father, holding the bird by the legs, repeats part of the hundred and seventh Psalm, and the two verses from Job: "If there be a messenger with him, an interpreter, one among a thousand, to show unto man his uprightness, then He is gracious unto him and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom."[1] Then, swinging the cock round over his head, he says, "This is my substitute; this is my commutation; this cock goeth to the death in order that I may be gathered, and enter into a long and happy life and into peace." When the whole of this formula has been thrice repeated, the man lays his hands on the cock as in the action of sacrifice, and then proceeds to perform the same ceremony for the

[1] Chap. xxxiii. 23, 24.

other members of the family, slightly changing the words to denote the respective persons. At the conclusion of the act of atonement mention is made of departed parents, and prayers are offered for them.

At Salonica the strange ceremony is performed by the Jews, on the Day of Atonement, of casting their sins into the sea. A belief is also current in this city that the Messiah will arrive there by water, and His coming is anxiously looked for by the crowds who flock to the quay on this day.

The beginning of the Feast of Tabernacles is observed five days after the Fast of the Atonement. In the interval, the booth or arbour, which is its chief feature, is erected on the terrace which forms part of the roof of every Eastern house, all the family taking part in the work. Both the walls and roof are lightly constructed of branches or reeds, as the stars must be seen through, and the booth is usually just large enough to contain a table, at which the household can be accommodated. The house is swept and garnished in preparation for this festival, as for the Passover. All the domestic utensils are scoured and polished, and the kitchen is limewashed, and everything made spotlessly clean. No work is done on the two first days of the feast, save the necessary cooking; so while the paterfamilias and the children are busy building the tabernacle on the terrace, the careful housewife is occupied in the kitchen concocting special dishes for the festival.

On the eve of the feast it is customary for all to attend a special service in the synagogue. On returning home, the family gather for the first time in the tabernacle, and offer prayers and praises to the

Almighty. The evening meal, of which all the household partake together, is then spread, and before sitting down to it, the head of the house takes a cup of wine in his hand, and pronounces a prayer over it. When he has tasted the wine, the cup is handed round, and all drink from it in turn. The two wheaten loaves, which stand on the table covered with a napkin, are then blessed, cut up, and the pieces distributed to the family. On the morning of the next day, which is the first day of the feast, the family repair to the synagogue, the head of the house carrying in his hand a citron, and branches of palm, myrtle, and willow. The service on this occasion is very singular and interesting. During the chanting of the prayer, called *Hallel*, which forms part of it, the men wave the palm and other branches over their heads, from right to left and from left to right, backwards and forwards, and in all directions.

As Moslems and Jews visit Christians of their acquaintance on the occasions of their great national festivals; the latter return the compliment on the days of the principal Moslem and Hebrew holidays. These visits are more especially *de rigueur* among people holding an official position, and are a great tax upon the time, and often on the patience, of the foreign Consuls, and also of their wives. On one occasion, when I accompanied the wife of the French Consul to a Jewish house on the afternoon of this day, I saw the citron and palm branch displayed on a side-table in the *sala*, and was informed that the possession of a specimen of the fruit by each family was considered so necessary at this feast that, when it was scarce, large

sums were paid by the wealthy for consignments from Egypt, whence the principal supply comes, and distributed to the poor.[1] Being invited to inspect the tabernacle, we were conducted up a little attic stair to the terrace, passing on our way through the large airy kitchen, with its arched cooking-stove on one side, and, on the other, rows of well-scoured and shining copper pans, of various shapes and dimensions, ranged against the newly limewashed walls. The booth struck me as a rather mean construction, being composed, not of "boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, the boughs of thick trees and willows of the brook," but almost entirely of long, withered-looking reeds from the vast marshes at the mouth of the Vardar (the ancient Axius), a few miles from the city.

Nor do the Eastern Jews, strictly as they observe the ritual of their religion generally, literally "dwell in booths seven days." For, though to sleep in the tabernacle is held to ensure all manner of blessings, so great is the dread of malaria that an occasional siesta only is taken in it. And, in answer to our various inquiries, we gathered from our hostess and her daughter—who, dressed in their rich and brightly coloured holiday garb, had accompanied us to the terrace—that it was deemed sufficient to sup under its shelter during the seven days of the feast. But the booth apart, a more gorgeous banqueting hall could hardly be imagined. Above, the star-spangled canopy of an Eastern sky; behind and around, the roofs, domes, and minarets of the city, the upper part

[1] Mr. Stuart-Glennie suggests that it may be derived from the similar Assyrian emblem.

bounded by the citadel and the old battlemented walls; and before us, the broad expanse of the land-locked bay, on the distant shores of which loomed the dark mass of Olympus and the Cambunian hills.

The feast of Purim, or "The Lots," commemorates the confounding of Haman's devices against the Jews and the triumph of Mordecai, as recorded in the book of Esther. It derives its name from the circumstance of Haman having cast lots to ascertain which day in the year was most unlucky for the Jews, in order that he might the more easily carry out his designs against them. The two "days of feasting and joy, and of sending portions one to another, and gifts to the poor" are preceded by one of fasting and propitiatory prayers in the synagogue, because Esther and all the Jews of Shusan fasted for three days before she ventured to present her petition to Ahasuerus the king. On this day the whole book of Esther is read aloud in the synagogue from a parchment roll called the *Megillah*. An extraordinary importance is attached to this book, the reading of which, on this occasion, must be performed or listened to by every member of the community—man, woman, and child. The well-known Hebrew commentator, Maimonides, declares of it that "All the books of the prophets and all the Hagiographa, except the roll of Esther, shall pass away in the days of the Messiah; but it is as perpetual as the five books of the Written Law and the constitution of the Oral Law, which shall never cease."[1] At the conclusion of

[1] *Hilchoth Megillah*, translated in *The Old Paths* (pp. 53, 54) by Mr. McCaul, who asks, "Why do the Rabbis pronounce it worthy of preservation while they contemplate without emotion the loss of all the other books? We cannot possibly discover, unless it be that it furnishes more

the reading, blessings are pronounced on the names of Esther and Mordecai, and curses on those of Haman, Zeresh, and their sons. The two days of the feast are devoted to rejoicing and merrymaking; all work, fasting, or sorrow being rigidly forbidden. According to the Talmud, "A man's duty with regard to this festival is that he should eat meat and prepare a suitable feast according to his means, and drink wine until he be drunk and fall asleep in his drunkenness." And Rabbinical writers have decreed that "A man is bound to get so drunk at Purim as not to know the difference between 'Cursed be Haman!' and 'Blessed be Mordecai!'" That this injunction was literally carried out by the Hebrew Fathers will appear from the following little Talmudic story.

"Rabba and Rabbi Zira were celebrating their Purim entertainment together when Rabba got drunk, and he arose and slew Rabbi Zira. On the following day he prayed for mercy, and restored his friend to life. The next year, Rabba again proposed to Rabbi Zira to keep Purim with him; but the Rabbi replied, 'No, my friend, miracles happen not every day.'"

The obligation of celebrating this festival by such gross excess does not, fortunately, it would appear, extend to women. For, as I have elsewhere had occasion to remark,[1] drunkenness is not a vice to which any of the Women of Turkey are addicted.

Among the Mosaic ordinances which the Rabbis

gratification to the spirit of revenge . . . . and the book of Esther is an account of the revenge which the Jews took upon their enemies, not as in the destruction of the Canaanites, fulfilling the commandments of God upon His enemies, but taking personal and individual revenge on their own."

[1] Vol. i., *The Christian Women*, p. 299.

have converted into charms and talismans, may be mentioned that which enjoins the writing of the commandments on the door-posts. The *M'zuzah*, as this is called, is written on a small piece of parchment rolled up and enclosed in a metal cylinder, which is fixed in a groove cut diagonally in the door-post of every room in Jewish houses. A small square hole, sometimes covered with a piece of glass, is made on the outer side of the cylinder, through which the word *Shadai* (The Almighty), written on the reverse of the scroll, can be seen. The *M'zuzah* must be written so as to form only a single column, and the parchment must be ruled. Care is taken that the word *Shadai* comes precisely at the back of the name of God, the syllables of which are reversed, and form the word *V'heyah* ("It shall come to pass") instead of *Yahveh*, the Hebrew form of Jehovah. Various cabalistic explanations are given by Rabbinical writers for inscribing the word *Shadai* on the outside of the *M'zuzah*, as, for instance, in the book *Zahan* on Deut. vi., in which the following passage occurs: "Come and see *V'heyah*, the sacred name reversed, and *Shadai* is inscribed without, opposite that name; so that within is *V'heyah*, without is *Shadai*, in order that the Son of Man be preserved on every side, within and without." It is also customary to write in reverse order, opposite to the words "The Lord our God is one Lord," the "letters of the three angels," *Coozu, B'muchsaz, Coozu*.[1] Among the blessings attached to reverence for the *M'zuzah* are the following:—

[1] These letters follow, in the Hebrew alphabet, those with which "The Lord," &c., are written.

"Whosoever attendeth to the *M'zuzah*, his days and those of his children shall be prolonged, and of him who doth not, they shall be shortened.

"By reason of the *M'zuzah*, the destroyer shall have no admittance into your houses.

"The Lord is thy keeper, the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand, for the *M'zuzah* is on thy right hand as thou goest into thy house."

Unlike the phylacteries and fringes, the use of the *M'zuzah* is as obligatory on women and children as on men. On entering or leaving a room or the house, the *M'zuzah* is saluted by a touch or kiss, and some Jews, it is said, before leaving home in the morning for the day's avocations, invoke the angels with the words, "In your names, Coozu, B'muchsaz, Coozu, may I go and prosper!" The *M'zuzah* is also looked upon as a charm or talisman, which keeps away evil spirits and other supernatural beings. If a member of the household is troubled with bad dreams, or any other ailment, he or she immediately concludes that something is wrong with the *M'zuzah*, and sends for a scribe to examine it. For so long as this fetish is perfect in every detail, it is held to represent the Almighty and the *Sh'chinah*, and angels are believed to guard the room and its occupants; but if it becomes imperfect in any way, God and the angels withdraw from its vicinity, and evil spirits obtain access to the door. Scrolls which are considered worn out, and have been replaced by new ones, are carefully kept, to be buried with some eminent Rabbi.[1] If a Jew, when

[1] There is a niche in the Synagogue of Zion, at Jerusalem, in which torn prayer books, loose leaves or pieces of the Bible, or Talmud, are

changing his abode, is to be succeeded by another of his race, he leaves his talismans behind; but should a Gentile be the next occupant, he is permitted to remove them.[1] In a house at Kallemeria, which Mr. Blunt rented one summer from the Khakham Bashi, or Chief Rabbi of Salonica, we found one of these *M'zuzah*, which had, I suppose, been overlooked when the others were removed.

As I have already mentioned, the Talmud inculcates a belief in every kind of superstition, including astrology, black and white magic, and the efficacy of amulets and charms. "Life, children, and a livelihood," say the Rabbinical writers, "depend not upon merit, but upon the influences of the stars;"[2] and, as an illustration of this, the story of the birth of Isaac is thus curiously explained by them, in a commentary on Genesis xv. 5: "God said to Abram, Go forth from thy astrology, for thou hast seen in the stars that thou art not to have a son—that Abram is not to have a son, but Abraham—that Sarai is not to bear a child, but Sarah. I call you by another name, that thus the influence of the stars may be changed."[3]

The belief that a man's character and destiny are determined by the day of the week on which he came into the world has its counterpart in a rhyme which I remember to have heard in my childhood in the

deposited; when this is full the contents are carried by the Rabbis in procession, accompanied with drums, fifes, and singing, to the valley of Jehoshaphat, where they are interred at the foot of Absalom's tomb.

[1] Compare Margoliouth, *Modern Judaism Investigated*, chap. xi.

[2] *Moed Katon*, fol. 28, col. 1 (McCaul, *The Old Paths*, p. 175).

[3] *Ibid.* p. 180.

north of England.[1] According to the Talmud, the dispositions and fortunes of mortals depend, to a great extent, on the character of the work performed during the week of Creation on the day corresponding to that of their birth. Thus, a man born on Tuesday will be given to anger, as on that day the waters were divided; one born on Wednesday will be rich and profligate, for on the third day the herbs were created; one born on Thursday will be wise and possessed of a retentive memory, for then the lights were created; one born on Friday will be rich and benevolent, for the fowls and fishes then came into existence; while he who was born on the Sabbath will die on the Sabbath, "for on his account the holy day was profaned." Another and more propitious reading, however, of the fate of "Sunday's child," says that he will attain to an eminent degree of holiness, and is thus more in accordance with the English folk-rhyme above referred to.

The Jews of the East, like the Moslems and Christians, have recourse for the cure of every ailment, physical and moral, to charms of the most varied and incongruous nature. Among those in vogue for the treatment of bleeding at the nose are the following. The sufferer must be brought to a priest of the name of Levi, who will write for him the name of Levi

[1] I cannot recall the whole of the lines, but they were to this effect:

"Monday's child's the child of woe,
Tuesday's child has far to go,
Wednesday's child is loving and giving,
Thursday's child must work hard for a living,
* * * *
But a child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is bonny and lucky, and wise and gay."

backwards, or he must get a layman to write for him, also backwards, the words *Ana pipi Shila bar Sumko*, or some other magical formula. Failing these, he must take a root of grass and the cord of an old bed, with paper, saffron, and the red pith of the palm tree, and burn them together. Two twisted threads of wool, which have been steeped in vinegar, must be rolled in these ashes and put in the nostrils. Another charm for this ailment is to stand with one foot on each side of a small streamlet flowing from east to west, and take up with the right hand some mud from under the left foot, and, with the left hand from under the right foot, twist two threads of wool and insert them in the nostril. Or, again, let some one pour water on him from the spout of a vessel, saying, "As this water ceases to flow, so let the blood of M——, son of the woman N——, also cease to flow."

When a dog goes mad it is believed that the witches are making sport with him, or that he is possessed by an evil spirit, and that a missile weapon alone can succeed in killing him. The charm to cure the bite of a dog so afflicted is to write upon the skin of a male adder the following formula: "I, ——, the son of the woman ——, upon the skin of a male adder I write against thee, *Kanti, kanti, klirus*" (other cabalistic words are sometimes substituted). The bitten person must then cast off all his clothes and bury them in the cemetery for twelve months, and at the end of that period take them up, burn them, and scatter the ashes at the cross-roads. During these twelve months he must drink water

only out of a brass tube, lest he see in it the phantom form of the demon by which the dog was possessed, and his life be endangered.

If a Rabbi should happen to die at Jerusalem at a time when the rain which annually fills the cisterns has been long in coming, and much anxiety has arisen in consequence, a piece of the dead man's shroud is cut off, dipped in water, and placed in his hand, so that he may not forget to pray for rain when he reaches the other side.

When two deaths occur in one house in the course of the same year, if the deceased are both men a cock is sacrificed, and, if both are women, a hen. The head and feet of the bird are buried, and the flesh is given to the poor.

When children are panic-stricken, sugar is strewn from their beds to a neighbouring cistern, in the hope that the demon who has caused the mischief, and who has a sweet tooth, will follow the track and tumble into the water.

Another method of exorcising demons is by what is called *indulgéncia*, or coaxing, and is employed in the case of a violent shock, or any mental excitement, as this is believed to be caused by some demon having gained the mastery over the sufferer. The patient is washed, dressed in white linen, and laid on a white bed. All kinds of animals, and especially poultry, must be kept away from the house; and on some occasions the presence of women is considered harmful both to themselves and to the sufferer, who must remain as much alone as possible, eating nothing but bread, butter, and milk, and taking as medicine occasional

small doses of pulverised mummy, dissolved in sugared water.

Ajin rah, the evil eye, is as much dreaded by the Jews as by the Christians and Moslems of the East, and their charms and antidotes against it partake, for the most part, of a similar character. Little bands of gold and silver are often fastened to the caps of children, and when a house is newly whitewashed, five outstretched fingers are painted on the wall. Some of the forms of exorcism resorted to are, however, peculiar to the Hebrew race. One of these is to send for, or visit, a professional exorcist, male or female, who passes a comb or a knife without a handle over the head of the patient, and pronounces at the same time the names of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Moses. A formula prescribed for this purpose by the Talmud directs that, "If a man fear the pernicious effect of the evil eye, let him place the thumb of his right hand in his left hand, and that of his left hand in his right, saying, 'I, so-and-so, son of so-and-so, I am descended from the race of Joseph, on whom the evil eye had no effect.'" The belief here referred to is based on Genesis xlix. 22, which is rendered: "Joseph is a fruitful bough, a fruitful bough *above the eye*."

Jewish sorcerers, both male and female, profess to have recourse largely to the aid of angels and demons in their magical practices, and for this, too, they find ample authority in the Talmud. According to the Rabbis, the malevolent demons are so numerous that "they stand around us like the trench around the garden bed," and are so frightful that "if power were given to see them, no creature could withstand the

sight." "Every one of us," says Rav Huna, "has a thousand on his left hand, and ten thousand on his right," and Rabba exclaims that "Want of room at the sermon is caused by them, the wearing out of the Rabbi's garments is caused by their rubbing against him, the bruised legs are caused by them. Whosoever is desirous of proving their existence, let him take ashes that have been passed through a sieve, and let him strew his bed, and in the morning he will see the marks of a cock's claws.[1] Whosoever wishes to see them, let him take the inner skin of a black cat, the daughter of a first-born black cat, which is also the daughter of a first-born, and let him burn it in the fire, and pulverise it, and let him then fill his eyes with the dust, and he will see the demons. But let him pour the powder into an iron tube and seal it with an iron signet, lest they should steal any of it, that no evil consequences follow. For Rav Bibi bar Abbai did this, and received an injury, but the Rabbis prayed for mercy on him, and he was cured."[2]

It is even asserted by the Jews of the East that the spirits multiply by propagating their kind, and also that both sexes among them, like the Lamias and Sirens of the Greeks, and the Samodivas of the Bulgarians, are in the habit of falling in love, and forming alliances with mortals. Dr. Frankl records a story which he heard from the lips of an old woman so wedded to her beloved *chalebi*, or cushion head-dress

[1] In Hebrew demonology, the cock's claw takes the place of the cloven hoof ascribed in the West to the King of Darkness. See next chapter *Ashmedai and King Solomon*.

[2] *Berachoth*, fol. 6, col. 1, quoted by McCaul in *The Old Paths*.

above described, that not even the anathemas of the Grand Rabbi could make her relinquish it.

"You know, sir," she began, addressing her master, "the newly married couple so-and-so. Both are young and handsome, and the Lord himself must delight in them. Well, all at once, the young wife ceased to please her husband, and he informed both her parents and his own that he wished to divorce her. As he could, however, assign no reason for this sudden repugnance to his bride, their relatives decided that they must continue to live together for three months longer. Just one day before the expiration of this period—the day before yesterday, in fact—the sorrowful bride betook herself, in company with a friend, to the bath. While the friend, after the bath, was winding the *chalebi* again round the head of the young wife, something fell from its folds to the floor, and she immediately understood that a *Schet*, an evil demon, who had become enamoured of the young woman, had a hand in the matter, and had, by some magic spell, turned away the heart of the husband. She gave her friend some wise counsel, and burned the object, which was an inscribed piece of parchment. When the wife returned home, her husband addressed her in the most endearing terms, and wondered how it was that she suddenly appeared again to him as graceful and beautiful as before." [1]

When the *Shedim* propose to celebrate a marriage feast, they choose a dwelling in a retired and solitary place, and give notice of their intention by hurling stones against the walls, causing the food to disappear

[1] *Jews in the East.*

from the table, agitating the wine in the goblet, throwing small pebbles into the oil of the Sabbath lamp, placing the new-laid eggs under the cat or the dog, and maintaining generally such a system of annoyance as finally forces the occupants to leave the house for a period. It once happened that a man obstinately persisted in refusing the use of his abode for the revels of these mysterious guests. One day he was observed to fall down suddenly, and place himself in such a posture as to produce the impression that he was expecting the bastinado. He then began to roar dreadfully, and to exclaim against the severe blows he received. He appeared, too, to be pricked with knives, yet no blood flowed, and no injury was inflicted on his health. He was now convinced of the folly of resisting the summons he had received, and caused the house to be thoroughly cleaned and prepared for the self-invited guests. For the demons, if they find things dirty and in disorder, do a great deal of damage, but leave everything uninjured if they are welcomed with order and cleanliness. If such a haunted house is passed late at night, strains of music, wild yet bewitching, are heard, and the rhythmical tread of the dancers strikes on the ear, mingled with sounds of revelry and discordant laughter.

But, in addition to the rich heritage of superstitions which has been preserved for the Eastern Jews in the Talmud and handed down to them orally from their ancestors, they have also drawn largely on those of their Moslem and Christian neighbours. Among the apparently borrowed supernal beings is the *brusche*, who would seem to bear a strong resemblance to the

malicious fairy of the West, and is said to appear in the form of some well-known woman. Her mode of procedure is to throw earth, taken from the graveyard, into the ears of mothers who have young babes, strangle the latter, and then lay them again on their mothers' breasts. Once a *brusche* was caught in the very act by the husband of a woman who had, a day or two before, given birth to a child. He seized the wretch by the hair, and held her till the oven was made hot, intending to throw her in. While still in his grasp, she appeared to him continually to change her form, now into that of a broom, then into that of a pitcher, and again into that of a cat. When the oven was glowing hot, the good man grasped the *brusche* more firmly, with the intention of casting her in, and roasting her alive, when she swore by the Sacred Name that she would never again attempt to injure any living creature. Believing this oath to be binding upon a *brusche,* the man released her, and she kept her word. This malevolent being, it is said, obeys a natural impulse, and can only be cured of her evil propensities by having her teeth rubbed till they are blunt, with a pebble fished up from the bottom of a well.

Immense importance is attached to dreams, which are allowed to occupy the waking hours of both Jews and Jewesses to an extraordinary extent. Those which may be realised are divided into four classes—morning dreams, repeated dreams, those concerning other persons, and those which require no interpretation. If a dream fall under any of the first three heads, its subject has no rest until he or she has had recourse

to some old wizard or witch who has a great reputation as a reader of visions. Should it be deemed unlucky, the dreamer proceeds to exorcise it by repeating some magical formula in the synagogue; and if a bad dream is often repeated, the sufferer, as before mentioned, carries his or her *M'zuzah* to the scribe for examination. Passing one Saturday by the door of an old Turkish witch-wife, who had a great reputation in all branches of her craft, we saw quite a little crowd of customers, all Jews, who were waiting their turns to consult her on some important matter or other. For superstition is a sort of neutral ground on which race-hatreds are so completely set aside that a Moslem woman will not disdain to ask the aid of a Jew sorcerer if his reputation for skill in magic is sufficiently high; and Jews, as well as Christians, frequently have recourse to the good offices of Dervish Sheikhs, whose extraordinary sanctity is believed to endue them with highly supernatural powers. One of these holy men, a sheikh of the Bektashi order at Salonica, enjoys great renown as an expounder of dreams and discoverer of lost or stolen property. On one occasion he was waited upon by a wealthy Jew, from whose house a valuable piece of plate had disappeared, and who promised him a handsome fee as the reward of its recovery. Having obtained from his client the names of the persons who had been his visitors on the day of the loss, Sheikh Ali dismissed him with the promise that he should see his property again in a day or two. He was as good as his word, for the piece of plate was shortly restored to the Jew as mysteriously as it had disappeared, and its grateful

owner promptly paid the promised fee to the holy man. The Sheikh had, no doubt, found means to inform those he suspected of the theft that his curse would fall upon the offender if restitution were not immediately made, and superstition had proved stronger than cupidity.

CHAPTER IV.

JUDAIC WOMEN: THEIR FOLK-POESY.

THE folk-poesy of the Eastern Jews—or, at all events, what I have been able to gather of it—has none of the variety, and little of the grace, which distinguish the folk-tales and songs of their Christian neighbours, whether Greek, Armenian, or Bulgarian. Many of the religious legends, both from Talmudic sources and of later origin, are to a great extent cabalistic in character, while those relating to the shrines of holy men present many features common to similar Moslem stories. The rest deal chiefly with the *Shedim*, or malevolent spirits, described in the foregoing chapter, who appear to mortals under the most alluring forms, and tempt them to their destruction.

Although the veneration of the Jews for the tomb of King David is not equal to that of the Moslems, various Hebrew legends exist with regard to it. Benjamin of Tudela, the adventurous Jew who visited Jerusalem in the twelfth century, on his way to China, relates in his *Travels*[1] the story of the discovery of this sacred place, which had been made a few years previously, and this legend is quite in accordance with

[1] *Travels of Rabbi Benjamin, Son of Jonah of Tudela, &c.*, Gerran's Translation, 1783, p. 75; also Bohn's Antiquarian Library, *Early Travels in Palestine, &c.*, p. 84.

those current at the present day concerning the resting-place of the poet-king. The following may serve as a specimen:

The Pasha's Dagger.

In ancient times a Pasha of Jerusalem once visited the tomb of King David on Mount Zion. In order to gain a better view of the interior, he stooped down over the mouth of the vault, and while in this position, his dagger, which was set with pearls and diamonds, fell out of his girdle. He at once ordered a search to be made for it, and a Moslem was accordingly let down by a rope. After a few minutes he was drawn up again, lifeless. On this another Moslem descended, with the same result, and a third and fourth shared a similar fate.

But the Pasha swore he would have his dagger, though the recovery of it should cost the lives of the entire population of Jerusalem. On this the Kadi said to the Pasha: "Effendi, let not so many of the True Believers become the victims of thine anger. But if thou wilt give ear to thy servant, send to the Khaham Bashi (chief Rabbi) for a Jew to search for thy weapon. If he refuse, threaten him with the destruction of all his people. Yet I think that the dagger will be recovered, for the Jews stand well with Nebi Daoud (the Prophet David), and have great influence with him."

The Pasha approved of this proposal, and sent an order to the chief Rabbi to provide a Jew to fetch his dagger from King David's tomb. The godly Rabbi was very much shocked at being commanded to dese-

crate the tomb of the Kings by authorising any one to enter it; and with tears in his eyes he begged a respite of three days, which was granted.

On his return home, he assembled the whole community, and ordered them to fast for three days. Each day, attended by the men and the children, he marched from the city in the direction of Bethlehem, to recount at the grave of Rachel, the pious wife of the patriarch, the fate which impended over her children. And so for three successive days the Jews fasted, prayed, and wept.

On the fourth day, the Rabbi said to his community, "One must die for all, and enter the tomb of the Kings. Which of you will go?"

No one volunteered.

"Then we must cast lots," decided the Rabbi.

The lot fell upon one of the servants of the synagogue, a man of distinguished piety.

"I am the servant of the Lord," he said, and prepared for death by bathing and by immersing his body three times in water. After this, he bade farewell to his relations and friends and to the weeping community, and then went up to Mount Zion to the tomb of the Kings of Judah.

The Pasha was waiting there with his armed followers, and the poor Jew was lowered into the vault. The Pasha applied his ear to the mouth of the opening to listen, and the hearts of all the Jews who had accompanied the victim were trembling with expectation. After a few minutes came a hollow cry—

"Up! Up!"

The rope was raised. First there appeared the

glittering blade of the dagger; then a hand grasping the jewelled hilt; then the face of the Jew, pale as death; then his whole body was drawn up, and the astonished and delighted Pasha recovered his dagger.

From that time the Pasha held the Jews in great honour, on account of the special protection extended to them by Nebi Daoud. The community made great rejoicings on the occasion; in every house might be heard the sound of feasting and the noise of drums and cymbals. But the poor family of the servant of the synagogue were the happiest of all, for they were loaded with meat and drink, and with presents of gold and silver.

Every one naturally wished to hear about the interior of the tomb of the Kings. But the man kept his own counsel, and imparted what he had seen to no one but the head Rabbi. When surrounded by darkness, he said, there had suddenly appeared the figure of an old man, radiant with light, who gave him the dagger, but uttered no word.

The second legend of King David's tomb has for its heroine

The Pious Washerwoman.

Once upon a time there lived in Jerusalem a pious and virtuous woman, whose husband and children had long been sleeping in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and who was without kith or kin on earth. She tarried patiently until she too should be carried through the Zion gate to the City of the Dead, and spent much of her time in prayer, and in the observance of all the

religious duties imposed on her sex. As she had, however, no fortune, she was compelled also to work, and earned a scanty subsistence by washing for the rich. Among others the Sheikh who kept the tomb of Nebi Daoud gave her his linen to wash.

One day, when she had brought back his clothes beautifully got up, as usual, and he was alone with her in the courtyard of the mosque, he said,

"You are an honest woman, and I am disposed to reward your virtue. Would you not like to see the interior of the tomb of Nebi Daoud, which none of your race are allowed to enter?"

"I should esteem such a favour the highest happiness," the woman replied.

"Then follow me."

He walked before her until they came to a door leading to an underground passage, which he opened, and told her to enter. Scarcely had she crossed the threshold, however, when he shut the door upon her, and left her in darkness. He then hastened to the Kadi, and told him that a Jewish woman had stolen into the tomb of Nebi Daoud, which was considered a heinous crime. As soon as he had discovered this, he said, he had at once shut her in, that she might be delivered up to the punishment due to such an offence.

The Kadi exclaimed in anger:

"By the life of the Prophet, she shall be burned to death!"

Meanwhile, the poor pious woman saw that she had been betrayed by the Sheikh, and that her life was in danger. She threw herself on the ground, and

entreated the Lord, for David's sake, to rescue her from the fate which threatened her.

Suddenly there stood before her a venerable old man, and, though she had not seen him approach, she was not startled, neither did she wonder that he should be visible in the darkness which surrounded her. She could only see his outline in a dim, imperfect light, which did not extend beyond his figure. He took her by the hand, led her through a long dark passage till they reached the open air, at a heap of rubbish, near the synagogue of Zion, and then said to her:

"Go to thine house, begin at once to wash the linen that is there, and hide what has befallen thee."

Before she could thank him, he had disappeared.

Meanwhile the Kadi, the Mufti, and the Effendis of the city had hastened to Zion, for the purpose of seizing the criminal and burning her. The subterranean chamber was opened and strictly searched; but of course no one was found in it. The Kadi angrily asked the Sheikh if he was making fools of them; but the Sheikh swore "by the life of Mohammed" that he had told the truth, and gave them the name of the washerwoman. The Kadi immediately despatched some of his people to her house. They found her busy with her daily labour; and, without taking her hands out of the tub, she asked what they wanted with her.

"Have you not been out to-day?" they inquired.

"Been out to-day!" she repeated crossly. "I have been working since daybreak, trying to finish my linen, and see what a heap of soiled clothes yet remains!

These are hard times, and I earn but little; I have no time to go out, or to stand gossiping with you—been out, indeed!"

When the messengers returned and told how they had found the woman busy at her work, the Sheikh's report was pronounced by all the officials to be a pure fabrication, which he had invented in order to make sport of the venerable Kadi. There happened to be some dry olive-branches lying about, with which a fire was speedily kindled, and the Kadi ordered the wicked Sheikh to be cast into the flames.

The pious woman now got the linen of the whole community to wash, as every one was anxious to get her to talk about this singular affair. But she rated them for their curiosity, kept her own counsel, and only on her death-bed divulged her wonderful adventure. She bequeathed to the community at Jerusalem the property which she had earned by her industry, on condition that on the anniversary of her death the *Kaddish* prayer should be offered at her grave by a pious Rabbi. And this is done even to the present day.

The following legend will serve as an illustration of the reverence with which the Jews, as well as the Moslems and Eastern Christians, regard the graves of holy men, and of the miraculous powers attributed to their occupants:—

It happened nearly two hundred years ago that, one autumn, the inhabitants of Jerusalem and the neighbourhood were suffering from a serious and prolonged drought. All were pining for the life-giving rain, but not a drop would descend from heaven.

Moslems, Christians, and Jews spent their time in prayer, in fasting, and in processions to the tombs of Rachel and of Nebi Daoud, and to the Church of the Sepulchre. But still the heavens remained closed, and their flood-gates would not open.

Then the Pasha sent to the Chief Rabbi of Jerusalem, to the pious old Galanti—blessed be his name!—and threatened to banish him and all the Jews from Jerusalem and Palestine, and to destroy their sanctuary, if it did not rain in three days, as the wicked nation of the Jews were alone the cause of the obduracy of Heaven.

"You pride yourselves," he said, "on being the chosen people of Allah, and call Him your Father. Prove now, in the hour of your trouble, that He hears your prayer; otherwise, by the life of the Prophet, I will do as I have spoken."

Great was the dismay of the Jewish community. The Chief Rabbi ordered a three days' fast, and crowds of men, women, and children assembled before the wall of the Temple, weeping and praying.

Towards sunset, on the third day, the Rabbi commanded the whole of his flock to accompany him on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Rabbi Shimon the Just—blessed be his memory!—in order there to pray for rain. At the same time, he told them to provide themselves with cloaks, mantles, and shoes, as their return would be through torrents of rain.

Though all were astonished at this prediction, they nevertheless obeyed, and followed their pious leader in solemn procession through Bab-el-Amud, the

northern gate of the city. When the officer of the guard saw the procession, dressed as if it were raining in floods, he could not restrain his laughter. But when he was told of the Rabbi's prediction, so little in accordance with the cloudless sky, he flew into a violent passion, and struck the venerable Rabbi in the face. The old man looked at him calmly and solemnly, and then proceeded with his followers to the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Stopping finally at the tomb of Shimon the Just, the Rabbi knelt down on the spot where the head of the deceased lay, and the others knelt around him. Loud and solemn was the sound of their wailings and prayers. But the Rabbi —as was reported by those who knelt next to him— whispered mysterious words into the tomb. The words were so powerful that their hearts trembled, though they could not hear them.

All at once there arose a strong wind, so that the trees on the Mount of Olives shook their branches, and the hitherto blue heavens were overcast with clouds. Heavy drops of rain began to fall, but the Rabbi ceased not to utter fervent but unintelligible words to the occupant of the tomb until torrents of rain descended from heaven, and all were obliged to wrap themselves in their cloaks and coverings.

The officer of the guard now hurried to the spot, threw himself at the Rabbi's feet, and humbly begged him to forgive the insult which he had offered him. Then he raised him on his shoulders, and carried him home. The joy of the city was unbounded. Moslems and Christians openly expressed their belief that they were indebted to the Jews for the rain, and

acknowledged with shame that their prayers were more acceptable to God than their own.

A favourite place of Jewish pilgrimage is the sepulchre of Rabbi Akiba and his 24,000 disciples, which occupies a hillside near Tiberias. Here the pilgrims remain for a day and night under tents, burning lamps and offering prayers. Behind the Rabbi's tomb is a fountain of cool water for the use of the devotees. Of this saintly man and his wife the following charmingly romantic story is told:—

Rabbi Akiba ben Joseph was a shepherd in the employment of the wealthy Kalba Zebua of Jerusalem, whose sepulchre is still identified by the Jews among the "Tombs of the Kings," as they are called. He loved Rachel, his master's daughter, who consented to marry him on the condition that he should go away and become a learned man. Akiba, who was no longer very young, travelled to distant lands, and sat at the feet of the most celebrated teachers. Kalba Zebua disowned his daughter because she had become the shepherd's wife; but she waited patiently till her husband returned after many years, surrounded with the splendour of a great name, when she proudly hailed him as her own. But still her father was inexorable. The thirst for knowledge was, however, so powerfully excited in Akiba that, encouraged by his noble wife, he again left his home, to pursue his studies in other lands under the most celebrated teachers of the law. She waited again for years, never doubting for a moment the affection of her husband, though she was reduced to such poverty

that she had to cut off locks from her dark hair to make rings, which she sold. The whole world was filled with Akiba's fame; his original and able explanations of the law had themselves all the authority of law. His reputation rose so high that a Rabbi, who had formerly opposed him, affirmed that he who gave up Rabbi Akiba gave up everlasting life, and that his spirit of divination had restored all that tradition had forgotten. His scholars asserted that he knew the meaning of many passages of the law of which even the Prophet Moses himself had remained ignorant. A wonderful, hyperbolical, but, so far as regards Akiba's reputation for learning, characteristic legend relates that the Prophet asked the Lord what was the meaning of certain marks over some of the letters of the law. The Lord answered that after many generations there would arise a man of the name of Akiba, who would explain the secret meaning of these marks. The Prophet begged the Lord to show him the figure of the man, on which the Lord ordered him to sit down in the eighth row of spirits behind Akiba, and the Prophet heard the Rabbi speaking and expounding, but he could not understand him.

After many years, Akiba returned home, accompanied by 24,000 disciples, and all the people went forth with joy to meet him. Then his wife forced her way through the crowd, fell down before him who was happier in her love than in all his fame, and, bursting into tears, embraced his knees. The scholars were about to remove the woman, whom they did not know, when the master said to them, "Molest her not; all that I am, and all that you have become

through me, is the work of this noble woman." He raised her from the ground and kissed her. The stern father was at last reconciled, and bestowed on his children abundant wealth.

The following is one of several legends in which some pious person, by being supernaturally warned of danger to the Jewish community of which he is a member, is able to avert it and cause the evil to recoil upon its designers. This story, I need hardly say, refers to the widespread belief of the use of Christian blood by the Jews at their Passover rites, an accusation which, as before mentioned, is frequently brought against them in the East by the Greeks.

The Fire in the Ark of the Covenant.[1]

One Friday evening, the servant of the Talmud-Thora synagogue at Jerusalem, who was sleeping quietly in his bed, was suddenly awakened by a person whom he did not know. The stranger ordered him to hurry at once to the synagogue, as a blood-red fire was blazing in the Ark, where the Thora rolls are kept, and threatened to destroy not only the building, but the whole congregation. The terror-stricken servant rushed to the synagogue and opened the Ark of the Covenant, but could not perceive any traces of fire. He observed, however, by the faint glimmer of the "Everlasting Light" (*Ner Thamid*), that the position had been changed of the bottle of wine which he had placed there after the benediction.

[1] Frankl, *Jews in the East*, p. 205.

This circumstance exciting his suspicions, he took out the bottle, saw that it was not the same, and, pouring out a little of the contents, found that it was filled with blood. He destroyed the bottle, and placed another, filled with white wine, in the Ark, closed the door of the synagogue, and lay down again.

Next morning, immediately after the commencement of the service, the Pasha of Jerusalem and the Bishop of the Greek Monastery, followed by a crowd of Moslems, Greeks, priests, and soldiers, made their appearance in the synagogue. All the Jews, with the exception of the servant of the synagogue, turned pale with terror; he knew that the fire in the Ark was extinguished.

The Pasha ordered his people to search every hole and corner of the building, and when nothing was found to excite suspicion, a Greek pointed to the Ark, and cried, "You must look there." They immediately opened the Ark and found the bottle beside the Thora rolls. The Greek shouted:

"This is the blood of a Christian child which they have butchered for their accursed rites!"

The Bishop took the bottle, and said to the Chief Rabbi, "What does this glass bottle contain?"

"Wine," replied the Rabbi, "which we use when pronouncing the benediction."

The Bishop took the silver cup which stood in the Ark, and filled it from the bottle. It was an amber-coloured, fragrant wine, such as is pressed from the grapes of Hebron. He handed it to the Pasha and to all the spectators to convince them of this. After all had examined the contents of the silver cup, the

Bishop asked the Rabbi's pardon for having interrupted the service. "A liar," he said, pointing to the Greek, "had deceived them."

The Pasha drew a dagger from his girdle, intending to put the offender to death. But the Bishop restrained him by saying, "Do not defile a sanctuary which has been consecrated to the One God, the Father, with the blood of a traitor."

When they had left the synagogue, the Greek thought that he might save his life by penitently confessing that he had placed a bottle full of blood in the Ark, and could not understand how it had been removed. But this only increased the Pasha's wrath, and he struck him to the earth with his dagger.

The demons do not appear to be credited with immortality, although they are believed to be very long lived. Their former chief, Ashmedai, or Asmodeus, whom King Solomon is said to have confined in his signet ring, is now no more, and his son Daniel now reigns as King of the Demon World.

In the days of Ashmedai, a man one day put down a bucket of water, as he thought, with great care; but all at once he felt a pain in his foot. A Rabbi looked into the water and asked, "What hast thou done to the man there?" Ashmedai answered from the water, "Seest thou not that he has put the bucket on my foot?" Said the Rabbi, "Thou, being a spirit, canst see the man, but the man cannot see thee." The water-carrier immediately lifted up the bucket, and begged Ashmedai's pardon, on which the pain immediately left his foot. But the place where

the bucket had stood was marked with the print of a cock's claw.

Ashmedai and King Solomon.

When King Solomon was about to build the Temple he was in great perplexity, for, according to the command of the Lord, no iron tool was to be used in rearing the sacred edifice. He called all the wise men of Israel together, and asked them what he was to do under the circumstances. An aged counsellor said:

"O King, there is a worm called Shameer, which, when placed upon stone or iron, cuts it in pieces in any shape desired. Moses used it when he made the breastplate for Aaron the high priest. But this Shameer is now in the hands of the demons, and they have hidden it, none knows where."

King Solomon dismissed the assembly, and, as he had power over the evil spirits, he made two of them appear before him, and asked them, "Which of you keeps the Shameer concealed?"

They replied, trembling, "O king and master, Ashmedai, our lord, only knows where this precious worm is to be found."

"And where is Ashmedai?" asked the King.

They replied, "He is far away, on such and such a mountain; there he has his abode, and has digged a well, out of which he drinks, and when he has done so, he puts a large stone on the mouth of the well, seals it with his seal, and lies down to sleep."

"That is enough; you may go," said Solomon.

He then called Benajah, his chief captain, told him

all about the Shameer and Ashmedai, and commanded him to go and find them, at the same time advising him what to do in order to get possession of Ashmedai. He also gave the chief captain a chain, upon which was engraved the Holy Name, and a ring bearing also the Name, and dismissed him.

Benajah provided himself with several barrels of wine and a quantity of wool, took the chain and the ring, and went in search of the mountain, which he found, and also the well. He made a hole in the well and let all the water out; then he filled the hole with the wool, and bored another hole close to it, into which he emptied the barrels of wine. Having thus filled the well with wine and closed the hole, he hid himself to watch for the arrival of Ashmedai, who soon afterwards came up. He examined the stone and the seal on the mouth of the well, found all was right, removed it, and as he was very thirsty, took a large draught of the wine, another, and yet another, and becoming quite intoxicated, fell asleep.

Benajah now approached the King of Evil Spirits with the chain upon which the Sacred Name was impressed. When Ashmedai awoke he found himself bound, and endeavoured to break his chain. But Benajah said to him, "It is vain to resist, for thou art bound with the chain on which is the Holy Name. Follow me to King Solomon." Seeing that resistance was useless, he submitted. When they came to his presence the King of Israel demanded of him the Shameer. Ashmedai was unwilling to reveal the place of its concealment, but was finally compelled to divulge how the worm might be

procured, which was again done by the brave Benajah, and the Temple of Solomon was built in all its glory. The King of the Demons meanwhile languished in chains, while Solomon revelled in luxury. Said Ashmedai one day to his captor:

"Take this chain from off me, and give me thy ring only for a moment, and I will make thee the greatest monarch of the world."

Solomon commanded the chain to be taken off, and gave to the Demon his ring. But no sooner was Ashmedai free than he seized the King and hurled him thousands of miles away, took his ring and threw it into the sea, transformed himself into the likeness of Solomon, and reigned in his stead.

While Ashmedai ruled in Jerusalem, Solomon wandered from place to place announcing that he was the King of the Jews, but people only laughed at him, and took him for a madman. Finally he came to Jerusalem, telling the same story, but none would listen to or believe him. Afflicted and cast down, he left the Holy City again, and went towards the sea-coast. Before losing sight, however, of its sacred walls, he prostrated himself in prayer before God, asking for pardon and for his restoration to the throne, and then continued his journey towards the nearest seaport town. As he approached he met a fisherman, who offered a fish for sale. Solomon bought it, and when he opened the fish found within it his sacred ring, which Ashmedai had thrown into the sea. The moment he put it on, he felt himself a changed man, that he was again Solomon the King. He returned to his capital, made himself known to the Sanhedrim,

and related to them his adventures. The Council sent for Benajah, who confirmed Solomon's story. They then summoned the women of the royal household, and asked them, "Have ye ever seen the feet of him who calleth himself King Solomon?" They replied, "Nay, for he covers his person with a large mantle so that we cannot see his feet." This question was put to ascertain whether the supposed King was a Demon, for the Demons have not human feet, but claws like a cock. The Sanhedrim were now persuaded that it was Ashmedai, and advised Solomon to enter the royal palace and hold the sacred ring before the impostor. When Ashmedai saw the ring, he shrieked aloud and vanished, and Solomon reigned as before.[1]

"*Thou for Me, I for Thee.*"[2]

In the village of Khasskeui[3] there lived a poor Jewish girl, fourteen years of age, who supported herself by weaving and dyeing kerchiefs for head-dresses. A year had elapsed since her betrothal, and she worked all the more diligently in order to have something to lay by for her trousseau.

She awoke one night when the moon was shining so brightly that, thinking it was dawn, she arose, and hastened to the shore of the Bosphorus, to wash the cloth which she had already woven so as to prepare it for dyeing. While thus busily engaged, a beautiful

[1] Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages* contains (p. 386) another version of this story.

[2] Frankl, *Jews in the East*, p. 164.

[3] "Khasskeui," says Evliya Effendi, "is a Jews' town, like Salonica" (*Narrative of Travels*, pt. ii. p. 41).

youth, who had approached unperceived, stood before her, and asked, in a soft, insinuating voice:

"What art thou doing here at this hour?"

The girl now observed—what had before escaped her notice—that it was not day, and that she had been deceived by the light of the moon. Still continuing her labour, however, she replied:

"I am a maker of kerchiefs, and I am now washing them ready for dyeing."

The youth dropped two pieces of English gold at her feet, and disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

The following night she was again deceived by the light of the moon, and returned to the shore of the Bosphorus. Arrived there, she suddenly remembered for the first time the incident of the previous night. The youth was now waiting for her, and, as she drew near, he advanced to meet her, placed gold bracelets on her finely moulded arms, and said:

"Thou for me; I for thee!"

The girl was very much startled, and was about to make some reply to the youth, when he again disappeared.

Several months passed away; and the girl still continued to weave and dye her kerchiefs. One day, when she was sweeping the room in which she lived, she found a gold piece similar to those which the youth had given her in the fair moonlight, and with which she had gradually purchased the materials for her trousseau. But from this time the image of the youth was always present to her sight, and his strange words, "Thou for me; I for thee," were constantly ringing in her ears. Yet though she frequently

went by night to their former meeting-place, he did not again appear. One day, however, he suddenly entered her apartment, and offered her flour in a silver dish to bake sweet cakes for him.

"I will do whatever my lord commands his slave," she replied, and began to mix the flour with wine, eggs, and sugar. While doing so, she observed that the youth had disappeared; but when the cakes were baked, and ready for eating, he stood before her again, as if he had never left her.

The day of the betrothed girl's marriage at length arrived, and, as is usual on such occasions, before the wedding night her relatives carried the painted wooden box containing her trousseau to the house of the bridegroom. When the marriage feast was ended, she went to the trunk to change her clothes, but found it quite empty. On this the relations made great lamentation, and the bridegroom wept. But the bride attempted to console them by saying:

"He will give me more pieces of gold to enable me to buy new clothes."

All cried out in astonishment: "Who?"

"He," she quietly replied; and to all the matrons, who, suspecting that something must be wrong, pressed her to say who "He" might be, she only answered, "Thou for me; I for thee."

The relatives now hurried to the *Beshdin*, and submitted this very curious case to the Rabbis. These learned men perceived at once that a demon had chosen the girl for his wife, and separated the newly married pair without further delay.

CHAPTER V.

DÜNMÉH WOMEN: THEIR FAMILY LIFE AND BELIEFS.

THE sect of the Dünmehs (the Turned), as they are called by the Turks, or the Mameeni (the Faithful), as they term themselves, are the descendants of the followers of Sabathaï Sévi,[1] who, in 1666, proclaimed himself at Smyrna as the Messiah. As so very little is generally known of this strange community, it may be well, before attempting to describe the beliefs and customs peculiar to it, to give a brief sketch of its origin. According to most of the authorities on this subject, Sabathaï Sévi was a native of Smyrna, where his father followed the calling of broker to an English merchant. Having, at an early age, shown great aptitude for study, he was sent to a Rabbinical school in that city, where he was instructed in the whole cycle of Talmudic lore. When fifteen, he devoted himself to the study of the Kabbala, the mysteries of which he rapidly mastered, and became proficient in the knowledge both of "those things which are revealed and those things which were hidden." At eighteen he obtained the honourable appellation of "Sage," when he commenced to deliver public lectures,

[1] According to Dr. Jean de Lent, this was the eighteenth false Messiah who had appeared since the Christian era.

expounding to crowded audiences both the Divine Law and the Esoteric Doctrines. At the age of twenty-four he is said to have revealed to his disciples that he was the Messiah, the son of David, who would redeem the Jews from servitude to the Christians and Moslems, at the same time publicly pronouncing the Tetragrammaton—the name, Yahveh—which it is lawful only for the High Priest to do in the Holy of Holies on the Day of Atonement. This becoming known to the *Beshdin*, or Rabbinical Court, two of their number proceeded to warn him that, if he sinned thus a second time, he would be "cast out of the synagogue, and his slayer would be commended." Sabathaï then declared himself to be the Anointed of the Lord and authorised to pronounce His sacred name. The Rabbis then adjudged him to be worthy of death, and forthwith excommunicated him.

Leaving his native city, he proceeded to Salonica, where he promulgated his doctrines with some success, and married and subsequently divorced two beautiful Jewesses. Proceeding to Greece, and thence to Italy, he at Leghorn married a third wife. Continuing his mission, by way of Tripoli to Syria, he finally arrived at Jerusalem. Here Sabathaï at once announced himself as the Reformer of the Law, and declared the fast of *Tamuz* abolished. He very shortly fell in with a Jew of the name of Nathan, whom he took into his confidence. This worthy, whose genius appears to have coincided with that of Sabathaï, at once accepted the rôle of forerunner, and immediately began to spread the tidings of the advent of the Messiah. "The Bridegroom was among them," he announced to

the populace, and they were liberated from the painful observances of the Law, and ought to honour His coming with rest and rejoicing. That he speedily made many proselytes among the more ignorant and fanatical will appear less surprising when we take into account the fact that it was at a period when the popular mind was persuaded of the approach of a moral and religious revolution, and that various prophecies had more particularly pointed to the year 1666 as the epoch of some great and important event.

Sabathaï, on his side, preached with equal success at Gaza the deliverance of the Jewish people from the yoke of the stranger, and the redemption of Israel, for the Jews of that neighbourhood began to abandon their worldly occupations, and to devote their time to acts of charity and piety. They also communicated their enthusiasm to the Hebrews dispersed in other parts of the Empire, large numbers of whom were deceived into the belief that the long-promised Messiah was at last among them. The impostor, satisfied with, and encouraged by, his reception in Syria, now determined to return to Smyrna, and proclaim himself also to the Jews of Constantinople. Nathan meanwhile repaired to Damascus, whence he wrote a letter to his colleague, recognising him as the "Lord of Lords" and "Messiah of the God of Jacob." He also wrote epistles to the Jews at Aleppo, proclaiming his mission and the doctrines of the Messiah. The Israelites throughout the Ottoman Empire now began to manifest, in the most extravagant fashion, their joy at the supposed advent of the Messiah; and in some towns strange and almost incredible scenes were witnessed by their

astonished Moslem and Christian neighbours. Sir Paul Rycaut, who was an eye-witness of some of these extravagances, describes them at length, and adds that "they affected such pageantry of greatness that no comedy could equal the mock-shows they represented."[1] So numerous were the believers in some places that trade came to a complete standstill. The Jews wound up their affairs, disposed of their goods, and made ready to be redeemed from captivity and led by their Messiah in triumph to Jerusalem. The foreign Consuls were ordered by their respective Governments to inquire into this extraordinary movement, and the Ottoman Pashas reported to the Sultan the interruption of commerce in the districts they governed.

The contagion soon spread westwards, and many of the Jews of Italy, Holland, and Germany prepared to sell their property, or leave all, to follow the Messiah, already persuaded that they were to become lords over the whole earth. Everywhere commerce and manual labour were interrupted, those who had wealth feeding those who had none, and distributing their possessions in the hope of receiving greater. And everywhere the Jews assumed an insupportably arrogant bearing towards the Gentiles, who, they declared, would shortly become their slaves.

In the meantime, Sabathaï arrived at Smyrna, where his appearance caused the liveliest agitation among his co-religionists. The vulgar received him with the utmost enthusiasm; but fear of Moslem ridicule prevented the Rabbis acknowledging him as the Messiah; and besides, they were not without doubts as to the

[1] *The History of Turkey, &c.*, p. 207.

divinity of his mission. Before deciding whether or no to acknowledge his claims, the Khakham Bashi, or Chief Rabbi, invited Sabathaï to a conference with him. The impostor repaired to the Rabbi's residence, accompanied by a rabble of his followers, who remained outside. The interview proving a very long one, the mob imagined that Sabathaï was forcibly detained, and appealed to the Kadi in his behalf, giving to the authorities by this indiscretion the first warning of what was going forward. The Kadi, however, took bribes from both sides, and finally sent the case to be tried by the Rabbinical Court. The party in Sabathaï's favour was too strong to make it prudent for the Jewish authorities to interfere openly with the impostor; but they intrigued against him so successfully that, on his repairing to Constantinople shortly afterwards, he was thrown into prison by the Grand Vizier. The Castle of Abydos, where he was detained, became a great place of pilgrimage for his faithful followers, who paid large bribes to the Turks for permission to visit their Messiah. His reputation increased every day. He drew out the plan of a new ceremonial and a new religion; formulated the manner of observing the anniversary of his birth; determined the order of pilgrimage to the tomb of his mother, and attached to its performance special privileges. All the prophecies were interpreted in his favour by his enthusiastic followers, and the walls of the synagogues were decorated with his anagram. Another would-be Messiah, however, Nehemiah Cohen, being refused by Sabathaï a share in the Messiahship, revenged himself by denouncing him to the Ministers

of the Sultan, and represented to them that if this false Messiah were not speedily suppressed he would prove dangerous to the peace of the realm.

It was, however, reserved for Sultan Mohammed IV. himself to unmask the impostor. When brought before him in his palace at Adrianople, the Padishah demanded of Sabathaï, "Canst thou work miracles?" "I can," was the reply. "Then," resumed the Sultan, "thou shalt be a target for my archers. If their arrows harm thee not, then art thou indeed the *Mahdi*." Fear compelling the Jew to confess his imposture, the alternative was offered him of death by impalement or profession of the faith of Islam. He chose the latter, declaring that his object had always been to lead his followers to acknowledge that "there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his Prophet," and that he had deferred doing this only until he could make his profession of faith in the presence of his Sovereign.

Great was the consternation of his adherents, and loud the mockery with which they were assailed, both by Jews and Gentiles. Such, however, was the credulity of a certain few, that they continued to believe in the divinity of Sabathaï's mission, and, while outwardly imitating their leader in his apostasy, in order to escape persecution by the Jews, they continued in secret to cherish his doctrines. Sabathaï, on his side, was allowed to remain at the Ottoman Court, where he sat at the feet of "that Gamaliel of the law of Islam," Vanni Effendi. Antoine Galland, the first translator into a European language of the *Arabian Nights*, who resided at Constantinople in the

years 1672–73, mentions in his *Journal* various little incidents which came under his personal notice, relating to the subsequent career of this famous impostor, who appears to have died in prison at Belgrade in 1676.

The devoted followers of Sabathaï, however, steadfastly maintained that their Messiah was not really dead, but that he had ascended to heaven in bodily form. And now, at Salonica, in each of their *Kals*, or secret places of worship, they, it is said, keep a bed always ready, on which he may repose from the fatigue of his second advent. Either from the fact of Sabathaï's having disappeared from the world at Belgrade, or from his having left Salonica by the Vardar gate, he is expected to arrive from that direction, and every day, for the last two centuries, a Dünméh has gone out on this road at sunrise in order to meet and welcome him. Since the opening of the railway between Belgrade and Salonica, a question has arisen as to the possibility of the Messiah's arrival in the latter city by train. And consequently, report says, a Dünméh is always to be seen at the terminus when the northern mail is due, watching eagerly for the passenger who has tarried so long, and at whose coming the Faithful will be rewarded for their long watching and service by being appointed lords of the earth.

The head-quarters of the followers of Sabathaï Sévi in Turkey is at Salonica, where they are said to number some eight thousand souls. Small as the sect is, it is divided into three sub-sects, the members of which, though they take no part in the secret devotions of the other two, yet live on good terms with them.

The first and chief of these sub-sects consists, of

course, of the orthodox followers of Sabathaï Sévi, and are called *Ismirli*. The men are distinguished by having their chins shaved, and being addressed by the title of *Tchelebi*, or "gentleman." They also claim to be descendants of the best families of the Jews who came to that city from Spain. The second sub-sect, called *Jacobines*, are the followers more especially of Jacobus Querido, a reputed son of Sabathaï, who claimed for himself the inheritance of the Messiahship, but whose pretensions were scouted by the more orthodox. The third and smallest sub-sect profess to be followers of Osman Baba, who lived at the beginning of the last century, and who, in his efforts to reconcile the two existing sub-sects, formed another, whose outward mark of distinction is that they shave neither the chin nor the head. The three parties observe respectively distinct customs in trifles, such as using drinking-cups with or without handles, and other peculiarities, to which, though meaningless to outsiders, some symbolic significance is, no doubt, attached.

The Dünméhs are, as a community, highly respectable, industrious, and prosperous. Poverty, indeed, is said to be non-existent among them, the wealthy helping those less successful in worldly affairs and supporting widows and orphans by an admirably organised system of charity. Ostensibly, their domestic arrangements are similar to those of the Turks, the houses of the wealthy being divided into *haremlik* and *selámlik*, the furniture of which consists chiefly of divans round three sides of the room, with a console surmounted by a mirror, and a few common chairs. The dwellings of the community are clustered together in

a little quarter of their own, in the centre of the city, and all communicate with each other by means of interior doorways and passages, which also afford access to their *kals*, or secret assembly-rooms.

Out of doors, the Dünméh women wear the Turkish cloak and veil, but appear to be less restricted in their intercourse with strangers than *bonâ-fide* Moslems. One may, for instance, see them, divested of their out-door garb, at Jewish weddings, exposed to the gaze of dozens of the other sex; and it would appear that social intercourse among the Dünméh themselves is quite unrestricted. Under the *yashmak* and *feridjé* is worn either the picturesque and many-coloured Jewish costume, or, in imitation of the Turkish women, an Oriental modification of Western fashions. The bridal dress of a Dünméh girl, to whose wedding *dughun* I was invited, was a short loose jacket, and long trailing skirt of crimson velvet, with a broad border, worked in gold thread in an elaborate floral design. Some of the women are handsome, though, like the Jewesses of the East generally, they have a dull, apathetic expression. Two centuries of constant intermarriage have also produced a type less nosey, I think, and thick-lipped than that of the surrounding Jews, than whom the Dünméhs are also much less voluble in conversation, and much more dignified in appearance and demeanour.

In point of education, however, the Dünméh women are even less advanced than either their Turkish or Jewish sisters. No girls' school of any description seems to have existed until some dozen years ago, when an intelligent member of the community, Shemshi Effendi, determined to remove this

cause of reproach from his people, succeeded in opening one on a small scale at Salonica, which he personally supervised. Some of the first pupils were girls of fourteen or fifteen, already betrothed, whom custom obliged to retain their veils and cloaks while receiving their lessons. None of them could either read or write, nor had they any wish to learn, but came to school for the purpose of benefiting by the instruction given in needle- and fancy-work by a trained Greek mistress. The curriculum, we were informed, was limited to "the three R's." The girls sat cross-legged on the floor at their lessons or work, in untidy dresses and dishevelled hair, and their manners generally left much to be desired, even from an Oriental point of view. With the younger pupils, however, the director looked for better success than with the "grown-up young ladies." And a beginning having been made, there is now some hope that, before the return of Sabathaï Sévi, the Dünméh girls, too, may share in some of the educational advantages enjoyed by their Christian and Jewish neighbours.

The Dünméhs seem to be more averse than any of the other races of the East to intermarriage with persons belonging to other creeds. A Turk of Salonica was, it is said, not long ago, attracted by a girl belonging to the sect, and wished to marry her. The girl's friends were, however, so opposed to the match that they offered a bribe of four thousand *liras* to induce the wooer to abandon his pursuit of her. If a Dünméh girl be led astray by an outsider, no effort is spared to recover the erring one, who, it is

said, is tried, condemned, and executed for her sin by a secret tribunal of her own people.

In their family ceremonies the Dünméhs conform outwardly to the Moslem customs, which I shall presently describe. Rumour, however, whispers of secret rites and mysterious domestic usages, neither Moslem nor Jewish, of which stolen glimpses have from time to time been obtained by curious neighbours. One of these stories relates how a Greek woman, hired to make confectionery in a Dünméh house on the eve of a wedding, secreted herself, and witnessed some strange ceremonies, among which was the passing a hoop, covered with flowers, over the bride's head and down to her feet. Mr. Theodore Bent, in his article entitled "A Peculiar People,"[1] says that some Dünméh ladies gave Mrs. Bent some curious details connected with birth-customs. But, as these were apparently so freely imparted, I venture to think that they were merely current Turkish or Jewish customs, and not peculiar to the sect.

Conformity with the creed which they outwardly profess obliges the Dünméhs to put in an occasional appearance at the public services in the mosques on Fridays and festivals. The mosques, however, are many, and the Turkish nature is too indolent to allow the good *hodjas* and *imáms* to inquire into the cause of absence of the True Believers, who may have gone to worship in another temple; and with the devotions of the women they would think still less of concerning themselves. So the Dünméh tradesman, like a good

[1] *Longman's Magazine*, Nov. 1887. Mrs. Bent, unfortunately, made no note of these details, and informs me that she cannot recall them.

Moslem, closes his shop on Friday, and, though he takes down his shutters on the Jewish Sabbath, and sits cross-legged on the raised floor which serves him as counter and shop window, he makes no effort, as on other days, to thrust his wares on the passers-by. If a customer, attracted by some article on his shelves, should present himself, the Dünméh reaches it down as if sorry to part with it, and appears rather relieved than disappointed if no purchase is made.

The following sixteen rules and precepts are said to comprise the principal dogmas of the Dünmeh creed;[1] but I altogether question their literal accuracy. No doubt, however, they are true to fact in their spirit of Semitic intolerance and assumptions of superiority, and in the traces they exhibit of that Oriental mysticism which teaches that all the great prophets and seers who have ever lived were successive manifestations of the Divine Spirit which appeared first in Adam and last in Mohammed.

I. A belief in the unity of God and Messiahship of Sabathaï Sévi; that Adam, Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Esther, and other Biblical characters were all parts of the soul of this Messiah, who has undergone eighteen incarnations.

II. That all the earth is made for the *Mameeni* (the followers of Sabathaï), and that the Turks were only created to keep guard over them. "There is," they say, "no egg without a shell; the Turks are the shells, and the Mameeni the eggs."

[1] I give these precepts on the authority of Mr. Bent, whose informants were, I believe, the Scottish missionary to the Jews, and a Jewish friend of his. Mrs. Blunt, however, when writing the *People of Turkey*, made all possible inquiries on this subject, and was promised information by those who professed to be in possession of it; but the result was disappointingly small.

III. All who are not Jews are "eggshells" (*kilipa*).

IV. It is unlawful for the Mameeni to marry either Jews or "eggshells."

V. The Mameeni alone will inherit the kingdom of heaven.

VI. The souls of "eggshells" at death go down to Gehenna and remain there.

VII. All the Jews who are not at present Mameeni will become believers when their eyes are opened to the truth that Moses and the other prophets were but sparks of the soul of Sabathaï, and then they will themselves become sparks of his soul.

VIII. In all their acts to obey the Law of Moses.

IX. Not to hate, but to conciliate, the Jews, who are destined to become their brethren.

X. Not to endeavour to proselytise the Jews, whom God Himself will show the way to the other world.

XI. Outwardly to live as Moslems, but in their hearts to be Israelites.

XII. Not to think it sin in the eyes of God to slay a Mameeni who transgresses any of these precepts.

XIII. All Mameeni must obey the laws of Islam in worldly matters. They must not, however, plead before a Turkish tribunal, but be judged by members of their own community; and while subjecting themselves to the Turks, not abase themselves before them unnecessarily.

XIV. To abstain from intoxicating drink.[1]

[1] This rule appears to be more especially intended as a safeguard against any betrayal of sectarian secrets. So strictly is it observed that a Dünméh will not drink water from a vessel which has, at any time, contained wine or other intoxicating liquor

XV. To have two names, a Turkish one for worldly use, and a sectarian one, known only to the community.

XVI. To repeat the names of the "higher powers" twice every day.

The *Kals* or meeting-houses of the Dünméhs are, it is said, built without windows, and are lighted with green lamps. Rumour also affirms that their services, at which they use the forms and rules of devotion appointed by their Messiah, are held in Judæo-Spanish; that they wear during their performance the white *talith* of the Jews; and that they must have some sort of sacrifice at the feast of Passover, for blood may then be observed on the lintels of their houses, and on the foreheads of their children. As, however, little or nothing is positively known of their beliefs and practices, conjecture has full scope, and the imagination of their chief enemies, the Jews, runs riot in inventing crimes to lay at their door. They are accused of holding secret assemblies by night, at which they indulge in every kind of immorality, an accusation which has been brought against every peculiar sect which has made any secret of its doctrine. The main reason, however, for the ill-repute in which the Dünméhs are held by Moslems, Christians, and Jews alike would appear to be the double life they are compelled to lead by their outward profession of one creed and secret devotion to another. A few travelled Dünméhs, whose more liberal education has caused them to find the trammels of the community irksome, have thrown them off by marrying "eggshells" and settling abroad.

Bishop Grégoire, in his *Histoire des Sectes*, affirms

that there is another class of Moslemised Jews at Salonica who are frequently confounded with the followers of Sabathaï Sévi. According to this author, a number of Jewish bankers of this city being, some century and a half ago, condemned to death by the Pasha, saved their lives and property by a nominal apostasy, and, to the number of thirty families, embraced the creed of Islam. They now number, says the Bishop, from a hundred to a hundred and fifty families, having from that time intermarried, and continue to follow in private the strict observance of the Jewish religion.[1]

[1] Tome iii. p. 340.

THE WOMEN OF TURKEY

PART III.

THE MOSLEM WOMEN

CHAPTER I.

KŪRDISH WOMEN: THEIR STATUS AND OCCUPATIONS.

THE Kūrds are to be found scattered all over the Eastern Highlands of Asia Minor, from the Taurus to the Caucasus, as well as in Kūrdistan proper, where the population is equally mixed. Under the name of Kūrd, however, two distinct races are included, who form as great a contrast to each other in physiognomy as in character and manner of life. The one race is nomad, warlike, and full of vivacity, the other is agricultural, pacific, and not remarkable for intelligence.[1] The features of the peasantry are much softer and less pronounced than those of the tribesmen, who have long and rather aquiline noses, prominent foreheads, keen, deep set eyes, generally black, but sometimes grey, or even blue, small mouths, and pointed chins. Their step is firm, their bearing proud and dignified, and at the first glance one sees that they are the lords of the country.

The Kūrds generally are strong, healthy, well-built people, and in spite of the inequalities of climate of the country they inhabit, live to a good old age. The children are clear-skinned, rosy-

[1] The Turkish proverb, "Stupid as a Kūrd," applies only to the peasants of this nation.

cheeked, hardy, lithe and active little creatures, and the young women—in the Taurus especially—are said to be models of physical beauty. Mr. Millingen gives the following glowing description of one among the many handsome girls he saw during his residence among these freebooting highlanders: "Her complexion gave me an idea of what must have been the bloom of the forbidden apple of the terrestrial Paradise. Her eyes, of a dark chestnut, shone like brilliants through the veil of her thick, long eyelashes, while nose and mouth were perfect in their delicacy of shape. Though the garments she wore were not of a superior sort, yet through their folds her graceful form could be detected. But what above all contributed to make her really charming was the calm, simple, and, so to say, infantine air which distinguished her countenance and the whole of her demeanour."[1]

Some Kūrdish families in Boktan and Hakkari claim descent from the Ommeyīde Khalifs, and some travellers are of opinion that the tribe of the Rowadi, to which Saladin belonged, may possibly be the same as the modern Revendi, or Rewendi. The chiefs of the Bebbeh clan confidently affirm that they have in their veins English blood from an ancestress called Keighan, the legend concerning whom will be found in a subsequent chapter.[2] Less mythical, perhaps, is the story of the company belonging to the Second Crusade (1147–49), who wandered in a north-easterly direction from Syria, and not being

[1] *Wild Life among the Kūrds.*

[2] See p. 174.

able to find their way back, settled in the mountains of Kūrdistan.[1]

The two above described classes of Kūrds are distinguished among themselves by terms signifying respectively, "Dwellers in tents," or "Nomads," and "Labourers," or "Subjects" (*Rayahs*).

The peasant Kūrds are said to outnumber the warriors in the proportion of four or five to one. The latter are estimated at some thirteen thousand families, of whom ten thousand are nomad, the remainder being settled in the towns and villages. All these warrior Kūrds are divided into tribes, of which they distinguish three kinds: *ashiré* (great tribes), *quabilé* (medium tribes), and *thàifés* (small tribes). These are counted by tents or houses, each of which contains from five to twenty inmates. The great tribes are subdivided into *quabilés* and *thàifés*, or merely into *thàifés*, which term is also generally used to denote a tribe, whether great or small. The small tribes which are unconnected with an *ashiré* are called isolated *thàifés*.

The tribes, or clans, consist of the family of the chief, and a number of other families more or less closely connected with it. In their encampments the tent of the chief is conspicuous among the others by its size, for it is the council chamber, court of justice, and general meeting-place of the elders of the tribe, and in it general hospitality is exercised. Clan feeling and devotion to the chief are the leading characteristics of these wild people. The head of the tribe is, however, not an arbitrary ruler, the voices of the

[1] Binder, *Au Kurdistan, en Mésopotamie*, &c., p. 110.

elders having great weight, and, as I shall subsequently point out, even the women are not excluded from a share in the politics of the tribe.

Though more or less dominated by the numerous conquerors who have successively, for three thousand years, overrun those regions which are now called Kūrdistan, the Kūrds have never ceased to own a distinct nationality. Since the Ottoman conquest they have been constantly wavering between the two rival powers of Islam—the Sunnis and the Shias, as represented by the Turks and the Persians respectively, siding, according to the exigencies of the time, now with one party and now with the other. Notwithstanding their sufferings in the destructive wars of conquest waged for centuries by Turk and Persian, and the constant internal feuds fomented by both those nations in order to weaken the power of the Kūrdish warriors, they still maintain a sort of semi-independence, preserving their nationality as distinct from that of their neighbours as in earlier days, though possessing no dynasty, political constitution, ancient religion, historical traditions, or literature, to bind them together.

Three times during the present century have national aspirations incited them to throw off the Turkish yoke; but owing to the immense extent of mountainous country over which they are scattered, their successes have been but partial and nugatory. Representatives as they probably are of the ancient Chaldeans, no other race has, perhaps, so long preserved its nationality under conditions so unfavourable.

The country houses of the Kūrds are for the most part—like those of their neighbours, the Armenians, already described—underground dwellings, with the cattle-stable communicating with the *selamlik*, or public-room. The cooking stove consists of an immense earthen jar, wider in the centre than at the top and bottom, which is sunk into the floor of the principal room. Into it a quantity of *tezek*, the native fuel of compressed straw and cow-dung, is thrown, and from an iron bar placed across the orifice a kettle is suspended by a chain. Over this stove the women sit, regardless of the smoke and flame issuing from the ground as from the crater of a volcano. The smoke finds its only exit by the little window high up in the wall, which admits the small modicum of light with which the inmates content themselves.

The furniture is very simple, being merely a few carpets and quilts, some mattresses, and a number of leather wallets, which contain the wearing apparel and other household goods not in general use. This apartment serves as kitchen, sitting- and sleeping-room combined, three or four generations finding rest and comfort within its four walls. Out of this room opens the store-room, which contains a cemented cistern, like an ancient sarcophagus in shape, and a number of earthen jars of different sizes, the largest quite four feet high, in shape like the Greek *amphora*. The cistern is used for making a kind of beer called *bóza*, a liquor called *nardenk*, extracted from the juice of the pomegranate, and other provisions for domestic

consumption, all of which are stored in the capacious jars.[1]

At Suliemanieh, the Kūrdish capital, the better sort of houses are square, one-storied buildings, standing on a basement about three feet high, and built of sun-dried bricks with a plastering of mud mixed with chopped straw. The interiors of the principal rooms are lime-washed, and the flat roofs are formed of rafters covered with reeds and a coating of earth. Round the house is a walled enclosure, divided into two courts by a cross-wall, which joins the house at each end near its centre, leaving the front, which is the *selamlik*, in one court, and the back, the *haremlik*, in the other. The gardens consist in great part of turfy lawns shaded by willows, poplars, and mulberry trees, which, with rose-bushes, are disposed in little clumps, and watered by a stream which has its source in the mountains. The chief apartment is the *talar*, a room quite open to the air in front, and used in warm weather as a general sitting and sleeping room by the family. Only the poorest persons sleep on the roofs of their houses. Some, in the greatest heats, which last only a month, sleep in *tchardahs*, or bowers, over the tanks in the courts, or in tents, to escape from the fleas, which are said to be even more formidable here than in the rest of Turkey. In the *selamlik* is also a large spacious hall, dimly lighted, and used as a cool retreat in summer. The winter rooms are approached by a long, dark passage.

[1] Xenophon, in his 'Ἀνάβασις', or *Retreat of the Ten Thousand*, mentions that the Karduci kept their wine in cemented cisterns, bk. iv. chap. ii.

The ordinary houses are mere mud hovels, which give the place an appearance similar to that of an Arab village. Every domestic operation is carried on in public, and the whole family may be seen sleeping on the low flat roofs in full view of neighbours or passers-by.

Kūrdistan is for the most part a barren country, cultivated fields and gardens being found only in the proximity of towns and large villages. With the clansmen pasturage is the only resource, and in summer they wander from highland to highland seeking pasturage and water for their large flocks of sheep. A tribe on the march is a picturesque sight. The baggage is carried on the backs of bullocks, which sometimes carry in addition two or three children and the cradle, if the mother has not strapped this with its inmate to her own back. Striding along with the other women may be seen several Amazonian figures, who seem to be in charge of the party, and much more responsible for its safety than the men, who saunter along carrying only their arms, a heavy mace hanging from their girdles, and a sword and buckler at their backs. Beyond guarding the flocks, the men take no part in the work connected with them, all of which devolves on the women.

Kūrds seldom eat the flesh of their flocks, which they consider too valuable for consumption, but content themselves for the most part with the dairy produce, milk, cheese, and butter, curds and *yaourt*, with thin cakes baked in the *tandour*, and a kind of pilaf made from wheat instead of rice. Butter is made in a very primitive fashion. A large sheepskin

bag filled with milk is suspended horizontally by two cords, and to this apparatus the Kūrdish maidens impart a swinging movement, which, in course of time, converts the milk into butter. Their cheese, which is called *djadjk*, and is much relished, contains some prickly herb, possessing a flavour like that of onions.

The dress of Kūrdish women of the better class is composed of a loose chemise with sleeves and wide Turkish trousers, secured round the waist by a belt fastened with a large clasp of gold or silver. Over this is worn a gown cut like the coats of the men, and fastened only at the throat, leaving the chemise and trousers visible. It is made of striped or variegated silk or cotton stuff from Gugerat or Constantinople, or of rich Oriental brocade, according to the season and the position of the wearer. Next comes the *bish*, which is generally of satin, and shaped like the gown, but with short tight sleeves which do not reach the elbow. In winter this is replaced by a *libardé*, or long jacket of quilted cotton. In winter, Kūrdish ladies sometimes adopt the national *tchurokia*, a cloak of yellow and red plaid, fastened across the shoulders and falling below the knees. Their head-dress is a prodigiously heavy construction. It consists of silk kerchiefs, or rather shawls, of all the colours of the rainbow, pinned together in the form of a mitre two feet in height, with long ends hanging down nearly to the heels. Some of these mitres are ornamented with rows of gold lace, from which depend little leaf-like gold ornaments, which, with strings of coins and glass beads, chiefly constitute the jewellery of a Kūrdish lady. Notwith-

standing the inconvenience of this head-gear, and the baldness which it causes, it is said to be worn even at night, little pillows being used to support it.

The dress of the peasant women is similar in form, but is invariably made of blue cotton stuffs; the *tcharokhia*, or cloak, is of a darker shade of blue, with white stripes round the bottom, the corners being knotted across the breast or shoulder; and a small cap is worn on the head, the hair curling about the face.

Though nominally Moslems, the Kūrdish women do not veil themselves very strictly when abroad. In large towns like Suliemanieh the ladies wear a blue checked sheet, and a screen of black horsehair, like the Turkish women of the interior. This is, however, seldom pulled down, except by ladies of the highest rank, who may wish to pass through the streets *incognito;* and the lower class women generally go about with their faces uncovered. The village women veil themselves when they leave their homes; and the nomads, when on the march, partially screen their faces with a cotton kerchief or scarf. Menservants are not, as with the Turks, excluded from the rooms occupied by the ladies of the house, and male visitors are freely received by the assembled family.

Notwithstanding, however, this apparent freedom of manners, Kūrdish women conduct themselves with the utmost dignity and propriety, displaying neither the timidity common to the Armenians, nor the forwardness too often seen in the behaviour of the Osmanlis. Their standard of morality is, indeed, exceptionally high among the races of the country,

any lapse from virtue on the part of a married woman being, as a rule, summarily punished by the injured husband with death; and her partner in guilt usually shares the same fate. No social odium attaches to the man who thus takes the law into his own hand; on the contrary, such an action is considered highly meritorious. Various stories are current among the Kūrds illustrating such retributory vengeance. One relates how a Kūrd, the captain of some irregular troops employed at Bagdad, hearing of his Kourmandji wife's suspected unfaithfulness during his absence, returned secretly to his native town, entered the house by night, and shot dead both her and her lover. Another of these stories describes the murder, by a boy of fifteen, of his stepmother and her partner in guilt during the absence of his father, whom a feud with a neighbouring chief had obliged to remove temporarily to a distance. In both these cases the deed was considered highly meritorious, and its perpetrator treated with every mark of consideration by friends and neighbours. The relatives of the guilty persons made no complaint to the authorities, nor did they manifest any resentment. On the contrary, the crime which had occasioned the murder is so abhorrent to the Kūrdish mind, that the customary visits of condolence were not paid to the families of the dead.

Stories, too, are common of women, both married and unmarried, who have defended their honour by taking the life of their assailant. One of these stories is so thrilling that I will endeavour to reproduce it in brief. A Kūrdish lady was returning, accompanied only by a manservant, to her husband's house from

a visit to her parents, who lived a day's journey off. On the road this man contrived so many delays that, instead of reaching home before sunset, they were obliged to stop for the night at a lonely and untenanted khan, of evil repute as the resort of robbers and brigands. After stabling the horses, the man came upstairs to the room occupied by his mistress, and approached her with dishonouring proposals. But she, divining his intention, had ready a small knife, which she plunged into his throat as he laid hold of her, and he fell dead. Not daring to close her eyes in that horrible place, she crouched in a corner to await the dawn. About midnight she was startled by hearing the sound of horse's hoofs approaching the khan—for who but a malefactor could arrive there in the dead of night? The newcomer alighted, and appeared to be seeking a stable for his horse, as he was leading it about below. "If he finds our horses," she thought, "I am lost," and again seizing the knife she cut off one of the dead man's arms and flung it from the window at the stranger as he passed below. He, however, still continued to wander backwards and forwards, leading his horse; so the next time he passed she cut off the other arm and threw that also at him. Upon this he cried, "Whosoever ye be, know that I am Dergo of Kisan,[1] and I fear ye not!" Oh, joy! It was her husband's voice.

"Dergo!" she called in reply, "It is I, thy Guzel, come and save me."

The astonished husband and his wife found their way to each other, and mutual explanations followed.

[1] A town between Bitlis and Van.

Not being sure of the day of his wife's return home, he had not been anxious at her non-arrival, but had been spending the evening with a party of friends. A question had arisen regarding his bravery; and, to vindicate it, he had accepted a wager to go alone at midnight to the Bas Khan, and leave there a token of his visit. He had been searching for a safe place in which to leave this token, unawed by the ghastly missiles hurled at him, as he supposed, by some bandits who had taken up their abode in the khan.

Mr. Rich, when travelling in Kūrdistan, met a girl of the Bulbassi tribe who had killed with a spear a Turk who insulted her. This young Amazon was dressed like a man, and served the chief, Fazullah Effendi, as his faithful henchman, accompanying him on all his expeditions. The women of this tribe are particularly hardy and intrepid. They sometimes take to the road as brigands, and unlucky is the trader or traveller who falls into their hands. For not content with robbing him, they strip him, excite him to make proposals to them, and then punish him for so doing with every species of mild torture which their lively imaginations can suggest, such as pinching, scratching, and scourging with thorns.

In the domestic circle the women are treated as equals by the men, who are most affectionate in their relations with their parents, sisters, and children, and in the character of husbands most considerate, kind, and forbearing. As an illustration of this latter trait, and at the same time of manners generally among the sedentary Kūrds, I cannot do better than give the following charming story.

The Pasha's Lesson to his Wife.[1]

Once, and more than once, let us pray Allah that His mercy be on our fathers and on our mothers who hear us![2]

In former times the Pashas of Bayazid had no wealth, and were in a state bordering on penury. The revenues of the villages, and the receipts in general, were taken by the *áyáns* and the *aghas* of the district, who were rich landowners with many servants and soldiers ready for campaign. The houses of the Pashas were supplied with their daily provisions by each *agha* in turn. The wives of the *áyáns* and *aghas* dressed elegantly, and had very costly things, while the Pashas' wives wore very simple clothes. One feast day the wives of the *aghas* and *áyáns* came to kiss the hands of the *hanŭm* (Pasha's lady). The latter was ashamed of her own appearance, as contrasted with that of her visitors; she was quite put out about it, and got in a very bad temper.

When the Pasha came in the evening into the *haremlik*, he found the *hanŭm* looking very glum, and asked her, "What is the matter? why art thou so gloomy?"

The lady replied, "How should I not be upset? To-day being a feast-day, the *aghas'* and *áyáns'* wives came to call upon me, splendidly dressed, covered with gold and jewels. In gala dresses, and wearing such magnificent ornaments, they came to kiss my hand! And was it not shameful for me, a

[1] Jaba, *Recueil de Notices et Recits Kourdes*, p. 32.

[2] The common preface to a Kūrdish story.

hanŭm, to receive them in this poor gown? It is abominable!"

The Pasha remarked, in reply, that his wife ought to be satisfied, with the high rank she occupied, to leave the pleasures of the toilette to others, and content herself with her position. "All these *aghas'* wives, with their numerous retainers," said he, "are thy very humble servants; that is thy splendour, and it is a sufficient one. All these horsemen are at my orders, ready to march against the enemy; and so, I repeat, greatness consists in having subjects and numerous horsemen to obey one, and not in the possession of gold and rich clothes."

But the *hanŭm* would not listen to reason; she wanted fine dresses, gold and diamond ornaments.

"To have such things it is necessary to possess villages," said the Pasha. "I must lay hands on some *aghas*, and dismiss some of my people, so as to save their salaries; and what is saved shall be for thee, for thy gold and thy fine clothes."

A few days afterwards the Pasha secretly assembled the *aghas* and *áyáns*, told them of his wife's fancy, and ordered them to mount their horses in the middle of the night, and to go out and post themselves in detachments all round the town. The *aghas* and *áyáns* accordingly assembled with their horsemen to the number of three thousand, forming six squadrons, and placed themselves around the town awaiting further orders. When day began to dawn, the *hanŭm* saw from her window that the town was surrounded by troops; she instantly awoke the Pasha.

"It is no time to sleep!" she cried. "The enemy have surrounded the fortress!"

The Pasha replied by telling the *hanŭm* to fetch her gold and her fine clothes, and offer them to the enemy in order to induce them to depart. The lady exclaimed that such was not the way to repel the foe, and declared that she desired neither gold nor rich clothes, but only to be saved from the enemy. The Pasha told her not to fear, as he had plenty of horsemen and armed men among those whose wives had come to see her, laden with gold, and richly dressed. "But still," he said, "if she desired it, he was ready to dismiss them, and give her their pay, that she might have gold and stuffs."

"May Allah forbid!" cried the lady. "I will have none of such riches; I am ready to give even the garments I now possess to our people and to our troops. I admit that greatness consists in numbers of soldiers and horsemen. There are plenty of rich traders, but what can they do?—they have not that which constitutes real greatness."

The Pasha went out and gave the order for the horsemen to retire and disperse to their own homes. But they would not consent to do so before they had made an excursion to bring back some booty for the *hanŭm's* toilet. So they set out for Karadagh,[1] whence they returned with a rich spoil worth a hundred thousand piastres, and offered it to the lady.

The Pasha's wife, however, refused to accept it for herself, and gave it up to the troops, persuaded at last

[1] "The Black Mountain." The name of a district of Persia, situated some forty miles beyond the Turkish frontier.

that one can well do without gold and rich stuffs, but that without soldiers one cannot maintain one's power.

The Kūrdish women, of the nomad tribes more especially, take a lively interest in the social and political affairs of the tribe, are acquainted with all that concerns it—its feuds, plans, and conspiracies, in which they are indeed often moving spirits. As enterprising and indefatigable as the men of their race, they are ever on the alert, and ready to leap to the saddle, where, though not elegant riders, they are quite at home, and able to keep up with their husbands in their adventurous wanderings.

This participation in the political life of the tribe is a peculiarity of nomad life, and of a primitive state of society. Mr. Millingen relates two instances which came under his personal notice of the intervention of women in public affairs. After a skirmish with the Shikiah tribe, the beaten Kūrds retired to their encampment, with the loss of twenty-four of their warriors, and sent with all haste a deputation to the Pasha of Van imploring his mediation. A kind of commission being despatched on their behalf from this town, it was met at a distance of several miles from the Shikiah camp by a crowd of women, the pretty ones at the head wearing black veils, and shrieking as loudly and woefully as it was in their power to do. Their lively grief, backed by a bribe of the Kūrdish delicacy called *djadjk*,[1] was successful in bringing about a solution favourable to the tribe, which, through the mediation of the women, was allowed to escape further punishment.

[1] The onion-flavoured cheese above-mentioned (p. 120).

The Kūrds, too, generally leave to the women the business of settling accounts with that regular, but unwelcome, visitor, the tax-gatherer.

On the arrival on one occasion of this functionary at the camp of the Haiderānlis, a large and wealthy tribe established in the plains to the north-west of Van, he was politely received and treated with black coffee and tobacco in the tent of the chief, Ali Agha, who courteously informed him that he was at liberty to enter the different tents for the collection of the sheep tax. Once in the tents, however, the tax-gatherer soon perceived that while he was striving to get hold of everything he could detect, the object of the women was to conceal from him all they could. Out of interests so opposed a collision naturally soon arose, and a shower of vituperation, followed by an attack with sticks and stones, assailed the unlucky official, who was finally rescued from the hands of these fair furies by the men of the tribe, and carried for safety to the tent of the chief. Ali Agha now gave him the friendly advice to get from the women all they were willing to give and return at once to Van, thanking Allah that no worse had befallen him. "My good fellow," he concluded, "what can you do with women? They will have their way. Take the money and be off."

In 1854 there passed through Constantinople on their way to the seat of war a band of Kūrdish cavalry led by a woman named Kara ("Black") Fatmé Hanŭm. Save for the dauntless fire which blazed in her eyes there was, however, nothing Amazonian in the

aspect of this female warrior, who is described as having been a little shrivelled up old woman.[1]

Among the nomad and peasant Kūrds, as might be expected, very little attention is paid to education. The sedentary Kūrds in Suliemanieh and other centres, are not, however, wholly uneducated, as they have Mollahs, or Doctors of Divinity, of their own nation to expound the Moslem law and teach in the colleges. The wives and daughters of the lettered Kūrds are also taught at least to read and write Persian, which is the literary language, for Kūrdish literature is almost non-existent, notwithstanding an attempt made early in the century by some Mollahs to publish works in that language. The Kūrdish tongue is not connected either with Persian or Turkish, and it contains as many dialects as there are tribes. Constant intercourse has, however, naturally resulted in the introduction into their idiom of a great number of Turkish, and especially of Persian, words. Poetic feeling often manifests itself among Kūrdish women, who compose many graceful and touching songs, of which the theme is generally some social or tribal event.

The members of the Yezidi sect, who belong to eleven different tribes, and number between seven and eight thousand families, are said to entertain a strong prejudice against learning of any kind, and their ignorance is proverbial among the people by whom they are surrounded. With the exception perhaps of the higher grades of the priestly caste, the men are consequently totally without education, and their women are naturally in a similarly benighted condition.

[1] Mordtmann, *Die Amazonen*, p. 132.

CHAPTER II.

KŪRDISH WOMEN: THEIR FAMILY CEREMONIES.

KŪRDISH maidens are, as a rule, allowed to choose their own husbands, and the practice of courtship is not unknown. The father's consent is necessary, though couples sometimes dispense with it by running away together when, for pecuniary or other reasons, it is withheld. Among the families of the chieftains, however, *mariages de convenance* are usual, and the parties are frequently comparative strangers to each other. The ceremony of betrothal consists of a reception at which refreshments are served. The expression "To drink sherbet"[1] signifies with the Kūrds to celebrate a betrothal. The bridegroom's presence at this ceremony is not necessary, or even usual, and he is generally represented by a near relative, a brother if he has one, who brings with him the customary presents to the bride and her parents.

The great feature at a Kūrdish wedding is the performance of the *tchopee*, or national dance, of which the women are quite as fond as are the peasants of Macedonia and Bulgaria. During marriage festivities,

[1] This favourite Oriental beverage is made of the juice of fruits, cooled with ice or snow.

many come uninvited, bringing small presents to the bride in order to be able to take part in the *tchopee*. This national dance of the Kūrds is very similar to the Greek *hora*. The performers join hands in a semicircle, and balance their bodies backwards and forwards, marking time, first with one foot and then with the other, accompanying their movements with wild shrieks at intervals. The step is, however, less animated and varied than that of the *hora*, and has been described as "a soft undulating movement of the whole circle in harmony with the music, like a field of corn set in motion by the wind." During its performance, the Kūrdish warrior will affect the most sentimental and romantic expression of countenance, especially when dancing with his sweetheart, which is customary at small gatherings where no strangers are present. On other occasions the men and women dance separately, though the latter even then lay aside their veils, no matter how great the crowd of spectators.

The music to which they dance is chiefly that of the *bilwan*, a kind of reed-flute, several of which are played in unison. Its tones are soft and pleasing, though somewhat monotonous, Kūrdish music being in general, unlike Turkish and Persian, characterised by regular modulations. The airs are, for the most part, grave and melancholy, and would seem to be inspired by sentiments which one would hardly expect to find in the breasts of wild clansmen whose name has become familiar to us only in connection with violence and pillage.

At weddings, the *tchopee* is kept up for hours by

relays of performers, the men dancing first, and then the women. Mr. Rich thus graphically describes the part taken by ladies in this national recreation:

"The music struck up again the notes of the *tchopee*, and a string of about thirty ladies advanced, hand-in-hand, with slow and graceful steps, resplendent with gold spangles and parti-coloured silks, and without even the pretext of a veil. This was really a beautiful sight, and quite novel to me, who had never in the East seen women, especially ladies, as all of these were, so freely mixing with the men without the slightest affectation of concealment. Even the Arab tribeswomen are more scrupulous.

"The line or string of ladies moved slowly and wavingly round the enclosure, sometimes advancing a step towards the centre, sometimes retiring, balancing their bodies and heads in a very graceful manner. The tune was soft and slow, and none of their movements were in the least abrupt or exaggerated. . . . . This exhibition lasted about half an hour. The music then ceased, and the ladies retired to their homes, first veiling themselves from head to foot, which seemed a rather superfluous precaution, as the crowd which was looking on at the dance far exceeded that which they were at any time likely to meet in the streets of Sulimania."

The Kūrds, being nominally Moslems, the marriage contract is a verbal one, made in the presence of an *imām*. The bridegroom, accompanied by a number of his relatives and friends, comes to the house of the bride's father, and, after the festivities are concluded, takes her home with him on horseback. Sometimes a

capture of the bride is simulated, though she is in reality purchased by the presents sent at the time of betrothal. But although Moslems, the Kūrds are practically monogamists, and divorce, though permitted, is very rare among them. Their customary oath, "May I divorce my wife if I," &c., well illustrates their unwillingness to avail themselves of this privilege.

The Yezidi sect are, however, polygamists, and, like the Turks, may have three wives. Marriages with near relatives, and also with brothers- or sisters-in-law, are common among them, and no objection is made to divorce as with the Moslem Kūrds. Their weddings are performed by Sheikhs of their own creed, the preliminaries being usually settled by the friends of the contracting parties. The ceremony consists of a mutual public declaration in the presence of the priest, who pronounces a blessing on the couple, and it concludes with the bridegroom's giving to the Sheikh a loaf, and receiving in return one of consecrated bread, which he divides with the bride. It is said that, when pronouncing the marriage oath, the bridegroom stands in running water, signifying that he thus washes away the binding nature of the promise, and consequently renders its breach less sinful. The lower grades of the sacerdotal order, the *pîrs* and *kawwals*, perform the marriage ceremony for the common people; but the services of the Sheikh Nâzir, or high priest, are sometimes secured by persons of consequence in the community.

A Kūrdish funeral, although it forms a striking

contrast to the quiet solemnity which is characteristic of Moslems generally in the presence of death, is a most impressive sight. If the deceased has been a person of consequence, military standards are borne in the procession, and, in some places, Kermanshah for instance, the body is accompanied to the grave with music and singing. When the funeral leaves the house, men and women rush wildly out, uttering cries and shrieks, and tearing their hair and clothes. Some raise their hands to heaven, others bow themselves to the earth, and cast dust upon their heads, expressing both in sound and gesture the very abandonment of grief.

The funeral rites of the Yezidis are both peculiar and interesting. When a member of this sect is believed to be at the point of death, a *kawwal* is called in, who pours into the mouth of the moribund a quantity of water. If he should expire before this ceremony has been performed, it is deferred until his body is carried to the grave. The body is laid out with the arms crossed over the breast, and not, as with the Moslems, extended by the sides. In the coffin are placed a piece of bread, some coins, and a stick, for the use of the deceased when the "questioners" appear, for, like the Moslems, the Yezidis believe in *post-mortem* catechists. Should Mounkir, when he arrives, attended by his scribe Nekir, to interrogate him concerning his faith and the character of his life, pronounce him unworthy to cross the threshold of Paradise, the dead man tries to bribe him to alter his decision, first with the bread, then with the silver. If these are unavailing, he resorts

to coercion, and with the stick opens his own way to heaven.

So long as the body remains in the house hymns are chanted by the *kawwals*, who also accompany the body to the grave, carrying censers, which they swing as they go. For several successive days the friends of the deceased visit his resting-place, men and women in separate parties, every morning and evening, the latter to weep and wail and the former to sit in silence, burning incense the while.[1]

As water is one of the emblems of *Yezd*, the Life-giving Principle, the pouring of it into the mouth of the dying probably signifies, or it may be, is intended to confer, vitality after death, or metempsychosis in some form or other, this doctrine being believed to be held by the Yezidis.

The only change made in their costume by the Kūrdish women as a sign of mourning is the substitution of a black veil for that usually worn out of doors.

[1] Comp. Badger, *The Nestorians, &c.*, p. 131.

CHAPTER III.

KŪRDISH WOMEN: THEIR BELIEFS.

As Moslem beliefs generally will be described in relation to the Osmanli women, I shall not here discuss them, but merely remark that the Kūrds have the reputation of being very indifferent followers of the Prophet. It is, indeed, a common saying that "A saint cannot come out of Kūrdistan." They are careless and irregular in the performance of their devotions, and not at all inclined to keep the sacred fast of *Ramazan* so conscientiously as do their Osmanli neighbours. They object, for instance, to abstain from smoking between sunrise and sunset, and will indulge in a *narghileh* at noonday. "The Prophet did not forbid tobacco," they argue; "how could he forbid a thing he had never heard of? Besides, what is smoke?—nothing, or next to nothing." The Turks do not, however, interfere in their religious affairs. Their mosques are served by *imāms* of their own race, Kūrdish Mollahs expound to them the Moslem law, and their children are taught by Kūrdish schoolmasters. But, notwithstanding this fact, the theologians are, as a class, owing to their reputation for rapacity and greed, highly unpopular among their brother Kūrds. To the latter they are,

indeed, an unfailing object of satire, and their shortcomings in this respect especially form the subject of endless humorous stories, of which the following may serve as specimens:

The Greedy Mollah.[1]

Once upon a time a Mollah and two uneducated persons were travelling together, when they came to a river. All undressed to swim across, the Mollah going first. As soon as they were in the water, the Mollah perceived four small jars, filled with butter, floating at a little distance. He reached the first and held it with his teeth, stretched out his right hand to seize another, and caught the third in his left, so that he succeeded in getting hold of three jars for himself. There remained but one, which was taken by his companions. But not content with three-fourths of the spoil, he called out to the others, "I swear by Allah that I will have my share in that jar too!"[2]

The Mollah taken at his Word.

They say that there was once in Kūrdistan a Mollah named Bazid, who greatly edified the Kūrds by his sermons and counsels. One day when he was preaching in the mosque, he said in his sermon, "O, Mussulman people, each of you who possesses two garments ought, for the love of Allah, to give one of them to the poor; each of you who has two loaves ought, if

[1] Jaba, *Recueil de Notices et Recits Kourdes*, p. 18.

[2] This story has given rise to the Kūrdish proverb, "He has seized three jars, and is not content, but would have the fourth."

[3] Jaba, *Recueil, &c.*, p. 16.

he would walk in the path of God, to give one to the wretched."

The wife of the Mollah happened to be passing the mosque at that moment, and hearing the words of her husband, she turned back and went home. The Mollah had two changes of garments, the one which went to the wash, and the other which he wore. His wife gave to the poor the one in reserve, and at the same time distributed to them half the provision of bread. When the Mollah came home in the evening, he said to his wife, "My clothes are soiled, bring me the others that I may change."

"But I gave away to-day your spare suit," replied his wife, "and distributed to the poor half the bread we had in the house."

Then the Mollah was very angry, and he said to his wife, "Why didst thou give away my clothes and my bread?"

"Because to-day," she replied, "when you were preaching in the mosque you exhorted all to divide their superfluous goods with the poor in order to walk in the path of God, and so what we were not using I gave to the beggars."

At these words the Mollah waxed very wroth, and he exclaimed, "Woman, my exhortations were for the congregation and not for myself. If I preach thus to the people, it is that they may give *me* the surplus of their clothes and their bread. You should not think of giving away my spare clothes and my children's bread. I preach to men in my own interest, and thou —thou carriest out, at my expense, the counsel I give them."

The Kūrds also relate the following allegorical story with reference to the same subject:

The Prophet and the Angel.[1]

When the Prophet—blessings upon him!—ascended to Paradise, the archangel Gabriel accompanied him in order to show him all the wonders of the heavens. The Prophet—blessings upon him!—observed an angel of majestic stature, who stood in an expectant attitude, bearing on his shoulders an enormous drum, and holding in his hand a long drumstick. The Prophet—blessings upon him!—asked who he was, and what was his occupation. The angel replied, "O messenger of Allah, my duty is, when a Mollah confers a benefit or bestows an alms, even were it but some broken food to a beggar, to beat the drum, and thus announce to all the angels of the heavens the benefit or the almsdeed of the theologian."

Upon this, the Prophet—blessings upon him!—asked the angel, "How many times hast thou beaten the drum since thou hast held this office?"

"I am still waiting," replied the angel; "and up to this hour I have not once beaten it."

Will it be always thus? Allah knows. The clergy of all religions perform for the most part but few acts of benevolence or charity, for they require of the people almsdeeds and benefits, and themselves give nothing to the poor.

The vague mysticism which is so closely interwoven with the doctrines of the Shia sect, to which the

[1] Jaba, *Recueil, &c.*, p. 15.

Persians belong, appears to have a greater charm for the Kūrdish mountaineers than the Semitic notion of an absolute and personal Allah, which is the dominant idea of the tenets held by the *Sûnni*, or "Orthodox" Osmanlis. The Dervish Orders, who constitute the mystics of Islam, are, consequently, extremely popular with the Kūrds, and the veneration of the women for the Sheikhs, or *pîrs*, as they are called, whether living or dead, exceeds, if possible, that entertained for them by the Turkish women. For, indifferent as the Kūrds may be to the dogmas of Islam, they, like all highlanders, are exceedingly superstitious, and firmly believe in all the occult and spiritual powers laid claim to by the Dervish Sheikhs.

The saint whom the Kūrds hold in the highest reverence is the deceased Sheikh, Khaled of Sulie-manieh, whom they consider equal to Abdul Kadr of Ghilān,[1] if not to the Prophet Mohammed himself, and deem it profanation to speak of by any other title than that of *Hasreti Mevlāna*—"Our Lord the Prophet." This Kūrdish *pîr*, whose sayings his countrymen dignify by the name of *hādis*,[2] belonged to the Nakshibendī Dervishes, a "contemplative" Order famed for the deep mystic piety of its members, and which has produced many saints eminent in the Moslem world. To the tombs of dead, or the *tekkehs*[3] of living, Dervishes, the Kūrdish

[1] A famous dervish who lived in the twelfth century, and founded the Order of the Kadiris. Wonderful stories are told of the supernatural powers possessed by this Sheikh, some of which may be found in *The Dervishes*, by J. P. Brown.

[2] The name given by Moslems to the sayings or "table talk," of Mohammed.

[3] The monasteries and temples in which the Dervishes reside and hold their services.

women resort for the cure of every ailment, physical or moral.

Is a child ailing, it is carried by its anxious mother to the most eminent Sheikh within reach, who cures it by imposition, not of hands, but of feet, by breathing on it with his holy breath, or by hanging some sacred charm around its little neck. The first-named remedy may sound startling, but is actually applied, as I can vouch from personal observation.[1] The baby is laid on its back, and the Sheikh, laying his hands on the shoulders of two of his disciples who stand on either side, places his feet and rests his entire weight for a few seconds on the child's body. The Dervishes also expound dreams, read the future, and furnish every other species of occult information of which their clients may stand in need.

Some Christian saints belonging to the Armenian calendar are also highly revered by the Kūrdish tribesmen. Of these perhaps Surp Serkís, or St. Sergius, is the one whose aid is most frequently sought. Kūrdish warriors, when about to enter on a campaign, resort to his tomb, and seek to enlist his favour and protection by there sacrificing a ram and lighting wax tapers.

The strange and widespread Oriental myth of Khidhr-Elias, in his double character of sea and land deity, is also current among the Kūrds, with whom he is Khidhr on land and Elias on the sea, and by whom he is invoked as a kind of guardian angel.

[1] I witnessed this strange practice at Salonica, after a service in the *tekkeh* of the Mevlevī, or "dancing" Dervishes, as they are commonly called by Europeans.

Besides the *djins* and other magical beings, in whose existence the Kūrds, in common with their neighbours of other races, implicitly believe, another class of uncanny visitants, called *sheyts*, excites the awe and dread of these mountain people. These are the apparitions—I will not say ghosts, for, like all Oriental *revenants*, they rise in the body—of martyrs, *i.e.*, Moslems who have died fighting for Islam, and at whose tombs, as at those of Dervish Sheikhs, miracles are believed to be wrought. When they rise from their graves and appear to mortals, which they are said occasionally to do in crowds, it is looked upon as a sign of some important coming event. The Kūrds appear, too, to credit them with habits similar to their own, and look upon them as a kind of fluctuating population, as nomadic as themselves.

The Yezidis, or "Devil-worshippers," whom I have already mentioned as observing marriage and funeral rites differing from those of the Moslem Kūrds, form eight or nine separate tribes, some nomad, some sedentary. The execration in which they are held by Moslems has led to the identification of the supposed founder of the sect with Yezd, the slayer of Hassan and Hussein, the grandsons of the Prophet and martyrs *par excellence* of Islam. This name they, however, no doubt bore long anterior to the seventh century, *Yezd* being one of the titles applied by the ancient Persians to the Supreme Being. The name of Sheikh Adi, a mythical saint, to whom their chief temple is nominally dedicated, is derived, by Mr. Badger,[1] from the Hebrew *Adh* or *Ad*, the two

[1] *The Nestorians, &c.*

first letters of *Adonai*, the Lord. This appears, however, to be questionable.

Sheihk Adi thus represents, with the Yezidis, the Good Principle, as opposed to *Sheitan*, the Evil Principle. The former, they say, is so infinitely good and benevolent that it is hardly necessary to invoke his name or worship him, while, on the other hand, the Evil Principle is so malevolent in his disposition that he requires to be constantly propitiated. Fear, therefore, and not love, is the motive for the cult of *Sheitan*, and the services held in his honour are always of a conciliatory rather than of a eucharistic character. So great is their dread of him, indeed, that they refrain from using any word implying execration, or which has a sound at all similar to his name. The charm made use of as an antidote to his influence also possesses a propitiatory signification. This is the wild red anemone, which is chosen on account of its colour as the symbol of sacrifice. It is much worn on the person or carried in a posy, and doorways are, on festivals, wreathed with garlands entirely composed of this beautiful flower.

Adulation is one of the means by which the Evil Principle may, it is supposed, be conciliated, and the name by which he is most commonly designated, *Melek Taoos*, signifies "King Peacock," or "Angel beautiful as a peacock." He is also called "Prince of Bees."

Symbolic representations of *Melek Taoos*, in the shape of brazen birds, are periodically carried through the districts inhabited by the Yezidis. Two *pîrs*, or Sheihks, precede the bearer of the sacred bird, carrying censers, in the smoke of which the devotees lave

their hands and faces. When this "Standard" (*sanjak*) enters a village or camp, the highest bidder has the honour of entertaining it in his house, where it remains for two days, during which time all secular festivities are suspended. This symbol somewhat resembles a cock with swelling breast, diminutive head, and widespread tail; the body is full, the tail flat and fluted, and under the beak is a projection like a wattle. It is fixed on the top of a kind of candlestick, and under it, encircling this stand, are two receptacles for oil, each having seven wicks. The whole is of brass, and is so constructed that it can easily be taken to pieces. Mrs. Badger, the wife of the missionary of that name, was, during her stay among the Yezidis, allowed to enter the room containing the *Melek Taoos*, and inspect it at her leisure. On the daïs beside the image[1] stood a copper jug of water, the contents of which were dealt out as a remedy to the sick and afflicted. There were present the temporal head of the Yezidis, Husein Bey, various sheikhs, *pírs*, and *kawwals*, and a fakir, who extolled the benefits which had been conferred on Christians and Moslems, as well as on Yezidis, as a reward for their contributions to the *sanjak*, and invited those present to follow their example. Seven of these brazen cocks are carried about in the Yezidi districts under the superintendence of the Sheikh Nāzir, who fixes their itinerary, seven being the sacred number of the Yezidis.[2]

[1] *The Nestorians, &c.*, p. 123.

[2] Sir H. Layard, in his *Nineveh and its Remains*, gives a sketch of a bas-relief dug up at Nimrood, representing a sacred bird carried in procession

Many of the religious observances of the Yezidis appear to be a survival of Zoroastrianism, or of the connected creed of the Sabeans, which was spread over Asia by the science of Chaldea and the arms of Assyria. And as the Yezidis are Kūrds, and the Kūrds, as pointed out in the Introduction, are probably representatives of the Chaldeans, so also would be the Yezidis. Fire and the sun are with them symbols of *Yezd*, the Good Principle; the Yezidis consequently never spit or throw any impurity into a fire, but lave their hands and faces in the flames as if to purify them. The sacerdotal caste regularly adore the sun at his rising and setting by bowing and kissing the ground, or rather a stone on the ground, which they then invariably place upon another close by. The laity, however, perform this homage to the sun only during festivals or pilgrimages. Lamps are lighted at sunset at the entrance to every *Shak*, or holy tomb, and close to every fountain, for water is also symbolical of the Good Principle. Fish, too, are held sacred, and only the lowest class of the population eat any of the produce of the waters. The rite which they call baptism is often repeated, and appears to be a kind of pagan ablution in the sacred streams and fountains before taking part in the festivals and ceremonies of their creed.

The Yezidis manifest great reverence for blue, and never dye their stuffs of this colour either for clothing

by four soldiers, and says that "the *Iynges*, or sacred birds, belonged to the Babylonian, and probaby to the Assyrian religion," and that they were "a kind of demons who exercised a peculiar influence over mankind, and resemble the *ferouher* of the Zoroastrian system," vol. ii. p. 462.

or furniture. The use of such vegetables as cabbages and lettuces as food is also rigidly prohibited among them. Like the Moslems, they hold Jesus (*Isa*) in great reverence, and regard wine as the symbol of His blood. When drinking it they always hold the cup with both hands to avoid spilling its contents, and should a drop fall to the ground they are said to suck it with the lips and swallow the dust with which it has mingled. The Yezidis and Kūrdish sectarians are, indeed, generally said to be less hostile to Christians than to Moslems, and it is averred that, though they never enter an Armenian church, they often stop when passing one and repeat some prayer or invocation.

A curious form of confession and penance is also practised by these "infidels." Ten men form themselves into a kind of brotherhood, and select one of their number by lot as a scapegoat. If any one of the number is guilty of a grave sin, he confesses it to this substitute, who must vicariously expiate it by prayer, fasting, and mortification. In return for this service he is supported by the rest, who perform for him all his worldly duties, pasture his sheep, and maintain his family.

The sacerdotal order of the Yezidis is very numerous, and is divided into castes, which do not intermarry with each other, and thus are kept permanently distinct. The office of Sheikh Nāsir, or High Priest, is hereditary in one family, and generally descends to the eldest son. This hierophant is, like the Dervish Sheikhs, believed to be endowed with supernatural powers, and his skill is resorted to, not only by his

own followers, but by Moslems, for the cure of obstinate diseases, both of men and animals, for ensuring the success of a journey or undertaking, and in many other cases. One of the wonderful cures performed by this holy man was on the person of a Yezidi woman married to a Moslem, who had previously consulted in vain, not only the native Mollahs and *hekíms* (doctors), but also a "Frank" surgeon.

The Sheikh, says the story, directed the husband to sacrifice a sheep, with the blood of which he sprinkled the woman's forehead. He then covered her breast with a coating of bitter clay, brought from the temple of Sheikh Adi, tied a string round her left wrist, and kept her in solitude for seven days, during which she was fed solely on bread of a particular kind made by his own hands. The husband being puzzled at the success of this heterodox treatment, when orthodox means had failed, applied for a solution of the problem to his Mollah, who replied, "Is it not natural that the unclean should cast out the unclean?"

The Yezidis do not appear to possess any sacred books, the hymns of which their devotions chiefly consist being handed down orally from generation to generation. This is the chief reason of the animosity manifested towards them by Moslems, whom the Koran teaches that those who are not "people of a book"—that is, possess no written revelations—are fit subjects for indignity and persecution. The enmity shown to them, by the Ulemah class especially, has sometimes led to reprisals in which the theologians have not always escaped capture and death so miraculously as the Mollah in the following story.

One day the Mollah Mehmed of Qulpi,[1] with a satchel of books on his back, and his sabre and buckler by his side, set out alone for Bayazid, in order to give his lessons in that city. While he was crossing the plain of Abagha, and was near the rocks, eight Yezid horsemen, who were watching there for travellers, stopped, seized, bound, and stripped him of every thing, and then carried him to their lurking-place to kill him. The Yezid priest (*pîr*) drew his sabre, and holding it above the head of the Mollah Mehmed, said to him:

"Come now, abandon the religion of Mohammed, and become a Yezidi; if thou wilt not, thou shalt die!"

The Mollah replied, "May Allah keep me from such a deed! If thou wilt kill me, kill me; such will be the will of Allah, and I am resigned to it."

Then the Yezidi *pîr* said to him, "If thy faith be the true one, let thy Mohammed come and save thee from death!"

The Mollah answered, "Mohammed knows not that I am in this position."

Then said the Yezidi, "Call thy Mohammed; perhaps he will come and save thee out of my hands, and deliver thee."

Needless to say that the Yezidi *pîr* was only mocking the poor Mollah. "Pronounce," said he, "three times, in a loud voice, the name of Mohammed, before I kill thee!"

So the Mollah in despair called out three times in a sonorous voice the name of the Prophet—"*Ya Mouhammad! Ya Mouhammad! Ya Mouhammad!*"

[1] A village between Bitlis and Syrt.

It chanced that, at that moment, a man named Mohammed, of the tribe of the Haiderānli, was passing with half a score of horsemen. When they heard this cry, the horsemen rode towards the rocks, and came straight to the lair, where the eight Yezidi brigands and their captive were. The Yezidis, hearing the sound of horses' hoofs, and seeing several riders suddenly appear, took flight. The Haiderānlis pursued them, and caught four, whom they killed on the spot. The other four succeeded in escaping. Having thus rescued the Mollah Mehmed, they unbound his hands and feet, and then questioned him as to how he came into that position. When the Mollah described to his deliverers all the details of what had befallen him, they gave him one of the horses which they had taken, and let him go. He arrived safely at Bayazid, where his adventure was much talked of.

The Yezidis make use of the Mohammedan Calendar, and, like the Moslems, date from the Hegira. The festival of the New Year is, however, always observed by them on a Wednesday, which is their Sunday, but, in order to conciliate their Moslem neighbours, they also pretend to keep Friday as a holiday. And, though fasting generally is opposed to their principles, they, doubtless with the same object, fast for three days in the December of every year.

The Yezidi temple of Sheikh Adi presents so many peculiarities of structure and ornament that a short description of it may not be uninteresting. It is beautifully situated in a mountain valley, some twenty miles south-east of Rabban Hormuzd, is built east

and west, and bears on its outer walls numerous sculptured symbols, such as "Solomon's seal," roses, crooks, axes, sceptres with seven branches, lions, serpents, and various other animals. Under the floors of the temple flows a stream of running water, which also supplies a square basin in the court and another in the principal hall, the latter having a seat inside each corner for the accommodation of those who come to bathe there. In the temple are three tombs, said to be those of Sheikh Adi and two other Yezidi saints; and on the roof above these rise three high, conical domes, or rather spires. The so-called tombs, however, are probably mere cenotaphs, the worship of saints by this sect being believed to be a mere fiction invented to conciliate their Moslem enemies. From a vault near the principal shrine is dug a kind of clay, balls of which are carried away by pilgrims, who use them as charms or amulets, in imitation, no doubt, of a similar practice observed at the shrines of eminent Dervish saints.[1] Almost every Yezidi village contains one or more *Shaks*, or shrines, said to be the tombs of great Sheikhs, all of which consist of a small square base of masonry, with a low doorway, and a high, conical, fluted roof. Women, as well as men, officiate in the temple of Sheikh Adi; the former are dressed in robes of white woollen stuff, and wear white turbans.

Pilgrimages are made twice a year to this sacred shrine, when the devotees encamp round about in the

[1] The Mevlevī Dervish who keeps the keys of the basilica of St. Demetrios at Salonica, offered me, when visiting it, some of the earth from under the tomb of this Saint, who is regarded with equal reverence by Moslems and Greeks.

groves and alleys, and celebrate their religious rites with great rejoicing and festivity. The women in their gayest and richest dresses, their necks and heads hung with strings of silver coins, and with either a scarlet feather or a posy of roses or anemones in their turbans, dance with the men in rings, sometimes to the number of two hundred. The young girls make the most of their holiday, dancing to their hearts' content with their admirers or affianced lovers.

The large Kūrdish tribe of the Doudjiks, which is composed of several *thàifés*, forms another heretical sect, called Kizilbakhs. They regard Ali, the first Khalif, as the personified Deity, thus attributing to him, as do the Ali Ilahīs of Persia, a much higher position than to the Prophet of Islam. And there is yet a third description of sectarians, called Baliki, who regard Ali as the latest manifestation of the Deity in human form. The more mystical among Moslems hold that all the great Prophets who have appeared from the creation of the world—Adam, Abraham, Moses, Elias, Christ, and Mohammed—were successive incarnations of the Divine Spirit, and that the founder of Islam, because the last, was the greatest. But the Balikis ignore Mohammed entirely. According to their saying, "He (the Deity) has showed Himself in a thousand ways, and many are in doubt; if he would show Himself in one way, many would believe." Warlike and unruly as are the members of this sect, the American missionaries have been very successful among them. Such, indeed, is the influence of this handful of men from the New World that they

have persuaded some of the most turbulent, whom the Turks have never been able completely to subdue, to lay down their arms, and relinquish their trade of rebellion, robbery, and murder.[1]

[1] Comp. Consul Taylor, *Jour. R. Geog. Soc.* vol. xxxv. p. 29, who also says that the Baliki claim to be the descendants of Sharezer, or Sanaser, son of Sennacherib, who, with his brother Adrimalek, fled to Sassoon (south-east of Lake Van), after having murdered their father at Nineveh, and founded three dynasties, one of which was that of the Sanasouns, or Sassouns. See also *Moses of Khor'ni*, i. p. 103, ii. p. 145; and the *Geography* of the Vartabed Vartan in St. Martin, ii. p. 431, referred to by Mr. Taylor, *loc. cit.*

CHAPTER IV.

KŪRDISH WOMEN: THEIR FOLK-POESY—FOLK-TALES.

THE tales and legends told by the Kūrds are of an extremely varied character. Among them are many charming *märchen*, some of which closely resemble Greek or Teutonic favourites, and delightful fables, or stories of animals, which seem to be but Oriental variants of those contained in the collections of Æsop, La Fontaine, and other fabulists. There are also stories of buried treasure, guarded by *djins*, or genii, touching love tales, and innumerable legends describing tribal exploits and feuds, deeds of violence and reprisals. The latter class, though not strictly folk-tales in the accepted sense of the term, illustrate so much more graphically than any description could do the manners and sentiments of this wild and independent people, that I have ventured to include one or two of them in this chapter.

The first story is evidently a variant of the Tinote Greek folk-tale of "Constantes and the Drakos,"[1] the opening incident of reaping the field of corn being precisely identical. The *Dev* appears to be the Kūrdish equivalent of the English "Giant," Scandi-

[1] Κωσταντῆς κι' ὁ Δράκος, Hahn (J. G. von). Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια, p. 196; and *Märchen*, ii. p. 182.

navian "Troll," Indian "Rakshasa," and Greek Δράκος (Drakos),[1] a ferocious but simple-minded monster, who is usually outwitted by a clever mortal, the youngest of three brothers, or a widow's son.

The Three Brothers and the Dev.[2]

There once lived in a certain place three brothers. The name of the youngest was Hasanek, that of the second Qasim, and that of the eldest Shaban. Now it happened that each had a sickle, and Hasanek said to his brothers, "Come along, we will leave this country and go to that of another tribe where we can work and get good wages."

So the three set off. They went to the uplands, and there they found a field of wheat. Said Hasanek to his brothers, "Come, let us set to work and cut this wheat, it has no doubt an owner who will pay us."

So the three went to the field, and they stooped down and began to cut the wheat. When they had been cutting for two days, Hasanek saw a cave; it was the cave of a Dev, who came out immediately, and shouted and said, "Who are you? Why do you cut my wheat? I will come and eat the heads of all three of you!"

Said Hasanek to his brothers, "Do not be frightened, there is a Dev; he is coming towards us, saying, 'Who are you, and why do you cut my wheat?' Do not speak either of you, but let me answer the Dev."

[1] Incorrectly translated by the late Mr. Geldart as "dragon." See vol. i. p. 355, *note*, and compare Dozon, *Chants Pop. Bulgares*, No. 8.

[2] Lerch, *Forschungen über die Kurden*, p. 49.

So they went on cutting the wheat as they saw the Dev coming. The Dev cried, "What are you doing there? You do not know my name. I will make one bite of the heads of all you three!"

Said Hasanek, "Effendi, allow me to speak to you."

"Speak, my son," replied the Dev.

Said Hasanek, "We are three brothers. We came here and found this wheat, and we stooped and began to cut, for we said, 'Perhaps this wheat has an owner who will pay us our wages.'"

Said the Dev to Hasanek, "Very well, my son, reap away." Then the Dev came closer to Hasanek, and said to him, "My son, give me thy sickle; sit thou still a little and rest thyself."

So the Dev, and Qasim, and Shaban all three reaped until the hour of evening prayer.

Then the Dev arose and wrote a letter, gave it to Hasanek, and said, "Take this road, go; you see yonder mountain? On the top of it is my house, where my wife and my three daughters live. Take the letter thither, give it to my wife, she will understand."

So Hasanek took the letter, and set out. He walked for two hours, and then opened the letter, and saw that the Dev had written:

"When this man brings this letter into the house, cut off this man's head, and cook me a pilaf with the head of this man, that I may eat it."

Hasanek tore up the letter, threw it away, and wrote another:

"When this man brings this letter into the house, prepare a pilaf with the head of the brown bullock;

let Hasanek to-night marry my eldest daughter, and to-morrow morning let him bring me the pilaf."

So the wife of the Dev killed the brown bullock, made of the meat a pilaf, and gave it to Hasanek. Hasanek took the pilaf, went, and brought it to the Dev. The Dev saw Hasanek coming. Hasanek brought the pilaf and gave it to the Dev. The Dev took it, and said to Hasanek, "I did not write such a letter; that bad woman, why did she prepare this dish and give it you? Why have you brought me this dish? This I did not write in the letter [but rather that] she kill me Hasanek, and of the flesh of Hasanek prepare me a pilaf and send it to me."

Said Hasanek, "If you will go this time, then go. But if you will not go, then I will go, and this time she must kill me, prepare you a pilaf, cook it, and send it."

The Dev replied, "My son, sit still. I will write once more, give [the letter] to you, to take to my wife. If you return this time then I will go myself."

"Very well, Effendi," said Hasanek.

When the Dev had written the letter, he rose and gave it to Hasanek. Hasanek took it, and, after having walked two hours, he opened and read it, and saw that the Dev had written in the letter: "This time cut out the eyes and the lips of Hasanek, and make *kebābs* of them. If this time the man returns safe and sound, then will I come at once, bad woman, and cut off thy head, hands, and feet, for thou wilt do no man's bidding." Hasanek read in the letter the evil which the Dev had written, and he tore it up, threw it away, and wrote another.

"Kill this time the red bullock, prepare *kebābs*, and send also bread and pilaf. To night let Hasanek marry my youngest daughter, and to morrow let him take the bread and pilaf, and bring it to me."

Hasanek took this letter, and gave it to the wife of the Dev, who read in it, "Kill this time, &c." The wife of the Dev killed the red bullock, and prepared *kebābs* of the flesh, and that night Hasanek married the youngest daughter of the Dev, and rested until the morning. In the morning he rose, went into the rooms of the Dev, and said to his wife, "Give me the victuals, and I will go to the Dev." The Dev's wife rose, gave the victuals to Hasanek, and said, "Greet the Dev from me, and say to him, 'Accursed one, thou emptiest my house of victuals!'"

And Hasanek rose, and said to the Dev's wife, "This bullock [with the flesh of which] I go, is to me a remembrance of thee."

The Dev's wife replied, "Arrive thou well, and have luck on the way."

Hasanek responded, "I thank thee, and may Allah be pleased with thee!"

Hasanek rose, brought the victuals, and gave them to the Dev. The Dev took them, and grew very angry, threw the meat down, and went home.

Hasanek said to his brothers, "Brothers, the house of the Dev is emptied of provisions, arise, and let us go further!"

So Hasanek's brothers arose, and he led them away, and they walked for four days. The Dev came back, but he did not see Hasanek. The latter went

into a town, took his brothers to the market-place and said to them, "Go where you will."

Hasanek's brother Qasim said to him, "Why didst thou bring us here?" and his brother Shaban wept.

Said Hasanek, "Brother, why dost thou weep? Allah is great."

Said Qasim, "Why didst thou bring us here? What wilt thou do with us? This place is strange and we have no lodging, nobody will receive us, we will go home again."

Said Hasanek, "Hire thyself to a master" (*agha*). So he took his brother to a coffee-house, and said to the keeper, "Effendi, this is my brother, his name is Qasim, he would be your servant."

The man replied, "My son, in what kind of work is your brother skilled?"

Said Hasanek, "Any work that you may give him my brother can do."

So the keeper of the coffee-house said, "Very well, my son," and Hasanek left his brother there and returned to the market-place, but he did not find his brother Shaban there. He wandered about for a month, and at last he found him in prison.

"Brother, who has put thee in prison and locked thee in?" he asked.

Shaban replied, "I went to the Dev to exculpate myself, and after I had found him I was seized, led away, and thrown into this prison."

Hasanek took his brother out of the prison, and rested with him four days. He then took him to a bath, soaped, washed, and cleaned him, took him out

of the bath and led him to the captain of the guard. Hasanek said to the captain of the guard, "I give this, my brother, into thy keeping."

The captain asked, "Hero, whither goest thou?"

"To take vengeance on the Dev," replied Hasanek.

Said the captain, "Go, hero, for I, too, am a Dev-tamer. The Dev has a sword in a golden scabbard under a cover near the couch where he sleeps. Take this sword and go further. To the right is a lattice, go to this lattice, open it, and as soon as the Dev enters the room, take his sword in your hand, and when he advances into the chamber strike at his head, cut it off, and throw it on the floor. In the head is a tongue which speaks; if it says to you, 'Give a second blow,' then reply, 'I strike no second blow, a hero speaks but once.'"

Hasanek arose and went to the house of the Dev, took the sword which hung over his pillow, went further, and saw the grating on the right side of the room, and placed himself in front of it. By-and-by the Dev arrived. Hasanek grasped the sword, and, as the Dev advanced into the room, he aimed a blow at him and cut off his head. The Dev fell to the floor and then said to Hasanek, "Give me a second blow."

Said Hasanek, "A hero speaks but once."

The Dev died. Hasanek arose, carried away the corpse of the Dev, threw it into a pit, and then returned by another way to the Dev's house. He took the youngest daughter of the Dev and married her, and then set out to search for his brothers, Qasim and Shaban. When he had found them he gave the

eldest daughter of the Dev to his brother Shaban, and the second to his brother Qasim, and they all three settled down and lived in peace ever after.[1]

The following pathetic little story recalls Grimm's *Brüderchen und Schwesterchen*, and also the Epirote Greek folk-tale of Ἀστερνὸς καὶ τὸ Πουλιῶ ("Starbright and Birdie"), although in the Kūrdish version the cannibalistic element is absent.

The Legend of the Owl (Gō'in).[2]

Once upon a time, there lived a man and his wife, who had one son and one daughter. The wife died, and the man soon after married another. After two years had passed, and the second wife had a daughter of her own, she began to hate the children of the first wife.

The girl used to go out to tend the cattle. One evening when she returned home she missed her brother, and asked her stepmother where he was.

The woman replied, "Thy brother has gone to his uncle's house."

The girl went to sleep, and in her dream she saw that her brother had been killed and his body thrown into a pit. In the morning she rose and said to her father,

"Father, I dreamt last night that thy wife killed my brother, and threw his body into a pit. I will now go out with the cattle, and if I find my brother

[1] The story does not say what became of the Dev's wife, but most probably the Dev had killed her when he went home in a rage.

[2] Lerch, *Forschungen, &c.*, p. 80.

here on my return in the evening, I shall know that all is well with him. If he comes not, I will no longer tend the cows, neither will I remain here."

The father replied, "Go out to-day with the cattle, and I will seek for thy brother, and find out the truth. Since my wife hates you, neither will I remain here, unless I find your brother."

So the girl arose, and led the cows to pasture. The father, too, went out, and found his son's body thrown into a pit, and covered with a stone. He returned home and said to his wife:

"Why hast thou slain my son? His sister saw in a dream in the night that her brother was dead, and she came unto me and wept, and said, 'My brother has been killed, and thrown into a pit.' I said, 'Hush, my daughter, fear not, thy brother is well,' and the maiden said to me, 'To-day I will go out with the cattle, and if, when I return in the evening, my brother has not come, I will no longer remain here.'"

The woman replied, "Go, leave me in peace, you horrid man! You listen to your daughter, and then you come to me and ask me, 'Why have you killed my son?' Why should I then kill thy son?"

The husband went forth in anger. He drew the corpse of his son out of the pit, carried it to his wife, and said to her:

"You monster! By whom has this boy been murdered?"

The woman was speechless. She trembled and could not utter a word.

The father washed the dead body of his son, carried

him to the grave and buried him. He then returned home, cut off the head of his wife, and threw her into a pit.

The murdered boy's sister came home in the evening. When she saw neither her brother nor her stepmother, she asked, "Father, where is thy wife?"

"I know not," he replied, "but thy brother is dead."

When the maiden heard this she wept, and went away. Going down to the brook side, she bathed and prayed twice.

"Oh, Allah! Change me into an owl!"

And she was at once transformed into that sad bird. She flew up and away and was seen there no more.

The following story will recall at once the widespread nursery tale of "Puss in Boots. As in the Sicilian version of this story, mentioned by Mr. Lang,[1] the Fox, from motives of gratitude, undertakes to make the Miller's fortune, but his endeavours are defeated by the cowardice of the pretended "Temtequ Pasha."

How the Fox Wooed for the Miller the Daughter of the Pasha of Egypt.[2]

There once lived a Miller in a certain country, and plenty of grist came to his mill. One evening he stopped the mill, went into his house, and slept. In the morning, on going again into the mill, he found the trough empty. So on the following night, instead of sleeping, he kept watch, and about midnight

[1] *Perrault's Tales.* Introduction, p. lxxiii.

[2] Lerch, *Forschungen, &c.*, p. 83.

he saw a Fox enter the mill, go to the trough and take out the flour. The Miller came out of his hiding place, seized the Fox, and began to belabour him with his stick. The Fox yelped, and said to the Miller, "Let me go, and I will woo for thee the daughter of the Pasha of Egypt!"

"I am a Miller," was the reply. "How wilt thou woo for me the daughter of the Pasha of Egypt?"

Said the Fox, "Kill me not, and I will indeed woo for thee the daughter of the Pasha of Egypt. If I fail to do so, then thou mayest kill me."

"Thou must take thine oath upon it," said the Miller.

So the Fox swore to the Miller, and the Miller let him go.

The Fox set off, and by-and-by he arrived in Egypt. When he came into the presence of the Pasha, he saluted him most courteously, and the Pasha said to the Fox, "Tell me thy desire."

The Fox replied, "Sire, have I your permission to speak?"

"Thou hast."

"Then," said the Fox, "My master, Ṭemtequ Pasha, seeks the hand of thy daughter."

The Pasha of Egypt replied, "Take horsemen with you, and go to meet this Temtequ Pasha, who may be some Vizier, but whose name I do not know."

"Sire," said the Fox, "give me a suit of clothes,[1] and I will take it to Temtequ Pasha. But do not send your soldiers out to meet him before two days

[1] Presents of apparel are very common in the East, and are frequently mentioned in folk-tales.

have passed, for I will myself announce to you his approach."

So the Pasha of Egypt gave a suit of clothes to the Fox, who immediately set off with it for the Miller's house.

Said the Fox, "I have wooed for thee the daughter of the Pasha of Egypt. Arise now, go to the bath, wash and clean thyself, put on these clothes, and I will lead thee to the Pasha of Egypt."

So the Miller went to the bath, where he washed himself, shaved his head and his beard, and donned the new suit. He then set off with the Fox. When they arrived on the Egyptian border, the Miller remained behind while the Fox went to inform the Pasha of his arrival.

Said the Fox, "Effendi, Temtequ Pasha has come. Give me a handsome carriage for him, and let your soldiers go out to receive him."

The Pasha ordered a state carriage to be got ready, with three cavasses to walk in front of it. So Temtequ Pasha came to Egypt, and the Egyptian army shouted "*Salaam aleikūm!*"[1] But the Miller was confused, and could not reply to the greeting, and some of the soldiers said, "It is a drunken man! it is a drunken man! It is no Pasha! it is but a Miller!" The Fox then walked up and down before the soldiers, saying to them, "The weather is very warm, and Temtequ Pasha is quite overcome; you must excuse him." So Temtequ Pasha was conducted to the palace of the Pasha of Egypt. As he stepped out of the carriage, the Fox took him by the hand

[1] "Peace be with thee."

and led him into the serail into the presence of the Pasha. Said he to the Pasha of Egypt,

"Effendi, for a month past Temtequ Pasha has been absent-minded."

"Well," replied the Pasha of Egypt, "lead him to his apartment, and put him on the divan to rest."

The Fox obeyed. The Miller was trembling with fear, and the Fox said to him, "Curse thee, leave off trembling, and lie down to rest!"

"The Pasha of Egypt will come hither, and cut off my head," replied the frightened Miller.

"Not he," returned the Fox. "Fear not, I will not forsake thee. Have thy wits about thee, and if he enter the room rise from the divan and kiss the hem of his garment."

"If the Pasha of Egypt comes into the room he will kill me," repeated the Miller.

Said the Fox, "Get up. I will bring thee water to perform the ablution, and then thou canst say thy prayers."

"Yes," replied the Miller, "bring me water, and I will make the ablution."

So the Fox fetched some water and gave it to the Miller, who went out to seek a place proper for making the ablution before saying his prayers, without, however, knowing where to look for it. The Fox waited for some time, but as the Miller did not return he went to seek him, and found him lying on the ground, dead. Then he went to the Pasha of Egypt, and said to him,

"Temtequ Pasha went out to make the ablution, and has fallen down dead."

The Pasha said, "Go, bring him in."

So the Fox brought in the Miller's body, washed it, and buried it.

The following fable is precisely similar in its commencement to the familiar one of "The Fox and the Stork." The incident of the Mollah's fur pelisse is, however, quite an Oriental feature, and the final catastrophe is familiar to me as occurring in another Eastern story, the nationality of which I do not, unfortunately, remember.

The Fox, the Eagle, and the Wolf.[1]

Once upon a time a Fox and an Eagle lived on brotherly terms. One day the Fox said to the Eagle, "I will prepare a feast for you."

So the Eagle went to the house of the Fox, whom he found preparing the meal. When it was ready, the Fox placed the meat on a shallow dish, and invited the Eagle to fall to, saying, "Brother, eat!" But, peck at the dish as he would, the Eagle could not secure a morsel, while his host ate with ease.

Then said the Eagle to the Fox, "Come with me; get on my back, and I will take you to my house."

So the Fox got on the Eagle's back, and the Eagle rose high into the air. Presently he saw a Mollah kneeling on his fur-lined pelisse, at his prayers, and threw the Fox down upon him. The Mollah, terrified, ran off, leaving his pelisse, which the Fox promptly put on, and went his way.

[1] Lerch, *Forschungen, &c.*, p. 46.

On the road he met a Wolf, who asked, "Brother Fox, what kind of fur coat are you wearing?"

"Brother Wolf, I am a tailor," replied the Fox.

"Then, Brother Fox, make me a fur coat," requested the Wolf.

"Certainly," said the Fox, "I will make you a fur coat."

"How soon will it be ready?"

"I must first have seven sheep, and then I will make it," replied the Fox; and he went to his den, and lay down.

The Wolf went further, found seven sheep, and brought them to the Fox, who said, "Brother Wolf, go home and wait three days; then return, for I shall have sewn your coat."

The Wolf waited three days, and then returned to claim his pelisse.

But the Fox replied, "My father is a tailor, and so is my mother, but I am not one."

Then said the Wolf, "Brother Fox, would you mind coming out of your den?"

"Get away with you," replied the Fox; "these seven sheep will suffice me for a whole year."

"Then," returned the Wolf, "I will wait a whole year before your den."

But the Fox heeded him not. He ate the seven sheep, and went to sleep. The Wolf remained seven or eight days before the Fox's earth. Seeing that he made no attempt to come out, the Wolf at last fetched a dried gourd, into which he put some stones. This gourd, rolling about, made a continual noise, which roused the Fox's curiosity. Coming cautiously out

of his hole, he looks about for the Wolf, but, not seeing him, he ventures forth, and seizes the gourd, which he ties to his tail. By-and-by he goes to the fountain, and, his tail hanging over the side, the gourd falls into the water, and the Fox, in his efforts to pull it out again, tumbles in himself.

The transcriber of the next story, M. Jaba, suggests that "Sāri-Salté" must have been an old Crusader, who knew of the existence of the treasure, and had come from Europe, disguised as a dervish, to secure it. I venture, however, to think it much more probable that he was the famous warrior-monk, Sāri-Saltík, one of the Moslem "Saints" who took part in the Ottoman Conquest, and of whom many extraordinary legends are related by the Turks.[1]

The Armenian and the Dervish.[2]

An Armenian named Sātir once lived in the town of Begirīv, which is situated in one of the *kazas* (districts) of Van. One day a wandering dervish was passing through the town, and received hospitality in the house of this Armenian. By the will of Allah, this dervish, whose name was Sāri-Salté, fell sick, and remained a long time confined to his bed in the house of his host, who, with his wife and all the people of his household, took the greatest care of him. Every possible attention was paid to the dervish Sāri-Salté.

[1] Some of these legends are to be found in the *Narrative* of Evliya Effendi, published by the Oriental Translation Fund. Among other feats the saint destroyed a seven-headed monster, and delivered a king's daughter whom he was about to devour. He is said to have travelled about from country to country, borne over the sea on his dervish's sheepskin mat.

[2] *Recueil de Notices et Recits Kourdes*, p. 94.

In about two months the dervish got well and recovered his strength. One day he said to Sātir, "Get ready by to-night a sack, a cord, flint and steel, a candle, and some matches. Have all these things in readiness, for we are going somewhere. Thou hast put thyself to much trouble for me, and it is but right that I should do thee a good turn."

The Armenian, Sātir, got ready the sack and the other articles mentioned by Sāri-Salté, and, as soon as it was night, he and the dervish took them, and left the town. At an hour's distance from Begirīv, near the village of Kūrzūt, on the top of a hill, are the ruins of a castle, which dates from the time of the Infidels (*i.e.*, the Christians), the architecture and walls of which are very ancient. The dervish Sāri-Salté and the Armenian Sātir penetrated together into the interior of the ruins.

The dervish said to Sātir, "Knowest thou why I have led thee hither?"

"I know nothing about it, thou only knowest," replied the Armenian.

Then the dervish revealed to him that in the centre of this fortress, which has remained from the times of the Infidels, a treasure lay hidden. "I am going," he said, "to remove the spell which guards it; we will enter, and thou shalt take some of the gold. But utter not a word." After this caution to Sātir, the dervish pronounced some words, when a noise, accompanied by an earthquake, was heard within the walls. A few moments afterwards a door opened, and both entered the treasure chamber. Sātir lighted a candle, and saw indeed a large room where gold and coins of

the old Christian Emperors were lying in heaps. On one heap of gold was a golden partridge with diamond eyes, which sparkled; and its beak, wings, and the whole of its body were covered with precious stones, which glittered in the light. The dervish stretched forth his hand, seized this golden bird, and hid it in his mantle, and advised Sātir for his part to fill his sack with as much gold as he could carry, as it was time to retire. The Armenian did so, and made so heavy a load that he could hardly carry it. They left the chamber, the dervish again recited some words, and the door of the treasure house shut again. They walked away together for a little distance, and the dervish then said to Sātir, "Do thou go home, and I will go about my business, but do not forget me," and he went off in another direction.

No sooner had he gone, however, than the demon began to tempt Sātir. The recollection that the dervish had taken away with him the image of the partridge studded with precious stones tormented him, and made him fancy that he, as a confederate, had some right to it. So he turned to follow after the dervish, with the intention of taking the bird from him by force, if necessary. Putting his sack on the ground, he ran after Sāri-Salté and soon overtook him. Hearing the sound of footsteps behind him, the dervish looked round, saw Sātir, and asked what had brought him back. The Armenian replied that he wanted the partridge, and not the gold.

The dervish replied, "Thou art a fool. This gold is sufficient for thee; go about thy business, I want

this partridge. It is for this bird that I have left Frenghistan[1] and come hither; but I fell ill on the way and remained in thy house, and in reward for thy care I have given thee so much gold."

Sātir turned away. The demon, however, did not leave him, but induced him to go and try to take the partridge by force from the dervish, and also to keep all the gold. So again he runs after Sāri-Salté, and, in a word, in spite of all the latter's counsel, he would not be persuaded. Seeing that Sātir was prepared to take the bird from him by force, the dervish told him to come nearer and he would give it to him. At the moment he approached, Sāri-Salté threw at his nose something, the smell of which was so overpowering that he fell back in a faint.

The dervish went off, and Sātir did not come to himself until the following day. He got up, saw that the dervish was gone, took up his sack, and carried it home, where he hid it carefully. By degrees he purchased property of various kinds, several yokes of oxen for the plough, a fine flock, and some mills. The Governor of Begirīv learnt this, and suspected that Sātir must have found a treasure somewhere, as he was buying so much property. The neighbours informed the Governor that a short time back a dervish had arrived there, and remained in Sātir's house, that he had recovered, and disappeared, and that it was from that time that Sātir had become so prosperous. Finally, they succeeded, by one means or another, in getting some ancient coins from Sātir's house.

[1] The land of the Franks, *i.e.*, Europe.

The affair got wind, and it was everywhere reported that Sātir of Begirīv had found a treasure. The news finally reached the ears of the Pasha of Van, who sent for him and shut him up in the city prison, where he lay some time. He confessed the truth, and obtained his liberty only at the price of a quantity of gold, which he gave to the Pasha of Van. In short, Sātir had to scatter his gold in all directions.

Sensible folks will, perhaps, doubt the truth of this story. It is, however, firmly believed in these districts, and often related, and, what is more, the descendants of Sātir still live at Begirīv in great prosperity. They have lands, mills, many a yoke of oxen and fine flocks, and they keep open house. One might say that it is a *tekkeh*,[1] for every one receives hospitality in this Armenian house; Moslems even are never repulsed, but welcomed with every mark of attention. From that time Sātir became well known among the Kūrds, who made great friends with him, and brought him presents of sheep. It sometimes happens that they are at feud with the inhabitants of Begirīv, and commit robberies and depredations in that town, but they always spare the house of Sātir, saying that it is as sacred as a *tekkeh*, and that not even an indiscreet glance must enter it.

The following curious story has been preserved by the late Mr. Rich,[2] who took it down literally from the lips of the narrator, a tribesman of the Bebbehs of Darishmana, without, as he says, adding to or

[1] Dervish monastery, where hospitality is generally exercised.

[2] *Narrative, &c.*, vol. i. p. 291.

altering it in any way. The incidents it describes are totally unlike those of Kūrdish stories generally, and are probably derived from real occurrences, but belonging to a date far anterior to that assigned by the story-teller, who, with the supreme disregard for accuracy manifested by persons of his calling in the East, would refer any remarkable story to the immediate ancestors of the favourite Kūrdish hero, Sulieman Baba, if he could not refer them to the hero himself without being convicted of a too glaring anachronism. It may possibly be a survival of some story of chivalry belonging to the crusading age of Saladin, whom the Kūrds declare to have been a prince of their race.

A parallel to this legend may also be found in the Greek folk-tale of Ἡ βασ'λοπούλα ποὺ πάγει 'στὸν πόλεμο, "The Princess who went to the War."[1]

The Maiden Champion.

There lived once in Darishmana two brothers, Fakih Ahmed and Khidder, who had suffered much from the hostility of the Bulbassis, the most powerful people of Pizhder. Fakih Ahmed, who was of a bold and proud spirit, quitted his village in disgust, swearing never to return to it unless he should be in a position to avenge himself. He went to Constantinople, and entered the service of the Sultan.

It so happened that the Sultan was at that time at war with the English (or Franks). In those days battles were generally decided by single combat. A champion had come forth from the Frankish host

[1] Von Hahn, Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια, p. 57; and *Märchen*, i. p. 114.

who for five days had kept the field against the flower of the Turkish chivalry, all of whom he had successively overthrown and slain. Fakih Ahmed volunteered to meet this redoubtable foe, upon which the Sultan sent for him, asked him concerning his country, and being satisfied with his appearance, allowed him to undertake the adventure, after first supplying him with a suitable horse and arms. He ran his course, and overthrew the Frankish knight. Upon alighting to cut off his head, he found, to his great astonishment, that his fallen enemy was a young maiden, who besought him to spare her life and she would marry him. He brought her back to the Turkish camp in triumph, and upon the Sultan's asking him what reward he should bestow upon him, he claimed and obtained a *firman*, constituting him Bey, and bestowing on him in perpetuity the village and lands of Darishmana. In this he displayed either his modesty or his ignorance, for, had he claimed the whole of Kūrdistan, he would have obtained it.

Fully satisfied, however, with his new acquisition, he returned in triumph to his native place with his bride, Keighan, by whom he had subsequently two children, Baba Sūliman and Boodakh Keighan. He had frequent contests with the Bulbassis, whom he succeeded in reducing to considerable order.

One day, however, when he was absent, a large party of them came down on a predatory excursion. His wife, Keighan, sallied forth alone, and put the whole of them, amounting to some four or five hundred horsemen, to flight, killing a great number. She then

summoned together the people of Darishmana, mounted her horse, and addressed them as follows:

"Men of Darishmana, Fakih Ahmed spared my life when I was in his power, and I have this day requited the service, which was all I wanted or waited for. Now tell Fakih Ahmed what you have seen, and also that I am gone where he shall see me no more. Tell him that I charge him not to follow me, for it would be in vain, and I should do him harm, which, God knows, I would not willingly do." So saying, she turned her horse, and was out of sight in a moment.

As might be supposed, Fakih Ahmed was, on his return, much astonished to hear what had happened, and also deeply grieved at the loss of his beloved Keighan, whom he resolved to follow in spite of her prohibition. He came up with her in the valley of Khidheran, which is in Pizhder, and besought her to return with him.

"It is impossible," she replied. "You are a Moslem, I am a Frank. I go to the land of my fathers. Farewell. Come not near me, or I shall harm you!"

As the enamoured Fakih persisted, she raised her spear, and thrust him through the shoulder. He fell, and she galloped off. But she had not gone far when she bethought herself that she had made but a poor requital for his mercy to her when her life was at his disposal, and that, though he was a Moslem, he was the father of her children. She therefore relented, turned back, and finding him still breathing, applied to his wound a powerful ointment which placed him out of danger till he should receive succour. She

then set off again. But the ardent lover and husband, as soon as he had recovered from his wound, nothing abashed by the rough usage he had received at Keighan's hands, still persisted in his design of following and recovering her, and in pursuit of her reached Frenghistan. At nightfall he came to a large city, where he heard the sound of revelry. The *mehter khana* (band) was playing, the *mashalls* (torches) were lighted, and all the other preparations for a *toey* (nuptial feast) were going forward.

Uncertain what to do, or where to take up his abode for the night, he resolved to leave it to chance and remain where his horse might stop. He accordingly gave him the reins, and the animal stopped before the house of an old woman. After making some difficulties, the woman consented to receive Fakih Ahmed as her guest, and he then inquired of her what was the occasion of all the rejoicings. She replied that the daughter of the king had gone to war with the Moslems, and had just returned after having been missing for several years, and also that she was then going to be married to her cousin. Fakih Ahmed begged his hostess to procure him admission as a spectator to the nuptial feast, which she at length agreed to do, provided he would allow her to dress him in woman's attire. This he consented to, and, favoured by his disguise, he contrived to be close at hand during the first interview between the fair Keighan and her proposed spouse.

When the lady came forth, the ungracious bridegroom immediately saluted her with a box on the ear, saying:

"Thou hast been a prisoner in the hands of the Moslems; thou hast been dishonoured; and darest thou show thyself before me?"

The bride, in her anguish, exclaimed in the Kūrdish language, which had become familiar to her, "Oh, Fakih Ahmed, would that thou wert here!"

The person thus invoked immediately rushed forward, slew the bridegroom, and escaped with his wife to Constantinople, where the Sultan bestowed upon him an addition to his former grant. The couple then returned to Pizhder, where they lived happily all their days. Before Fakih Ahmed died, he completely subjugated the districts of Pizhder, Mergeh, and Mawutt, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Baba Sūliman, the ancestor of the present princes of Sūlimanieh, who conquered the remaining districts of that part of Kūrdistan now under their authority.

The Sultan Murad, who figures in the following Kūrdish story, is most probably Murad IV., who reigned early in the seventeenth century, and resembled the famous Khalif Haroun el Raschid in his fondness for going about his capital in disguise. His adventure with the shepherd is almost identical with that related of James V. of Scotland—"The Gudeman of Ballenguich"—with the farmer Donaldson, who was subsequently known as "The King of the Moors."[1]

[1] See Sir W. Scott's Poems, Appendix to *The Lady of the Lake*, p. 260 (Black's edition, 1865).

Sultan Murad and Siso the Shepherd.[1]

It is well known that the Kūrds lead their sheep in flocks into Syria and Arabia, and even to Constantinople. Once a shepherd named Siso, of the tribe of Bera-Berukān, led his sheep to Constantinople for sale. His shoulders covered with a goatskin, as is the custom among shepherds, he grazed his sheep in the neighbourhood of the capital.

One day Sultan Murad and his *lala*,[2] both disguised as dervishes, were walking in the suburbs, and they came to the spot where Siso was with his sheep. Now Sultan Murad had never in his life seen Kūrds, nor shepherds in such a costume. Seeing Siso so strangely dressed, the Sultan was astonished, and said to his *lala*, "What race of men is this who resemble in no respect the people of Stamboul, with their heads and their eyes covered with goatskins?"

The *lala* replied that it was a Kūrd from Anatolia, who had brought his sheep for sale.

"Let us approach this strange creature," said the Sultan, "and see what manner of man he is."

Then the Sovereign and his *lala* in their dervish disguises came up to the shepherd and saluted him. He returned their salutation, saying, "You are welcome, *baba* (father) dervishes." The Sultan and the *lala* sat down. The shepherd had a pipe with a short stem which he filled and offered to the dervishes, who

[1] Jaba, *Recueil*, &c., p. 62.

[2] Tutor or confidential attendant. This name is also given to a male slave who has the charge of children.

were much surprised by this act of courtesy. He then said:

"I have bread and milk, and will bring you some."

Sultan Murad wished to decline his offer, saying, "We are not hungry, and have no need of food." But the shepherd insisted upon sharing his bread with them, and quoted to them the Arab proverb: "Whoso visits a living person and eats nothing at his house might as well visit a dead man."

"I am well," he added, "and refuse to be called a dead man, so you must not leave me without breaking bread."

The Sultan was charmed with the shepherd's remark, and accepted his offer of bread and milk. Siso unslung the skin bag which hung on his back, took from it a wooden cup, went to milk some of the sheep, and returned, bearing also in his hand a loaf, which he placed before his guests. The Sultan and the *lala* ate a little, and the shepherd then asked the dervishes if they lived at Constantinople.

"Yes," replied Sultan Murad, "we belong to the capital. For the love of Allah, shepherd, if thou comest into town come and see me."

The shepherd asked Sultan Murad what was his name and where he might be found.

His Majesty replied that his name was Baba Murad, and that he lived near the Sultan's palace. "Come to that place," he added, "and thou wilt find me."

The two dervishes took leave of the shepherd, and

returned to Stamboul to the imperial palace. The Padishah stationed a man at the Sublime Porte with orders to look out for a shepherd, dressed in such a certain fashion and covered with a goatskin, who would present himself there; as soon as he appeared, to say to him that he belonged to the house of Baba Murad, and then to conduct him to the apartment prepared for him, seat him there, and inform the Sultan of his arrival.

Two or three days afterwards, the shepherd took two or three of his fattest sheep, drove them before him, and traversed Stamboul, inquring for the house of Baba Murad. Every one laughed in his face, and made fun of him, until he arrived near the palace, when the man who had been posted there by order of the Sultan went forward to meet him, and asked, "Whom seekest thou?"

The shepherd replied that he was looking for the dervish, Baba Murad, his dear friend, and that he had brought the sheep as a present to him, and a token of his friendly regard.

The man replied that he belonged to the household of Baba Murad, and offered to conduct him to his master's abode, giving the sheep into the charge of his servant. The shepherd's costume was enough to frighten one, with his goatskin covered with hairs standing on end, and in this costume he entered the sumptuous apartment, took off his shoes, and sat down. The palace attendant went to inform the Sultan that the shepherd had come, and that, according to his orders, he had conducted him to the apartment specified, and awaited his Majesty's further orders.

The Sultan put on again his dervish's dress. The *lala* did the same, and both entered the room where the shepherd was.

"*Salaam aleikūm*, peace be upon thee," they said.

The shepherd had still no idea that he was in the presence of the Sultan. The Padishah ordered the black coffee which is served in *findjânes*[1] to be brought.

"My brother,"[2] cried the shepherd, "why is thy milk so black and so bitter? and these cups, why are they so small? It scalds my mouth, and I can't drink the milk. Let them fill my wooden cup, and I will put in some pieces of bread and eat them."

The Sultan smiled, and ordered coffee to be brought in a coffee-pot. They filled with it the cup of Siso the shepherd, gave him a piece of bread, and he ate it with a spoon. Then addressing his Majesty, he said:

"By Allah, my brother, thy milk is bad, it is too bitter." Then, looking at the cushions and mattrasses covered with gold brocade which decorated the room, which he thought was but printed cotton, he added, "Brother, buy me a little of that stuff for my children. I will repay you when I have sold my sheep."

"Willingly," replied the Sultan.

Siso continued to look about the apartment, which was full of magnificence and luxury, inspected the beautiful furniture, and again addressed the Sultan.

"My brother, who built this house for thee? doubtless it was left to thee by thy father?"

[1] Turkish coffee-cups. Though coffee has long been known in Kūrdistan, it is little used by the nomad Kūrds, and is unknown to many shepherds even at this day.

[2] Kūrds always address each other by this term.

The Sultan replied that it had indeed been bequeathed to him by his father.

Shaking his head, Siso cried, "I knew that it could not be a dervish's property!" and a few minutes afterwards he asked permission to leave, in order to look after his sheep, which had been left without a keeper. The Sultan told an attendant to send some one to look after the sheep and sell them, adding to the shepherd, "I will not let thee depart." His Majesty ordered them to take Siso to the bath and give him a robe of state, and thus only did Siso learn that Baba Murad was his Padishah. When again conducted into the presence, he fell at the Sultan's feet and implored his pardon for having been so wanting in respect for him. Murad overwhelmed Siso with benefits and honours, had his sheep sold, granted him many favours, and finally bestowed upon him by *berat*[1] the fief of several villages of Bayazid. At this day the chiefs of the tribe of Berukān are of the family of this man, and live in the village of Girberān.[2]

The Kūrds, like the Turks, have for their hero of most of their comic and humorous stories, Nasr-ed-Dīn Hodja, the Imām jester of Timour the Tartar. Some of these stories are identical with those current among the Turks, but many are, doubtless, of much greater antiquity than the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century, the date assigned to this famous Oriental wit. The character of these anecdotes varies greatly. In one, for instance, the

[1] The Turkish equivalent of "royal letters patent."

[2] Between Bayazid and Makou.

Hodja administers a severe rebuke to the avaricious; in another he enunciates a wise maxim for general observance; in many he is a mere buffoon; and in some his own honesty and integrity are more than questionable. Underlying the majority, however, is a vein of quiet sarcasm; and the *jeux de mots*, so much appreciated by Orientals, and to which the Turkish language especially is so well adapted, are very frequent, but impossible to reproduce in another language.

The Adventures of a Cooking Pot.

One day the Hodja borrowed a cauldron (*kasán*) from his neighbour. Now this neighbour was a bad man, and the Hodja did not like him. After the cauldron had remained some days with him, the owner knocked at the Hodja's door and re-demanded his property. The Hodja placed a smaller pot in the cauldron, and handed it to him. When the owner observed this, he said to Nasr-ed-Dīn:

"This little pot is not mine."

The Hodja replied, "Thy cauldron has given birth to a young one; take them both, I do not want thy goods."

At this the owner of the cauldron rejoiced greatly, and exclaimed, "*Allah kerim*—Allah is great! with the Almighty nothing is impossible!" and so saying, he took the pots and went his way.

A month or two afterwards the Hodja again went to his neighbour to borrow a cauldron. The man brought out the biggest he possessed. "But that is too big," objected Nasr-ed-Dīn.

"I haven't a smaller one to lend you," said his neighbour. "What does it matter? If this one should bring forth, surely its child will be a big one."

So the Hodja carried the cauldron home, and put it on the odjak. The cauldron not being returned, the owner, after a month or so, went to ask for it. At the sight of him the Hodja wept.

"*Amān*," he cried, "a great misfortune has happened. Thy cauldron was a beautiful cauldron—it is dead—but thou art in good health."

"How can a cauldron die?" retorted the other incredulously; "thou art mocking me, Hodja."

"My heart," replied the Hodja, "when I informed thee that thy cauldron had brought forth a young one, Allah was all-powerful; and now, when I tell thee that she is dead, thou sayest that I mock thee!"

Nasr-ed-Dīn and the Beggar.

One day the Hodja went up to the terrace roof of his house, and while he was busy putting it in order, a knock was heard at the street door. On opening it the Hodja's wife saw a stranger, and asked his business. The man replied, "Go and tell the Hodja to come hither quickly, as he is wanted."

"But he is up on the roof, and is busy," objected the Hodja's spouse.

"No matter," was the reply, "call him that he may come quickly."

So the Hodja's wife called from below, "*Effendi*, there is a man at the door who wants you; come down quickly."

Said the Hodja, "I have mounted a thousand steps to get up here—ask the man what he wants, and then tell me."

But the man insisted on the Hodja's coming down to him at once, so the good woman again went to call him. Finding the caller so persistent, the Hodja said to himself, "Perhaps he comes on some business matter. I had better go down."

Hurrying down the staircase, he fell and hurt himself, and, coming to the door out of temper, found there a beggar, who said:

"For Allah's sake, give me an *aspre!*"

"Come this way," replied the Hodja, and he led the man up the staircase. When they had mounted forty steps, the Hodja turned to the beggar and said, "Go, may Allah send thee one."[1]

"You might have said that to me downstairs," grumbled the beggar.

"Man," replied the Hodja, "thou didst bring me down a thousand steps to hear thee say, 'Give me an *aspre*,' and hast been the cause of my fall and my hurt. I bring thee up but forty steps to hear me say, 'May Allah give it thee.'"

Nasr-ed-Dīn Hodja and the Corpse.

One day, as the Hodja was at home washing his clothes, a man came to request him to perform the ablutionary rite for a corpse, so that it might be buried.

"I am busy," replied the Hodja; "I am washing my clothes. Go, bring the corpse here, lay it on this

[1] The usual Oriental formula when refusing a beggar's request for alms.

table, and I will wash it here, as I have plenty of warm water,[1] and then you may take it and bury it."

"Very well," said the man, and he went to fetch the body.

The Hodja placed it on his table, and then said to the bearers, "Remain outside with my wife while I see to the corpse."

So the men went and sat down outside. The Hodja locked the door and fell a-thinking. Said he to himself, "I begrudge the warm water which I want for my clothes."

A small stream flowed past the house, and the Hodja finally decided to let it carry the dead man away unwashed. So, seizing the corpse by the legs, he threw it into the stream, which was swollen, and it was soon borne out of sight.

"I must now be wily with these men," said the Hodja to himself, and opening the door, he asked, "What has the life of the dead man been?"

"He was a rogue, a thief, and a cheat," was the general reply.

"No," said the Hodja, "that cannot be. You are mistaken. This man must have been a good man. When I had washed him on the table he opened his eyes and sat up. A silver chain then came down from heaven, angels came and took him up, and they said, 'This was indeed a man.'"

The simple villagers believed the words of the Hodja. "It was the will of Allah," they piously said, and returned to their homes. When, however, the corpse

[1] See Moslem funeral rites, p. 492.

had been in the water for three or four days, its further progress down the stream was arrested by the overhanging branches of a tree, and was observed by the country people. A peasant presently came to the Hodja, and reproached him, saying:

"You told us, Hodja, that the dead man had been taken up to heaven, and there is his corpse in the stream all swollen."

"Then he has been thrown down again from heaven," replied the Hodja, promptly. "You said he was a rogue, a thief, and a cheat, and who knows what he may not have been doing up there? He has probably stolen something, and they have cast him down again. Go quickly and bury him, or he may again come to life and rob *you* of something."

How the Hodja lost his Quilt.

One winter's night, when the Hodja and his wife were snugly asleep, two men began to quarrel and fight under his window. Both drew their knives, and the dispute threatened to become serious. Hearing the noise, the Hodja's wife got up, looked out of the window, and seeing the state of affairs, woke her husband, saying, "Great heavens! get up and separate them, or they will kill each other."

But the Hodja only answered sleepily, "Wife, dear, come to bed again; on my faith, there are no men in the world. I wish to be quiet; it is a winter's night. I am an old man, and perhaps if I went out to them they might beat me."

The Hodja's wife was a wise woman. She kissed

his hands and his feet. The Hodja was cross and scolded her, but he threw the quilt about him, went downstairs, and out to where the disputants were, and said to them:

"For the sake of my white beard, cease, my sons, your strife."

The men, in reply, pulled the quilt from the Hodja's shoulders, and made off with it.

"Very well," observed the good man. He re-entered, locked the door, and went upstairs. Said his wife:

"You did very well to go out to those men. Have they left off quarrelling?"

"They have," replied the Hodja.

"What were they quarrelling about, Hodja?"

"Fool," replied the Hodja, "they were quarrelling for my quilt. Henceforward my motto shall be, '*Beware of serpents.*'"

CHAPTER V.

CIRCASSIAN WOMEN: THEIR STATUS, OCCUPATIONS, AND BELIEFS.

THE Circassian women who have, for centuries past, been brought from their own country into Turkey as slaves, invariably adopt the language and manners of the Osmanli women among whom their lot is cast. I shall consequently describe the part they play in Turkish social life in the chapters treating of the women of the ruling race, and limit my remarks in this chapter to those Circassians who have been settled in the country only since 1866, and who still form a separate people.

The Russian conquest of Circassia which followed the capture of their heroic leader, Sheikh Schamyl, in 1864, drove multitudes of its brave defenders to seek asylum elsewhere; and Turkey, always ready to give a hospitable welcome to political refugees,[1] received these expatriated people to the number of three hundred thousand. Arriving, for the most part, utterly destitute, and before any adequate arrangements had been made for their reception, they at first suffered great privations, but were finally dis-

[1] Among the political refugees who have, during the present century, found an asylum in Turkey, may be mentioned the Persian Prince, Kouli Mirza Khan; the Syrian chieftain, Emir Beshir, and his followers; the Algerian, Abdul Kadr, and Poles and Hungarians without number.

persed through the country districts, a large number being settled in Bulgaria.

The immigrants soon, however, began to be regarded by their new neighbours with feelings the reverse of charitable. For, instead of leaving these semi-barbarous people under the control and government of their own chiefs, whom national tradition had taught them alone to obey, the Porte framed special laws for regulating their conduct, set free the hereditary slaves, of which the ruling class possessed a great number, and, by thus utterly disorganising their tribal and patriarchal system, released them from the only authority they were capable of respecting. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the *Tcherkess Kurt*, "Circassian wolf," became the pest of the villages, both Turkish and Bulgarian, which had the misfortune to be in the neighbourhood of their settlements.

Among other enactments, the Porte decreed that, as the Circassians were now Moslems living on Ottoman soil, the sale of their daughters would thenceforward be illegal. For the Turkish laws, however, the Circassians, as I have just said, had little regard; and the partial diminution in the number of girls sold was due rather to the dishonest use they made of it, than to the enactment itself. Two brothers, for instance, would sell their sister to a Moslem, who was then cited before the authorities by the father, and thus lost both his slave and the money he had paid for her. This enforced liberty was much resented by the girls themselves, who considered that they had been deprived of the chance which might otherwise

have been theirs of entering, if not the Imperial Seraglio, at least the harem of some Pasha, and there acquiring position and fortune.

The people comprised under the name of Circassian, like the Kūrds, consist in reality of two distinct races, —the tribesmen, and their hereditary slaves or serfs; and this fact may account for the very contradictory descriptions given, especially of their women, by Eastern travellers.

The tribesmen are true aristocrats in the correct sense of the term. Proud of their long and unsullied descent, ancestry is with them the only title to nobility, and, unlike the Turks, they set no value whatever on mere official rank and position. These high-class Circassians are, as a race, rather above the middle height, slenderly built, and quick and vivacious in every movement. They are clear-skinned, the colour of their eyes ranging from black to grey or blue, and of their hair from black to chestnut or light brown. Small and delicately shaped hands and feet are also characteristic of this race, and are attributed to their hereditary repugnance to manual labour of any kind. Their extreme slimness and freedom of movement is no doubt due to their great temperance in food, which consists in great part of millet, boiled in mutton fat.

The serf class are altogether of an inferior type, and belonged no doubt originally to a race subjugated and enslaved by the tribesmen, who lived by their labour. Their faces are disproportionately long and narrow, and their complexions of a dull, leaden hue.

Dress and ornament, and, with the men, also arms,

are a passion with the Circassians, and upon them all their spare cash is expended. The costume of the women consists of a skirt, generally red, and, when the wearer can afford it, embroidered with gold, and a leathern bodice worn over a loose, sleeved chemise. Like most of the highland women who are nominally Moslems, the Circassian women living among their own kindred disdain to conceal their faces with a veil, and in their social life generally they disregard many of the conventionalities observed by the Osmanli women.

Like all true Orientals, the Circassians are extremely hospitable. Any passing guest, friend or stranger, is sure of being served with the choicest food in the house. And, when visited in their encampments shortly after their arrival in European Turkey, profuse apologies would be made by the hosts for being unable to offer their guests the customary refreshments.

In point of education the Circassian community are on as low a level as the Tatars, Gipsies, and the nomad tribes of Turkey generally. Their lives are, however, busy enough, for, as in their native land, they perform, besides their household duties, all the work connected with the cattle and the dairy, the profession of arms and the care of the flocks being alone considered fitting employment for the men. So, until a husband presents himself, the free Circassian girl remains at home, and envies, no doubt, the lot of those of her fellow-countrywomen whom she occasionally sees passing in the carriage of a Turk, with servants to wait upon them.

When a Circassian is in a position to support a wife, and finds a maiden to his taste, he opens negotiations with her father, or nearest male relative, by asking her price, the purchase of wives being the usual practice among the Circassian tribes. This being agreed upon, and the money paid, the wooer must before wedding the maiden find an opportunity of running away with her, this being considered the only respectable method of obtaining possession of his purchase. To be thus made the subject of a bargain appears to be regarded by the women in question with no feeling of shame, but rather as an honour. For, living, as she has hitherto done, in a condition of subjection to her father and brothers, her position is raised, and her pride gratified, when a man asks her in marriage, and is willing to part with his money in order to obtain her.

The Circassians were converted from their ancient Paganism to the faith of Islam so recently as the last century, by the enthusiastic dervish missionary Mansūr. Their conversion, however, like that of other Eastern highlanders, was but partial; and the Islamism spread among them by a dervish would naturally be rather the poetical pantheism of the Shia mystics than the dogmatic theology of the Sunni legists. Such at least is the inference that I venture to think may be drawn from their stories, of which that of "The Peasant in the Country of Ali Vâhshi," related in the next chapter, may serve as a specimen. They also still retain in their beliefs many of the old superstitions connected with the religion of their forefathers, traces of which survive more especially in

the national festivals. The rites which accompanied these festivals were, in the Fatherland, celebrated in the natural temple of a sacred grove. The shrines sacred to Thāko are now far distant, their *genii loci* are left behind, and the ancient customs connected with their adoration or propitiation will, in a generation or two, be probably completely forgotten, or survive only in legendary form.

In addition to the above-described section of the Circassians, various tribes of this race have long roamed over the northern and eastern provinces of Asia Minor, engaged in pursuits either pastoral or predatory. Being less under surveillance than the Circassians settled in European Turkey, they are able to evade with impunity the law forbidding the sale of their daughters, and numbers of girls belonging to these tribes are said to be purchased annually by the dealers, who are always on the look-out for such merchandise.

CHAPTER VI.

CIRCASSIAN WOMEN: THEIR FOLK-POESY—FOLK-TALES.

THE distance from original sources of information, and the exceedingly small result of my researches at the British Museum, make it impossible for me to attempt any comparisons between the folk-lore of the Circassians and that of other Eastern races. The so-called "Circassian ballad," of which Mr. St. Clair summarises the story in *The Eastern Question in Bulgaria*,[1] and which he describes as having been "translated into Polish by M. Brzozowski," proves, on examination, to be an original poem by that author, of which the theme merely is a Circassian incident, real or imaginary. Of the two stories I have been able to obtain, the first is, however, as I have already remarked in the preceding chapter, extremely interesting as illustrative of the influence of Shia doctrine on nominal Moslems.

The Poor Man in the Country of Ali Vâhshi.[2]

In the days of the Prophet of God, Moses, there lived a poor man and his wife. For you must not think that poverty belongs only to our days—it has always

[1] P. 174.

[2] Literally "Ali, The Untamed," *Lit. Pop.* tom. xxviii. p. 151.

existed, and the hero of our story knew something of it. He rose at dawn and went to his work, took little rest during the day, and came home after nightfall; but all in vain, for never could he succeed in gaining more than two paras[1] a day.

"Great Allah!" he would sometimes exclaim, "how wretched I am! I am worked to death, and yet gain but two paras a day! Help me in my misery, have pity on thy servant!"

But, alas! Allah was in His paradise, and did not even hear him, and the peasant remained in his misery.

The Prophet Moses one day came to the village where this poor man lived. Seeing him pass his door, the peasant ran up and fell on his knees before him.

"O Prophet of Allah!" he cried, "thou who hast free access to Him, thou whose prayers are granted, thou who art good, and great, just and charitable——"

"Come, finish, for my time is precious. What is thy desire?" interrupted the holy man.

"Great Prophet, I am the most unfortunate of men! Despite all my labour, I gain but two paras a day."

"Address thyself to Allah."

"O incomparable Prophet! I have addressed myself to Him, but He hears not those who are so poor and miserable as I. He pays attention only to the rich and powerful!"

"What sayest thou, O man?"

[1] The tenth part of a penny.

"The truth. But say thou only a word to the Eternal One, and fortune will favour me."

The Prophet smiled, and promised to intercede with Allah on his behalf. Accordingly, a few days afterwards, Moses repaired to the throne of the Almighty. After fulfilling the numerous commissions with which he had been entrusted by mortals, he thought of the peasant.

"It has just occurred to me, O Lord," he said, "that the other day a poor man asked my help. He is industrious, frugal, and pious, and yet Thou forgettest him; and he gains but two paras a day. Couldst Thou not——"

"Moses, My servant, art thou ignorant of the immutable laws which govern the destinies of mortals? And how comes it that this peasant dare question My justice? Return, and say to him, 'The Lord, in giving thee life, decided that thou shouldst never gain more than two paras a day. Cease to beseech Him, for thy lamentations cannot change that which is written in the Book of Fate.'"

Moses carried this message to the poor wretch, and advised him to be content with his lot.

"Ah, is it so?" said the man to himself. "Well, then, I will no longer remain in Allah's country. I will wander through the world till I find a more generous master. Two paras a day! It is ridiculous!"

This decision taken, the peasant prepared for his journey. He sold his poor belongings, which realised a few paras, and then said to his wife:

"My dear, we are going to leave the country this morning."

"Where are we going?"

"We are going to leave the land of Allah, for He is not a good master."

"And then?"

"We shall seek a better master."

"Art thou mad, my dear? Knowest thou not that Allah is the lord of all the earth?"

"Thou art mistaken. Allah is not the only master. There must be a land in the world over which He is not lord, a land which is not His, but belongs to another. Come, follow me, and let us start."

And the poor man set out with his wife.

After tramping several days, the pair arrived in a fertile country, where all the choicest plants grew in abundance. The travellers, meeting some of the inhabitants, thus questioned them:

"Whose are these mountains?"

"Allah's."

"And these fields, and these houses?"

"Allah's."

"And these villages, and these towns?"

"All are Allah's."

"Then this is not the land we seek. Good-bye."

The couple continued their way, and journeyed for a whole month. At last they came to a new country even richer than the last.

"Whose mountains are these?" asked again the poor man.

"Ali Vâhshi's."

"And these fields, and these houses?"

"Ali Vâhshi's."

"And these villages, these towns, and these people?"

"Ali Vâhshi's."

"Wife," said the peasant, turning to his spouse, "we have arrived at the end of our journey, we are no longer on the land of Allah."

The pair entered a neighbouring town, and were amazed at all the marvels which surrounded them. They walked about till sunset, admiring the city to which their journey had led them.

"Where shall we pass the night?" all at once the man asked of his companion. "Your baby will soon be born, and you must have a house to rest in."

The travellers were still undecided, when the voice of the public crier was heard:

"House to sell, house to sell!" he was calling up and down the streets and squares of the town.

"Here is what we seek, my dear," said the poor man, and he went up to the crier, saluted him, and said:

"Show me to the house in question; I may wish to buy it."

The crier saluted him in return, and conducted him to the house.

"This is the house which I have been commissioned to cry for sale; see if it will suit you."

"I cannot decide at once. I will pass the night here, and pay you to-morrow for the accommodation."

"Agreed," said the public crier, and went away.

He was no sooner gone than the peasant's wife gave birth to a fine baby. The troubles of the poor

people seemed to increase. Where were they to cradle the baby? There was in the house neither cord nor nail to hang a hammock on. The peasant then thought of taking the end of a pointed piece of wood and fixing it in the wall. At the first strokes the wall gave way and suddenly opened, so old and ruinous was the house. And behold! in the cleft was one of those enormous earthen jars which are used in the islands to hold olives.

"Great Allah! what vessel is this?" cried the poor man; and he tried to move it from its place. But the jar was so heavy that he had great trouble in doing so. But here was a wonder! for it was full of gold coins.

"Wife! look at this treasure! Now we are the richest people in the town! Were we not right to leave the country of Allah to settle on the lands of Ali Vâhshi? And we only just arrived too! When was the time when I gained but two paras a-day?"

It is hardly necessary to say that the next morning the peasant bought the house in which he had found the jar of gold pieces. But this house was not in keeping with his fortune, and he soon purchased others more commodious. Thenceforward, he was considered the richest man in the country. The happy stranger then continued to live with his wife and child in the greatest ease, surrounded by a crowd of servants, and respected by all, until the journeys of the Prophet Moses brought him also to the country of Ali Vâhshi. We may imagine the astonishment of the holy man when he recognised in

the richest inhabitant of the town the poor wretch for whom he had fruitlessly interceded with the Most High.

"Is it possible?" cried the Prophet. "Is it indeed the same person—the two paras man?"

And the servant of Allah hastened to report the matter to the Eternal Father.

"O Allah! The man of two paras has become enormously rich!"

"Indeed? Go and tell him that the fortune does not belong to him, but to his son. I will that he content himself with the two paras which have been assigned to him in the Book of Life."

The Prophet came again to the rich man.

"Is it really thou whom I find again rich and powerful?" asked the man of God.

"It is indeed I, O Moses!"

"Allah has sent me to say that thy fortune and happiness are not thine own, but belong to thy son. Thou must content thyself with the two paras which have been assigned thee in the Book of Fate."

"Has Allah, indeed, sent thee, O Prophet? But Allah is no longer my master; I live in the country of Ali Vâhshi; it is he who has given me wealth, and it is his only to command me. I care very little for what Allah says, for I shall never return to his land."

And the Prophet Moses had to return, sad and ashamed, to report the strange news before the throne of Allah.

The rich man was right, and the Eternal One, who is Supreme Justice, was obliged to leave him alone.

In the following charming little Circassian story, Solomon, who in Eastern story is generally a somewhat mythical personage, appears as a kind of demiurgos, the lord of all created things.[1]

The Swallow as the Friend of Man.[2]

A long, a very long time ago, Solomon, the Son of David, reigned over all things. This powerful king understood the languages of mortals, the roar of the forest beasts, the various cries of quadrupeds, the hiss of serpents, the warbling of birds, the hum of insects, and also the speech of the lofty trees and of the wood-path flowerets.

Solomon had assigned to each creature his proper food: to some he had given the flesh of weaker animals, to others the herbs of the field or the fruits which ripen in the woods. To the Serpent the Son of David had said:

"Thou shalt be nourished with the blood of Man."

And so the Serpent, hidden in the bushes, watched for the approach of Man, and seized upon him in order to drain his blood. The unhappy mortals murmured so loudly at this that the sound reached the ears of the powerful monarch. Solomon said to Man:

"Why dost thou complain?"

"Sire, the Serpent lives on our blood; our race will soon disappear!"

"Go; I will bear in mind thy prayer," said the Son of David.

[1] See section iii. par. 3, General Conclusion.

[2] *Les Littératures Populaires*, vol. xxviii. p. 226.

The great Solomon reflected long. One day he summoned all living creatures to assemble in the middle of a great plain. The Lion, the Tiger, the Wolf, the Horse, the Elephant, the Eagle, the Vulture, and thousands and thousands of other animals came at the bidding of the king. Solomon sat on his throne, and said:

"I have called you together to hear your complaints; speak."

Man approached the throne, made his obeisance, and said:

"Sire, I ask that the Serpent may choose as his food the blood of some other animal."

"And why?"

"Because I am the First of Beings."

At this the other animals began to murmur; some roared, others growled, yelped, barked, screamed, or howled.

"Be silent," commanded Solomon. "Let the Mosquito, the smallest of all animals, find out which is the most delicate blood in all creation. Whosesoever it may be, even to that of Man, I swear to give it to the Serpent. A year from to-day we will meet again in this place to hear the decision of the Mosquito."

The animals dispersed, and during the year the little insect visited them all, and tasted their blood. As the Mosquito was on his way to the assembly of King Solomon, he met the Swallow.

"Good-day, Swallow!" he said.

"Thou art welcome, friend Mosquito; whither fliest thou so swiftly?"

"To the assembly of all the animals."

"That is true. I had forgotten the mission with which our great king had charged you. Well, then, whose blood is most delicate?"

"That of Man."

"That of——?"

"I say that of Man!" repeated the Mosquito, who thought the Swallow had not heard.

This was, however, but a ruse. For, as the Mosquito re-opened his mouth to repeat the word, the Swallow fell upon him and tore out his tongue. Furious, the former continued his way, always followed by the Swallow, and finally arrived at the assembly before King Solomon.

"Well," said the Son of David, "Hast thou tasted the blood of every animal?"

The insect made a sign in the affirmative.

"Which, then, is the most delicate?"

Great was the embarrassment of the Mosquito, who, now that the Swallow had torn out his tongue, could no longer speak.

"Ksss! Kssssss! Ksssssssss!" he gurgled.

"What sayest thou?"

"Ksss! Kssssss! Ksssssssss!" repeated the Mosquito in a frenzy.

Solomon was much puzzled, until the Swallow presented herself before the throne.

"Sire," she said—"Sire, the Mosquito has suddenly become dumb. But on the way here, he confided to me the result of his year's experience."

"Speak!" commanded the king.

"The Frog is the animal whose blood is the most

exquisite; that is what the Mosquito says. Is not that true, friend Mosquito?"

"Ksss! Kssssss! Ksssssssss!" gurgled the insect.

"Very well," said Solomon. "From this day the Serpent will feed on the blood of the Frog. Man can now live in peace." And the king dismissed the assembly.

But the Serpent was not at all satisfied with this decision. As the Swallow passed by him, still chuckling over the successful part she had just played, he darted upon her. But the bird, perceiving the movement in time, gave him a smart blow with her wings, and the Serpent succeeded only in seizing her by the middle of the tail. Since that time the Swallow's tail has been forked, and the Serpent has been obliged to live on the blood of the Frog.

So the Swallow has always been the friend of Man, and Man has not been ungrateful to her. While he wages bitter war against all other birds, he gives the Swallow a shelter under the eaves of his house, and looks upon her presence at his hearth as a happy presage.[1]

[1] Under this general name of swallow are probably included the *Hirundo rustica*, which builds under the rafters of houses and in chimneys, and the house martin (*Hirundo urbica*), which builds under the eaves (see recent correspondence in *The Academy*). At Salonica, swallows would often fly through the open balcony doors into the wide central gallery of the house, and, after circling about, regardless of our presence, would finally find their way out again.

CHAPTER VII.

YŪRŪK WOMEN: THEIR STATUS AND OCCUPATIONS, FAMILY CEREMONIES, AND BELIEFS.

THE Kūrds are by no means the only nomad people inhabiting the highlands of Asia Minor. Various tribes of nominal Moslems, belonging to different races, wander in summer with their flocks and herds over the pastures of the Taurus mountains, and in winter encamp on the great plain of Cilicia, which runs up into the heart of this range. I have, however, come into personal contact only with the most numerous and important of these races—the Yūrūks —who occasionally pitch their black tents as far from their head-quarters as the environs of Smyrna.

The origin of the Yūrūks is still, notwithstanding the researches of ethnologists, an open question. The Yūrūks themselves, strange to say, possess no definite traditions or legends of a former habitat, or of the occasion of their migration to Turkey, which might give a clue to their origin. When questioned on the subject, they say that they are descended from the former inhabitants of the country who built the splendid edifices, the ruins of which lie scattered in such profusion in the localities occupied by these nomads. Their name affords no clue, being derived from the Turkish verb *yūrūmek*, "to wander." Their

language, too, is merely a dialect of Turkish, but contains many Persian words foreign to the Osmanli vernacular.

Physically, the Yūrūks approach more nearly to the Kūrds than to any of the other peoples by whom they are surrounded. Though their hair is usually dark, their complexions are fairer, not only than those of the other nomad tribes of Asia Minor, but also than those of the Persians and Armenians generally. They are a fine, active, hardy race, insensible to fatigue, tall of figure, with regular features, and pleasing expression of countenance.

As among the Kūrds, each tribe of the Yūrūks has its chief or *aghá*, who is held responsible by the Turkish Government for the good behaviour of the people under his jurisdiction. All disputes or matters requiring arbitration within the tribe are settled by the chief, whose judicial decisions are considered final, as no Yūrūk would think of referring any matter affecting his race to a Turkish tribunal.

The majority of the Yūrūks are pastoral, a few tribes only earning their livelihood by wood-cutting, charcoal-burning, and the manufacture of the kindling wood, called *dhadhí* (δαδί) by the Greeks, torches of which are the only light made use of by the Yūrūks themselves. It is made by cutting, low in the trunk of a pine tree, a deep notch, towards which all the turpentine flows. After a while the tree is cut down, the wood surrounding the notch is taken out, cut into little slips, and sold or bartered as *dhadhí*.

The Yūrūks divide the year into three seasons only, spring, summer, and winter. March they call *Zembrai*,

"the opening," an equivalent of the name Ἡ Ἄνοιξις given by the Greeks to spring. Winter with them is reckoned as three months, and during this season many of these nomads adopt a semi-sedentary life, building huts of reeds or wicker-work, which they set fire to on leaving, or pitching their black goats'-hair tents on the wide plain.

Their furniture is as simple as it is portable. The high wooden pack-saddles of the camels form an outer wall, and within are the mattresses of the family, which are rolled up in the daytime, and spread on the ground at night. At one side is the primitive loom, on which the rugs are woven, and on the other is suspended the churn of goatskin similar to that used by the Kūrds. The majority of their domestic utensils—water jars, mortar for pounding coffee or its substitute, plates, bowls, &c.—are of wood, though each tent generally possesses, in addition, a few copper cooking vessels, which are handed down as heirlooms from generation to generation. It is to mend these that the tinker comes, pays a periodical visit to the tents, setting up his bellows here and there, until, in return for his services among the pots and pans, he has collected a mule-load of cheese and butter, which he sells on his return to town.

In their diet the Yūrūks are particularly frugal. Their bread resembles the *losh* of the Armenians, being large, thin cake, baked on copper plates over a few *tezek* embers. In times of plenty it is made of wheaten flour, and in times of scarcity they content themselves with a substitute made from acorns. Coffee is their favourite beverage, and when the

Mocha berries fall short, the seeds of a kind of thistle—the *Gundelia Tournefortia*,[1] which grows in abundance on the southern slopes of the Taurus—are utilised in its place. The liquid produced from these berries, when they have been roasted and pounded, is of a light amber colour; it is more aromatic and bitter than real coffee, and possesses stomachic qualities. Among their delicacies are a kind of pastry mixed with vegetables, and an imitation of the sweet *moustalevriá* (μουσταλευριὰ) of the vine-growing districts. The juice extracted by boiling the cones of the *Juniperus drupacea* is substituted by the Yūrūks for must, and is mixed with flour instead of starch. The rest of their fare consists chiefly of dairy produce, with very little meat, and no wine.

The outer dress of the women, so far as I can recollect it, consists of full Turkish trousers, vest, and quilted jacket, all of brightly flowered cotton stuff, with a broad sash of "Turkey red" wound round the waist. A kerchief only protects their heads from sun and rain, and the use of veils is unknown among them, as among Moslem nomads generally.

Unlike the Kūrds, the Yūrūks are polygamous, the number of their wives often exceeding the limit of four fixed by Mohammed. A man of average wealth marries at least seven helpmates, and he must be a poor man indeed who does not possess three. For, though a plurality of wives is to the Osmanli an expensive luxury, it is to the Yūrūk a necessity of

[1] So called after the Oriental travellers Gundelscheime and Pitton de Tournefort. The latter describes it as "une des plus belles plantes que le Levant produise" (*Voyage au Levant*, tom. ii. p. 250).

existence. He requires a certain number of "farm hands" to enable him to pursue his calling of flock-master, camel-breeder, &c., and as social usage does not allow of his hiring such "hands," he secures their services by marrying them. Each wife has her separate tent and her special occupation. The care of the flock will be divided between two or three, each tending a certain number of goats or broad-tailed Qaramanian sheep;[1] the fourth looks after the camels; the fifth collects fuel and draws water; the sixth makes the butter and cheese; and the seventh weaves, on the loom before-mentioned, the brightly coloured and substantial rugs and carpets which find their way to this country under the names of "Kelim," "Qaramanian," &c.

Though the Yūrūks are, as far as possible, endogamous, they do not scruple, when short of wives, to steal them from other tribes; and, the services of the women being in such request, the husband has to purchase them from the father with a sum of money. At the betrothal ceremony a lamb is killed and eaten, and handkerchiefs are exchanged by the parties. The rejoicings observed on this occasion consist chiefly in tambourine playing, and in that peculiarly Oriental diversion of firing off small arms. The wedding feasts continue for several days, and are enlivened by music and dancing.

Yūrūk women generally have large families, but, owing to the rough lives they lead, infant mortality

[1] The fat contained in the tail of this species of sheep is much esteemed in the East for culinary purposes. It appears to have been bred in these regions from very ancient times, for Herodotus speaks of the tails "one cubit in width" (iii. § 113), and they also figure in the bas-reliefs of Persepolis.

is so great among them that they seldom rear more than two or three. The fittest thus only survive, and this fact no doubt contributes to the physical excellence of the race. Like all Orientals, they swaddle their babies, after binding round their bodies a piece of cloth containing earth heated with a stone.

A Yūrūk's funeral is a very simple ceremony. The burial-grounds are generally in the vicinity of one of their sacred trees, which, with these pastoral people, as hereafter described, are all the temples they require. The body is carried to this shrine, a passage from the Koran is read over it, and it is committed to the earth close by. A few stones from the heap accumulated under the sacred tree form the only monument of the Yūrūk, and epitaph he has none. The burying-places are always chosen near a pathway, in order that the dead may benefit by the prayers of the pious passers-by.

Though professing the creed of Islam, the Yūrūks entertain an invincible repugnance both to mosques and to their servitors, the Hodjas. The Turkish Government has made various attempts to induce some of these nomads to settle in villages on the southern slopes of the Taurus by building mosques for them, and offering them other advantages, but in vain. The Hodjas' sermons find no auditors, and the mosques themselves soon fall into ruin. Their favourite shrines are sacred trees growing by the side of the mountain paths, on which they hang, as votive offerings, bits of coloured rag, wooden spoons, and other small articles; and each worshipper,

before he leaves this sylvan temple, adds a stone to the little heap above-mentioned.

The folk-beliefs of these simple people do not appear to differ much from those common to Orientals generally. They fear the evil eye, and, like the Turks, believe in *Peris*, or Genii, who have their abode in streams, mountains, and buildings, but do not attribute to them anything of a harmful nature. Their women, in imitation of the Christians, sometimes mark their forehead with the sign of the cross, in the belief that it brings good luck. They have also among them magicians and diviners, who read the future reflected in water, and, by examining the grain of wood, can tell who has stolen a missing goat or sheep, and where it is to be found. One curious belief, which seems, however, to be peculiar to the Yūrūks, is that, if a civilised man drink of the water which collects in the hollows of the rocks, after a wild animal, such as an ibex or bear, he will himself become wild, like the Yūrūks.[1] And, according to their tradition of origin, they themselves were once a civilised race, and became "wild men," or Yūrūks, in consequence of an ancestor having thus fatally drunk after wild animals. The cause thus assigned for their degeneracy must of course be looked upon as a poetical myth. But that they have in fact thus degenerated and were once a civilised race, or a section of such a race, and the builders, as they declare, of such monuments as those among the ruins of which they now encamp, is by no means improbable.

[1] I am indebted for many of the above details concerning the Yūrūks to Mr. Theodore Bent's Report to the British Association.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALBANIAN WOMEN: THEIR STATUS AND OCCUPATIONS.

As the character of a people is generally so much influenced by the nature of the country they inhabit, a brief description of the division of Turkey occupied by the Albanians may give greater interest to my remarks on this race. Albania, as its native name of *Skiperi*, "The Land of Rocks," signifies, is one of the most mountainous divisions of Turkey. The principal chain runs north and south, parallel with the Adriatic, and from it jut many spurs, composed of mountains as lofty as the main range, which ramify in every direction, so that almost the whole surface of the country is covered with rugged hills and deep valleys, save near the mouth of the river Ergenth. Even the coast is grandly mountainous, the spurs there often terminating in abrupt precipices, the sides of which are eternally beaten by the lashing waves.

Almost every variety of climate is found within the limits of Albania. In the south, and near the coast, the temperature is as mild as at Naples, and oranges, citrons, grapes, pomegranates, figs, and other fruits grow in abundance. But the cold increases with the distance from the sea, and only twenty miles from the Adriatic the snowfalls are heavy, and the frosts severe. The higher and more northern

summits are clad in eternal snows, but at lower elevations stretch vast forests of pine and other trees, and rich pasturages on which the sheep and cattle of the Ghegs roam in summer. The land is cultivated to any considerable extent only in the south, where the climate is more suited to the production of crops, and the character of the people to the pursuit of agriculture.

Albania is divided into two *vilayets*, or provinces, called after the names of their chief towns, Scutari and Ioannina, the residences of the Ottoman Governors. The former, which is also called Northern Albania, is inhabited chiefly by the Ghegs and Miridites, and the latter by the Tosks, Khams, and Liaps, all of whom, however, are proud to call themselves by the national name of Skipetar.

Though nominally brought under the Turkish yoke and partially converted to Islam in the fifteenth century, after an heroic struggle of twenty-five years' duration under the famous Skanderbeg,[1] the Albanians long maintained a sort of semi-independence. As Moslems, they fought under their own leaders in the armies of the Sultans, who esteemed them among their bravest soldiers, and rewarded their services with numerous privileges and grants of property. The warlike Albanians were consequently never in spirit a conquered race, and the old feudal social system, which they were still able to maintain, aided by the nature of their country, made it occasionally possible for the chieftains to throw off, for a time at least, the authority of the Sublime Porte. The most

[1] "*Iskender Bey*, the Lord Alexander."

famous of these chieftains were Kara Mohammed of Scutari, and Ali Pasha of Ioannina. The former, at the end of the last century, aimed at an independent sovereignty, which his son, Mustapha Pasha, asserted in open rebellion in 1831; and the latter, notwithstanding the frightful cruelties of which he was guilty, still lives in tale and song as the mighty upholder of Albanian independence against Ottoman tyranny. Subsequent risings have, however, resulted only in the death or banishment of the most influential members of leading families, the last *coup d'état* of this description having been carried out at Prisrend and Uskup in 1881. The great landholders are now all Moslems, the property of which the Christian proprietors were despoiled at the end of last century by Ali Pasha having, on his death, been appropriated by the Sultan.

But, whether Christian or Moslem, each section of the Albanian nation has its own traditional laws and usages by which their social life is alone regulated. The Miridites claim to have received theirs from the Dukadjini princes, who, according to them, were the ancestors of their own chieftains. Their internal government is a species of aristocratic republic, all matters affecting the community being decided in council by the chiefs, the elders, and other hereditary functionaries.

The dwellings of the Albanians are quite in keeping with the character and mode of life of their occupants. Even at Ioannina, where the customs more closely approximate to those of the Greeks, the houses have a gloomy appearance from without, being shut in by

big courtyard gates, and having no windows to the street on the ground floor. Like all Oriental houses, they are only of two stories; the upper, which contains the living rooms of the family, being reached by an outside wooden staircase under cover of the broad pent of the roof projecting over the landing or gallery on which all the rooms open.

In more remote towns, such as Prisrend or Skodra, the streets look dreary and deserted in the extreme, besides being extremely narrow and ill-paved, if paved at all, and the bazaars and shops are exceedingly mean and poor. The furniture consists chiefly of a low divan with very hard cushions, a few chairs and a mirror, and the lime-washed walls are sometimes decorated with a dado representing a landscape, executed in the crudest possible style chiefly in one colour. A shelf often runs round the walls to hold the copper *ibriks* and other utensils, and above it are hung the rich assortment of arms which is the pride of every family.

In the mountain districts the houses of the beys are complete fortresses, being surrounded by high walls pierced with loopholes for musketry. Only in times of open hostility, however, is it necessary to take any precautions against possible foes, for an Albanian's notion of honour does not allow him to slay a man in his own house, deadly as may be his feud with him. The villages of these districts are generally remote from each other, perched in high and inaccessible situations. The furniture of the cottages is limited to a few mats and rugs, a *sofra*, the low stand on which meals are served in Turkish

fashion, a well-scoured copper pan to mix the meal in, a wooden bowl or two, a few horn spoons, a copper *ibrik*, or coffee pot, and a brass lamp. One of the two rooms is used as a storehouse for the maize or grapes, which are spread out and sprinkled with salt in order to preserve them. The other serves as general living and sleeping apartment, where the fire is made on the floor, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof. Each house has its garden well stocked with fruit and vegetables, and its tobacco plot, surrounded by a high loopholed wall. Each village has, too, its green, in one corner of which is the paved threshing-floor, where the grain is trodden out by horses.

The physical appearance of the women of Albania varies according to the district they inhabit, the tribe to which they belong, and the conditions under which they live. The Skipetars of the Drin and the Gheg and Miridite women of North Albania generally are tall, handsome, and well-made, having good complexions and not infrequently fair hair, which, as the following verse from one of their folk-songs shows, is much admired:—

O maiden so tender,
No pipe of Vizier
Was ever so slender
As thou art, my dear!
The soft silken tresses
Of thy yellow hair,
The glad breeze caresses,
Like flax threads are fair.

They are also dignified in demeanour, capable of undergoing fatigue and hardship, and exceedingly

courageous. The Tosks are blue-eyed, and also have frequently blonde or chestnut hair. Their features are refined, and they are extremely elegant in figure and deportment. The Khams resemble the Greeks somewhat in feature. They have black eyes and hair, and darker skins than the Ghegs. The Liaps are the least handsome of all the Albanian women, and the laborious out-of-door life they lead, surrounded by privations of all kinds, soon destroys any degree of beauty they may have possessed in youth. They are, however, expert swimmers and divers, this pastime affording almost their only distraction.

The national costumes of the Albanians are extremely varied and picturesque, and are still rigidly adhered to by all classes. The dress of a Skipetar lady is extremely rich and costly. It consists of a sleeved gown of striped white gauze ; a pair of very full Turkish trousers drawn in at the ankle, where they are finished off with a revers of thick embroidery ; a long sash, also of gauze ; a sleeveless vest, and a coat reaching to the knees, both of crimson velvet, handsomely trimmed round the borders with elaborate gold embroidery. The hair is separated into three tresses, one of which floats on the shoulders, the other two being twisted round the little red fez which is worn on the head, and kept in place by a kerchief of silk. The dark-blue fez-tassel, which is very full and long, is ornamented with tiny plates of gold or with seed-pearls, and droops on the left shoulder. Formerly the Moslem women went barefoot, but they now wear embroidered slippers in the house and yellow *babouches* out of doors. The Miridite women

wear a coat of thick white woollen stuff, red trousers, an embroidered apron with fringe half a yard long, and on the head a blue kerchief. The dress of the Christians is similar in form but usually of a violet colour. The *yashmak* and *feridgé* (veil and cloak) of the Turkish women is worn out of doors by the Moslem women in the towns, and also, if they live in close proximity to Moslems, by the Christian women. The cloak of the latter is, however, of a different shape and of a light red colour, with a cross embroidered in front. This distinctive dress is said to have been imposed by a native pasha, who, being attracted by a Christian girl, not knowing her to be such, asked her in marriage and was refused.

The country women, however, both of mountain and plain, and whether Christian or Moslem, go about unveiled. Their costumes vary extremely in detail, but are generally of stout homespun and felt, and in form resemble those of the Greek and Bulgarian peasants of Macedonia, the leading features of which are two aprons worn under a coat. In the villages of the plains, however, a blue petticoat, trimmed with red bands, is worn over an embroidered linen gown, with a bodice of white cloth embroidered in black.

Albanian ladies appear to be even more addicted than Osmanlis to the use of cosmetics. No sooner are they married than they begin to dye their hair with a decoction made from gall-nuts and palm oil, paint their eyelashes, and extend their eyebrows till they meet over the nose. For their skins they use a "wash" in which various deleterious ingredients

enter, redden their lips and cheeks with iris powder or carmine, and stain their nails and the palms of their hands with henna.

The social status of the Albanian women varies according to district and creed. The Liaps and the Christians of Southern Albania and Epirus generally occupy the least enviable position, all the hard out-of-door work devolving upon them. The Northern Albanians and also the Tosks, on the other hand, treat their wives with much greater consideration, consult them willingly in their affairs, both public and private, and accord them a position in the family almost equal to their own. And well do they merit the respect of their husbands and brothers. For often have they proved themselves to be fit companions for men, unmindful of fatigue, danger, and even death in the cause of liberty. When the armies of the Sultan menaced the privileges of which the people of Scutari had always been proud, it was the women who were the first to give the alarm and to excite the men to resist to the death, themselves following to aid in the combat. Restraining the tears natural to their sex, they would carry the mutilated bodies of their loved ones among the combatants in order to excite them to avenge their deaths. And the same women are said to have refused to receive back into their homes the husbands and sons who had for a moment turned their backs upon the enemy.

Albanian women, too, are often entrusted with negotiations for truce or peace. Such is the respect with which Albanians regard their women that they

may traverse the camps of belligerents with greater safety than men. The terms of treaties of peace, too, are often discussed by the women belonging to the hostile parties in the privacy of the harems of the chieftains. More ready, however, as a rule, are they to espouse and take part in the quarrels of their male relatives than to act as peacemakers, and, owing to their practice of carrying arms, they are always ready for a fray. Miss Mackenzie relates that, when traversing the Pass of Katchanik, her attention was directed by her escort to two Albanian women whom they chanced to meet. "Look at them," he cried, "they are women worth looking at, for well do they know how to handle a gun!"

"Are they Moslems?" asked the traveller.

"Assuredly."

"But they do not wear the yashmak."

"Not they, indeed," was the reply. "They have never worn it, and why should they? for they are fiercer and more unapproachable than men."[1]

Such being the character of the Albanian women, it is not surprising that they have played a considerable part in the history of their country. It was, indeed, to the indomitable energy and courageous spirit of his mother, Khamko, that Ali Pasha, the "Lion of Ioannina," owed the earlier successes that paved the way for his subsequent brilliant career. Ali, who had during his father's lifetime been a wild and intractable boy, appears at his death to have submitted with the utmost docility to the authority of his mother. This lady, who was the daughter of a

[1] *Through Macedonia to the Albanian Lakes.*

Bey of Konitza, and connected with some of the best Tosk families, had not, until the death of her husband placed the responsibility for the well-being of the family in her hands, given any signs of the extraordinary strength of character and readiness of resource which afterwards distinguished her, qualities which were, however, sullied by an implacability of soul which only too nearly resembled that displayed by Olympias, the mother of Alexander, herself a native of Epirus.

"To my mother," said the tyrant of Ioannina on one occasion to the French Consul-General—"to my mother I owe everything, for my father left me but a mere hole (*τρύπα*) and a few fields. My imagination, fired by the counsels of her who had twice given me birth—for she has made me both a *man* and a *vizier* —revealed to me the secret of my destiny."[1] The hereditary enemies of the family having at once taken advantage of its head being a minor, by seizing upon some of his lands, Khamko suddenly exchanged the distaff for the sword, and gathering round her the partisans of her house, and those among her late husband's vassals who still remained faithful, tried in various skirmishes her strength against that of the enemies of her family. In these raids she was accompanied by her young son, to whom she pointed out the lands of which he had been despoiled, and the estates of the despoilers. Braving every danger, the *Aghadina*, as Khamko was called by her followers, continued to harass her enemies by open hostility or secret intrigue until she was finally taken in an

[1] See pp. 245 and 319, *Fate*.

ambuscade by the men of Gardiki and Tchormovo, together with Ali and her only daughter, Shainitza. After having been subjected to every indignity and outrage by their captors, Khamko and her children had the good fortune to be ransomed by the generosity of a Greek merchant for the sum of 22,800 piastres (£3700).

Hatred of those who had thus humiliated her took entire possession of the Aghadina's soul, and her one idea thenceforward was to train up her son as the avenger of her wrongs. With this object she commenced to instil into his mind those pernicious principles which he was only too well disposed to receive, and which may be summed up in the words *Might is right,* an adage sufficiently popular among the turbulent Albanian clans. Ali's first attempt to vindicate his rights in the field was a complete failure. Having met with a more vigorous resistance than he expected, he fled from the fight, and was one of the first to re-enter Tepeleni. Khamko, furious at finding all her hopes blasted by what she deemed his cowardice, loaded him with reproaches, and thrusting her distaff into his hand, added, "Go, coward, and spin with the women in the harem; thou art fitter for that than for the career of arms!" Ali's fortunes indeed fluctuated for some time between success and failure. While he was absent on a campaign, Khamko found herself on her death-bed, and, though repeated and urgent messages were despatched to him, she died before he could arrive. The Aghadina in her will bequeathed to her son and daughter the task of immolating to her *manes* the inhabitants of Gardiki and Tchormovo, at whose hands they had suffered such

unpardonable indignities, and over her dead body the brother and sister swore to utterly exterminate her enemies.

Some years later Shainitza was grieving for the death of her favourite son, Aden Bey. So wild was her sorrow that she smashed with a hammer all his and her own diamond ornaments, burnt all her cashmeres and valuable furs, and forced his young widow to lie on straw mats spread on the ground instead of on a bed. The mirrors and ornaments of her serail were also destroyed, its windows were by her order painted black,[1] and everything which in any way recalled joy or happiness was banished from the palace. Roused from this abandonment of grief by the news of the fall of Gardiki,[2] she wrote to Ali reminding him of the oath they had sworn together over their mother's corpse, and of her wrongs and theirs, and urged him to have no mercy on the inhabitants of that town. "As for me," she added in conclusion, "it is only on cushions stuffed with the hair of the women of Gardiki that Shainitza will henceforward repose!"

Faithfully was the terrible oath, sworn to the dead, kept both by brother and sister. The chief men of Gardiki, to the number of some three hundred, induced by fair promises to meet Ali at the Khan of Valieré, were there ruthlessly massacred by the Christian troops under his Greek lieutenant, Thanasé

[1] See p. 265; and compare similar custom in folk-tale, p. 315.

[2] In 1802. A Greek folk-song graphically describes the gallant defence made by this town, which was taken by one of Ali's lieutenants, "Yousóuf the Arab" (*Greek Folk-songs*, p. 234).

Vaghia,[1] not one escaping. Shainitza caused the town to be razed to the ground, and, after cutting off the hair of the women with every insult which she could heap upon them, this tigress in human form drove them forth with their children to the mountains, menacing any with a like doom who should venture to give food or shelter to the objects of her wrath. The traveller passing through the valley of Drynopolis may to this day see in the wall of the khan the tablet which records, in letters of gold, the number of the dead and the date of their sacrifice to the *manes* of the mother and the fury of the sister of the Vizier of Ioannina.

In a codicil to her will, Khamko directed that a *hadji*, or pilgrim, should be despatched on her part to lay offerings on the tomb of the Prophet, and pray there for the repose of her soul. Such pilgrimages and offerings may, however, only be made when the expenses are defrayed with money lawfully and honestly acquired. And as it was found on inquiry into the estate of the late Veli Bey, Ali's ancestor, that the property to be sold for this purpose had been taken by force or fraud from a Christian, the pilgrimage was disallowed by the religious authorities.

Such extreme ferocity of disposition as that manifested by Khamko and Shainitza is, however, exceptional among Albanian women, and even in Ali Pasha's

[1] The Greek poet, Aristotle Valaorites, has made Thanasé Vaghia the subject of one of his most striking poems, Ὁ βρυκόλακας, "The Vampire," a translation of which may be found in my *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 121. The tragedy of Ἡ κυρὰ φροσύνη, "The Lady Phrosyne," by the same writer, part of which I saw acted in an open-air theatre at Salonica, gives a vivid picture of Ali Pasha and his Court.

own household was one whose character stands out in striking contrast to theirs. This was the Vizier's favourite wife, Emineh, the daughter of the Pasha of Delvino, a chieftain whose ruthless cruelty had gained for him the surname of the Tiger, but who had fallen a victim to Ali's ambition. In the dirges sung by the Liaps on the death of her husband, Emineh is described as "the gentle hind of Mount Pelagos," and her sympathy for the victims of the Vizier's rancour brought about her untimely and tragical end.

When the news arrived at Ioannina of the fall of Souli, Emineh, touched with the story of their heroism, fell at the Vizier's feet and implored his clemency on their behalf. "O Effendi!" she cried, clasping his knees, "deign to listen to thy most devoted slave, and be not insensible to her tears! Your Fate has warned me in a dream that it will be well for you if you spare the Souliotes!"

"The *Souliotes!*" exclaimed the Vizier, in a voice of thunder—"the *Souliotes!* Darest thou intercede for my worst enemies and not tremble for thyself?"

"Effendi," replied the brave woman, rising with dignified firmness—"Effendi, remember that I am the daughter of a Pasha. Yes, I dare intercede for them, and, moreover, dare to tell thee that their blood, and the blood of my unhappy father, which thou hast shed whilst I was yet a child, will be upon thy head!"

"And upon thine also," replied the Vizier, beside himself with fury. Drawing from his girdle a pistol, he discharged it at his wife, who, falling in a swoon, was carried by her slaves into the haremlik. Ali, think-

ing he had killed her, and overcome with grief and remorse, shut himself up in his most private apartments until he was informed by his physician that Emineh was not even wounded, but had merely fainted from emotion. His mind thus relieved, Ali shed tears, and, with all his tenderness for his favourite wife revived, proceeded to her apartment. Admittance being from fear refused him, he entered the chamber by force. The noise, however, and the sight of the tyrant, gave to the tender Emineh a shock which proved fatal, and she expired during the night in a state of delirium.

The death of Emineh was a terrible shock also to her murderer. Her memory perpetually haunted him, whether at the festal board or in the council chamber, and, above all, in the silent watches of the night. He feared to be left alone, and was frequently heard by his pages to start up, and exclaim: "Emineh! it is she!—it is she! Save me from her vengeance!" Years later, when the Dervish Sheikh, Youssouf, while boldly reproving the Vizier for his crimes and cruelties, pointed out from the window the tomb of the murdered Emineh, he was interrupted by Ali, who exclaimed with tears: "Stop, stop, my father! Thou hast named the name of Emineh; overwhelm me not with the weight of thy maledictions!"

An account of the Albanian women would hardly be complete without some mention of the terrible blood-feuds (*Ram de Ghiak*), which, though often originating in the most trifling causes, result in great loss of life, and are frequently handed down from generation to generation. Sometimes these feuds

exist between individuals or families only; at others, whole villages, or clans, are concerned in them. In carrying them on, however, certain traditional rules are punctiliously adhered to, and occasionally those concerned, finding the state of continual hostility irksome, agree to a *bessa*, or truce, for a fixed period. When entire clans take part in the feud, each keeps strictly to its own wells or fountains, its public ovens and its markets. Such dissensions, however, rarely interrupt the usual occupation of a district, the land being tilled and the flocks pastured as usual in the daytime, the combatants assembling for the fray at evening on the common or in the market-place of the town or village. When a few men have bitten the dust, the hostile parties withdraw, in order to bury the dead, and the battle is over for the time.

Though women are not the principals in these vendetta, it is no uncommon thing for them to take part in the bloody frays to which they give rise, and for which their custom of carrying arms makes them always ready. Mrs. Blunt describes[1] a combat of this description which took place in the neighbourhood of Uskup (Skopia), the cause of contention being merely a hare, to which two sportsmen laid equal claim. As neither would give in, it was decided that the case should be tried by combat on the village green. The duel, however, soon became a general *mêlée*, relatives and friends joining the principals, and women fighting by the side of their husbands and brothers. One girl of seventeen, the sister of one of the sportsmen, fought, it is said, with a desperation and success

[1] *The People of Turkey*, vol. i. p. 81.

worthy of a better cause, and fourteen victims fell, thus perpetuating the feud among the survivors.

On another occasion the breaking of a girl's pitcher at the fountain by two mischievous boys resulted in such a desperate contest between her friends and theirs that some sixty persons fell in the fight. It is said, however, that even on such occasions as these the men refrain, as far as possible, from striking or wounding the women, for the Albanian code of honour makes it impossible to attack a woman, whether armed or unarmed. The sacredness attached to their persons extends also to those whom they take under their protection. Escorted by a girl only, travellers may safely pass through the wildest parts of the country, and a man may cross, without fear, the lands of one with whom he is at feud, if he have the safe-conduct of a woman belonging to his enemy's family.

To such an extent is respect for women carried by the Albanians, that it is contrary to their notions of propriety ever to make women the subject of jokes or humorous stories. Insult or annoyance offered to a girl, or carrying off one without the consent of her parents, almost invariably results in bitter feuds between families, or fierce battles between tribes. As with most mountain people, the moral code is with the Skipetars exceedingly strict. Among many of the tribes any lapse from virtue on the part of a woman is punished with death, a subsequent marriage not being allowed to condone the fault. The penalty of adultery is of equally Draconic severity. The unfaithful wife is placed up to her shoulders in a pit, and

then literally buried under a heap of stones, which are piled upon and around her; and her husband has a right to slay the partner of her guilt wherever he may find him. Such cases are, however, of extremely rare occurrence.

Considering this rigidity of morals it is a rather curious fact that two clans, or tribes—the Clementi and the Castrati—ascribe their origin to irregular connections between the daughters of shepherds and strangers, exiles from other countries. The stories are almost identical. That of the Clementi is as follows:—

A young man named Clement, clerk to a priest of Moratcha, a district of Montenegro, weary of the tyranny of his superior, ran away, and, not knowing which way to go, made for the road leading from Selze to Scutari. Arriving at a place called Tamara, he came upon a flockmaster of Triepsei, who, astonished to see a youth dressed as he was in such a place, inquired his business there. Without disclosing whence he came, Clement related his misfortunes, and declared his intention of going to Scutari in order to seek service with some family of position. Touched with pity, and fearing for him the dangers of the way, the shepherd invited the stranger to stay with him and help him to keep his flocks. Clement accepted the offer; and when the number of sheep he was to receive as wages was settled, he followed his new master home.

The shepherd was rich in flocks and lands, possessed of a second wife with a young family, and also of a grown-up daughter, Bubce, who was both ugly

and lame. Clement, being young and active, and also attentive to his new duties, soon gained the affection of his master, and, at the same time, that of his daughter, who, seeing no chance of ever being asked in marriage by her equal, took it into her head to make the shepherd lad fall in love with her. Clement long resisted the allurements of the uncomely Bubce, and pointed out to her the danger they would both run should any understanding between them come to her father's ears, and also the misery that would follow for her a union with a penniless man. "It is not our danger, but my deformity that thou fearest," the shrewd Bubce would reply, and, her devotion finally touching the heart of Clement, the lovers met frequently in secret.

Finding herself compelled to take her stepmother into her confidence, the latter, fearing that her husband's pride would impel him to some act of violence were the state of affairs to come suddenly to his knowledge, tried to prepare him for the news, and made him swear by St. Nicholas not to do harm to any one. The angry father, in spite of his oath, at first threatened to kill both his daughter and her lover, and reproached them bitterly for the dishonour they had brought upon his house. Bubce, however, took all the blame upon herself, and her tears and prayers, joined to those of his wife, who reminded him of the oath he had sworn "by St. Nicholas," and which is of all oaths the most binding on an Albanian, finally prevailed with him. Clement might marry his daughter, but on condition that neither of them ever again should appear before him. So the couple

retired to the pasturage of Beston, which the shepherd gave to his daughter, taking with them the sheep which constituted Clement's wages. Here they settled down and prospered, leaving behind them great wealth in flocks, and a numerous family of descendants. At the present day the tribe of the Clementi number 500 families, or 5400 souls.

Social morality is pushed to its extremest limit by the Miridite mountaineers. Though their women enjoy the greatest freedom, an unmarried girl cannot, out of doors, speak to a man not a relative of her family without risking the loss of her reputation, a calamity which few would care to survive. M. Hecquard cites a case in point, related to him by an Albanian *abbé*, which well illustrates the value that an Albanian girl sets on her honour. A man happened to remark in joke to a girl, the sister of one of his friends, and before several other persons, that he had seen her in conversation with a young man, whose name he mentioned. On the following Easter Sunday, when all the tribe were congregated, the girl, who was under fifteen, on leaving the church after partaking, as is customary on that day, of the Eucharist, called God to witness to her innocence, and seizing a pistol from one of her relatives, shot herself through the heart. Two days afterwards, the man whose careless words had been the cause of the tragedy fell by the hand of the victim's brother.

Among the Albanians exogamy is the general rule, which is carried out by the Miridite chieftains to the extent of carrying off by force a woman from one of the neighbouring Moslem tribes. The wives of the

principal inhabitants of Orosh have all been acquired in this way, and far from resenting or being ashamed of the circumstance, they are, on the contrary, proud of it, and their relatives accept the situation on payment of the usual dowry. And although they may not embrace with enthusiasm the faith into which they are generally baptised as a preliminary to marriage, they scrupulously observe its external forms, are much devoted to their husbands, proud of their reputation, and jealous of their honour, which, should occasion require, they are ready either to defend or avenge.

Among these exogamous tribes, succession is, as a rule, in the male line. If, however, there are no surviving sons, and a daughter chooses to remain single, she may enjoy the usufruct of her father's property, which on her death reverts to her nearest male relatives. If a man die childless his property is divided among his male relatives, who pay to his widow a pension, she remaining in his house or returning to her friends as she pleases, and retaining all that she has received from her parents either before or after her marriage.

As with the Osmanlis, the children by slaves of Moslem Albanians have an equal right with those of free mothers to succeed to the estate of their father.[1]

If the deceased husband has an unmarried brother, the latter has a right to marry the widow with or without her consent. On the wedding-day she receives from him the present of an ox, or its equivalent, four goats.

[1] The father of Ali Pasha, of Ioannina, was the son of a slave.

If, however, she returns home and marries into another family, her father pays to her first husband's heirs, or to her son if she have one, half the dowry promised at her second betrothal. With the exception of her deceased husband's brother, a woman may not re-marry in the same village without the consent of his relatives. In the mountains of Pulati this is never given, and a vendetta follows if it is dispensed with. If the betrothed man die, his brother has also the right to marry the betrothed maiden, but must pay to her parents, in addition to the dowry already promised, a hundred and fifty piastres.

An Albanian has the right to beat his wife if she misconducts herself, but this right is little exercised except among the Liaps, who are the rudest and most brutal of all Albanians. He must, however, be careful not to draw blood even in the most trifling degree, for, if a wife receives a mere scratch in the course of a castigation, she complains to her parents, who cite the husband before the authorities. The penalty consists chiefly in the payment of a considerable fine, which becomes the private property of the woman abused.

Divorce is not uncommon among the Moslem Albanians, who follow in this respect the customs of the Ottomans, the husband paying to the discarded wife the sum specified in the marriage contract in view of such a contingency. The divorce generally takes place at the instance of the husband, but the wife may also claim it for a limited number of reasons. If, for instance, a man has left his native town or village, and does not return within the period fixed by the

Kadi, his wife may claim to be released from her vows to him. Other sufficient causes for divorce are ill-treatment, aberration of mind, and excessive corpulence on the part of the husband.

The Moslem Albanian, when he marries, is, like the Osmanli, bound to provide his wife with food, clothes, and shelter in keeping with his position and means, and cannot require her, as do the Christians, to earn money for herself or for him by her labour. She, on her side, is required to obey her husband and never oppose his wishes, to abstain from anything likely to annoy or vex him, and to watch over the interests of the family, and, if poor, she must do the work of the house, cook the food, do the dairy work, spin the wool and flax necessary for the family use. The Albanian generally has no fondness for field labour, which he usually leaves to the women, children, and old men, and, when he does not follow the calling of a soldier or trader, prefers wood-cutting, attending to his vineyard, or, still more, tending sheep on the mountains, a pursuit which combines laziness with peril.

Besides those who enter the military service, numbers seek fortune in the large towns of Turkey, as traders, *cavasses*—a kind of orderly attached to Embassies, Consulates, banks, and other public offices, in which capacity they are much esteemed for their devotion to their employers—or in other positions of trust. As soon as they have amassed sufficient money to enable them to do so, they return home and marry, in order to prove themselves respectable members of society. After a brief sojourn in the bosom of their families they return to their employment, leaving

their young wives in charge of their parents. For with the Skipetars, as with the majority of Oriental peoples, patriarchal customs still survive, and all the sons bring home their brides to the paternal roof, there to remain in subjection to the parents-in-law until they shall themselves be heads of families.

The highest aspiration of an Albanian wife is to be the mother of boys, and she is less proud of her own beauty and the rank of her family than of the number of her sons and of their valour. The mother of many sons is sure of the lasting affection of her husband, enjoys the respect and consideration of the rest of his family, and wields great authority in the household to which she has come as a stranger. As they never permanently leave the paternal roof, she may look forward to their support and affection in her old age, and to see their children growing up around her. When her husband leaves his home for a sojourn at a distance, custom requires that she should manifest no grief at his departure. Instead of accompanying him to the threshold, and watching his familiar figure disappear in the distance, or going to meet him on his arrival, she hides herself at both the moment of his arrival and of his departure. A woman's tears or joy, they say, must not soften a man's heart when his duty lies before him. Neither must they ask for news of them at any time during their absence. Yet in the depth of their hearts no wives more regret the absence of their husbands, as the touching little superstitious observances with which they console themselves testify. Unknown to their partners, they sew in their clothes

small objects, which they themselves have worn, as talismans to ensure their safe return, and during their often protracted absences they resort to various methods of divination, either with or without the aid of a professional wise woman, in order to discover how their beloved spouses fare, where they sojourn, and how they are occupied.

The men on their side are not free from home-sickness, and many are the pathetic little exile-songs, in which their longings for their native mountains, and for the beloved ones from whom they are, for a time, separated, find expression. One may serve as a specimen:

Now in Bender, now in Buda,
Bide we lone and desolate.
Patience, heart! What boots complaining,
So it hath been willed by Fate.

Yet this grievous bitter exile
Cannot longer still be borne;
Is't naught that we like felons wander
From Fatherland as outlaws lorn?

Who the exile's griefs can number?
Say whose woes can equal mine?
E'en the viper, should she sting me,
Poisoned by my blood would pine!

The amusements of the Albanian women are, for the most part, limited to birth and wedding festivities, at which singing and dancing are the principal features. Albanian dances are of two kinds: the Pyrrhic, as it is called by travellers, which is usually indulged in by the men, and a kind of "kerchief dance," which is affected by the women, the two sexes always performing separately. The women dance in couples,

holding each other with one hand while they execute a step composed of shuffles and leaps, and not particularly graceful, waving at the same time over their heads a kerchief, or scarf, with their disengaged hand. Another dance of a pantomimic character is sometimes performed at weddings for the amusement of the company. Three masked men, in the characters of a man, his wife, and his servant, perform a burlesque representing the weakness of man and the unfaithfulness of woman. The husband expresses by gesture his despair at seeing his wife make eyes at the wedding guests, while her servant, armed with a broom in lieu of a gun, threatens to shoot her mistress's lovers.

The Albanians are, as M. Dozon remarks,[1] "without literature, without art, and almost without a history." Their language, which is difficult to learn and difficult to pronounce, is a complete mosaic of fragments borrowed from many sources, though a native element naturally predominates. Greek and Turkish words abound, and many of Slav and Latin origin have become part of the vernacular. The language of the Skipetars is also divided between the two dialects spoken respectively by the Tosks and the Ghegs, though there is no well-defined line of demarcation between them. The purest Albanian is said to be spoken at Elbassan, the inhabitants of which according to the native saying:

> "Turk of Stambolhit [Constantinople],
> Skipe of Elbasanit,"

are looked upon as representative Skipetars. The total neglect of the mother tongue has been due in

[1] *Manuel de la Langue Chkipe*, pp. 1 and 163.

great measure to the profession of three creeds by the Albanian people, Turkish only being taught in the Moslem schools; in the Roman Catholic, Italian; and in the Orthodox Christian, Greek. The only section of the Albanians who can boast of any degree of culture are the Khams, and even this is not indigenous, but is borrowed entirely from the Epirote Greeks of Ioannina and its neighbourhood.

The education of the vast majority of Albanian girls, whether Moslem or Christian, is of a purely domestic character, and, with the exception of a small number of Gheg and Tosk maidens of the better class, who are taught a little reading and writing and a great deal of etiquette by old lady *hodjas*, they are entirely unlettered. From the age of twelve to the time of their marriage, which generally takes place before they are sixteen, both Moslem and Christian girls are condemned to complete seclusion from the outer world. The customs of the Christians in this respect are, indeed, more rigid than those of the Moslems, for their daughters are not, during this interval, allowed to present themselves before visitors even of their own sex. Time is not, however, allowed to hang heavily upon the hands of these maidens, whatever their position and prospects. Besides taking an active part in all household duties, there is the important task to accomplish of getting ready her trousseau, and this involves the spinning, weaving, sewing, and embroidering of the various stuffs, cotton, linen, woollen, and silken, of which it is to be composed.

The peasant and country girls generally, both of

the mountains and of the plains, enjoy, as has been seen, much greater liberty than their sisters of the towns. With the exception of the Miridites, social intercourse with members of the other sex is not denied to them, and, like the Greek and Vlach maidens, they tend the flocks on the hills, fetch water from the fountain, and lead a life generally of healthy industry.

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CHAPTER IX.

ALBANIAN WOMEN: THEIR FAMILY CEREMONIES.

THE domestic usages of the Albanians vary slightly, according to locality and religion, but are, in their main features, identical. And though the customs surrounding such family ceremonies as births, marriages, and deaths belong naturally more to the domain of women than of men, the latter are not less scrupulous in the fulfilment of the part in these observances which fall to their share.

Tribal and family pride being, as has been already seen, the leading feature of Albanian character, the desire of offspring, and especially male offspring, is naturally very strong with them. A childless man is designated by an expression which signifies "without a root," and is looked upon as a most unfortunate being. The wish, "May you be childless!" is also considered the most weighty curse that can be launched against a man by his enemy. As mentioned in the previous chapter, the dearest wish of every woman's heart is consequently to be the mother of a numerous family of boys, both for the sake of the future prosperity of the tribe and for the present social consideration which their birth ensures to her. When the fact that an Albanian woman is about to

become a mother is announced to her husband's family, she becomes thenceforward the object of the most devoted attention on their part, the slightest wish or preference she may express being immediately gratified. Custom, however, forbids her eating certain things, such as pomegranates and snails, and she must not dye her hair more than three times before her baby is born, or some unlucky accident would be sure to happen to her or to the infant.

As soon as the baby is born it is washed, and a sickle, with which straw has just been cut, is laid for a few seconds on its stomach to prevent colics. The maternal grandmother, whose privilege it is to perform this office for the baby, then proceeds to swathe its little body tightly in broad swaddling bands of white woollen stuff, and finally deposits it in a narrow wooden cradle. A jar of water is taken to the Hodja or the Papas, according to the creed of the mother, to be blessed, and with some of its contents all the women who officiated at the birth wash their hands. The rest of the water is placed near the mother, and all the women who visit her during the five ensuing days dip their fingers in it and sprinkle her, expressing at the same time a wish that she may have a plentiful supply of milk for the baby, Albanian women making a point of nursing their own children. The relatives are now admitted to felicitate the mother and admire the baby, with the exception of its father, whom custom obliges to keep out of the way and refrain from seeing his child until it is eight days old. The mother is presently placed on a state bed, over which a magnificently embroidered silk coverlet

is spread, the national head-dress, ornamented with sequins, is placed on her head, and all her necklaces are hung round her neck, to receive the friends and acquaintances who now flock in to offer their congratulations. In some parts of Albania, and especially among the Moslems, it is customary to bring handsome presents to the infant. As each visitor did her best to outshine her neighbour in the value of her gift, this usage, among the Roman Catholic Miridites, became so ruinously expensive, that the ban of the Church was finally laid upon it. The visitors to the mother and baby consequently now bring with them only an egg, with which they rub the face of the new arrival, with the wish, "*Pashi bar*" (May it be always white!)—*i.e.*, never have cause to blush for its actions.

When the baby is three days old the Fates are believed to arrive and decide what its fortune is to be. When two of the Weird Sisters have had their say, the third speaks, and her decision is final.[1] On the evening of this day, which is called the child's *Poganik*,[2] all the relatives of the family assemble uninvited, each bringing a small loaf, a girdle cake, and a wooden flask of wine. On these they feast and drink healths to the mother and child, the formula addressed to the latter being, "May he have strong legs!" The women then set to work to make a large cake, all present touching, "for luck," the sieve used to sift the flour. As the dough is being kneaded coins are put into it, and when baked it is broken in pieces

[1] See "The Story of the Child," p. 319.

[2] The meaning of this term appears to have been lost by the Albanians.

over the infant. In the case of a boy all now touch the cradle while they sing:

Poganik, When the boy grows a man,
A weaver we'll make him,
And money he'll bring us.[1]

And for a girl:

Poganik, When our girl grows up tall,
She shall go to the valley
And bring us much water.

The company now separate, each person carrying home with her a piece of the Poganik cake, which is believed to possess beneficial qualities, and distributes it among the members of her household. When they have left, honey and other delicacies are laid out for the refection of the Fateful Three, the dogs are shut up, and the gates left open.

Until the baby is forty days old neither mother nor child must leave the house, nor, after sunset, the room, for fear of supernal beings. During this period the fire is carefully kept up, and an ember of it must on no account be given to a neighbour, or all kinds of evil will ensue. Whoever has occasion to enter the house after nightfall, must leap over a firebrand laid on the threshold. Music and singing are also rigidly refrained from for fear of attracting the powers of the air.

The ceremony of naming the child is performed by the Christian Albanians according to the baptismal rite of the churches to which they respectively

[1] Weaving was formerly a trade in high repute with the artisan class of Albanians, who left their homes to work in the towns where it was carried on.

belong. With the Moslems no religious character is attached to giving the baby a name, the eldest male relative of the family fulfilling this duty for its youngest member. If, however, the child is a boy, the curious and interesting ceremony of cutting its hair is performed when it is a week old. The father invites to fulfil this office for his child the man he most esteems, be he Moslem or Christian, and a bond of friendship is thus formed, called "the St. Nikolo," similar in its character to the *pobratim* of the Slavs, or the ἀδελφοποιτὸς of the Greeks, and also partaking in its assumed relationship of the nature of the tie between a Greek *Nono* and the family of his god-child;[1] he is considered a near relative, and may enter the women's apartments. This substitute for a godfather cuts off, with a pair of scissors, some of the baby's hair in the form of a tonsure, and puts the lock, together with some coins, in a purse which is kept closed for three days. At the end of that period the money is taken out, and the hair thrown into the fire.

A similar practice is observed by the Roman Catholic Miridites on the first anniversary of a boy's birth, but it is performed under the auspices of St. Giovanni, instead of those of St. Nikolo.[2]

Although the Albanian beys have neither written charters, armorial bearings, nor insignia, matrimonial alliances between their families are regulated with the most rigid observance of rank and precedence.

[1] See *The Christian Women*, p. 72.

[2] The Roman Catholic priests do their best to discourage many of these ancient customs, the efforts of their Church never tending to stimulate national feeling, but rather to crush it entirely.

Their wives and mothers, like women generally, are well up in all the degrees of kinship and descent, and the preliminaries of betrothals are usually settled by them in the harem before they are submitted to the head of the family and communicated to the parties most nearly interested. Children are frequently betrothed before they are ten years of age, and occasionally while still in the cradle. In such cases, however, the arrangement is kept secret from the couple until the young man is in a position to marry. This usage is intended to prevent the Albanian youths marrying in the towns to which they resort for employment. A refusal on the part of a young man to fulfil an engagement made for him by his parents, would inevitably result not only in a vendetta with the relatives of the rejected bride, but in social ostracism. Such cases are, however, extremely rare, for, as the bridegroom elect has, as a rule, never beheld the bride chosen for him, he can have no reason for refusing to marry her. In such an eventuality national usage decrees that the younger brothers and sisters of the maiden may not marry until her matrimonial affairs are satisfactorily settled.

Women in Albania being less numerous than men, it is not customary to require a portion with the bride, who is, on the contrary, as among the Vlachs and Bulgarians, practically purchased from her father or brothers for a sum of money which varies according to the wealth and standing of the respective families. The parents of the maiden, however, besides providing the materials for her trousseau, supply her with various articles of jewellery and a

certain amount of plenishing, the bridegroom supplying the rest.

With the exception of the nuptial benediction, the marriage customs of the Christian and Moslem Albanians are similar, and there is very little difference in the songs by which they are accompanied. Among the Moslems the betrothal takes place in the presence of the Kadi. This functionary receives the declaration of mutual consent, made on the part of the maiden by her natural guardians, who undertake to prove it by the mouth of two Moslem witnesses. After a prayer for the benediction of Allah on the union, a contract is drawn up enumerating the articles to be given to the bride by her parents, and stipulating the sum to be paid to her by the husband in the event of his divorcing her. To this document the Kadi and the witnesses affix their seals, and this ceremony constitutes the legal marriage.

As with the Osmanlis, the bride does not, however, go to her husband's house until the wedding festivities have taken place, the interval ranging in duration from a few weeks to a year, according to the convenience of the bridegroom's family. As the ceremonies observed in Epirus present so many points of similarity with those of the Greeks,[1] I will here describe only those belonging to Upper Albania which present features peculiar to themselves.

The festivities invariably begin on a Thursday with the sending of the *dunti* by the bridegroom. This is the decorated box containing the presents to the bride of various articles of dress and ornament,

[1] Vol. i. chap. iii.

including boots and shoes of yellow leather embroidered with gold, together with a loaf of sugar, some coffee, and other customary trifles. The *dunti* is carried by two boys belonging to the bridegroom's family, both of whose parents must be living. As they arrive at the house the women and girls sing a song beginning :

O flaxen one, far whiter
Than foam on Drin's wave-crest,
—— sends to thee the *dunti*,
All in a golden chest.

All the members of the family receive the boys at the foot of the staircase with every mark of respect, and conduct them to the reception-room. As the *dunti* is placed on a coffer, all present cry, "*Per heir*" (Good luck !) The envoys are seated in the place of honour, while all the family of the bride remain standing; refreshments, consisting of liqueurs and bonbons, are served twice, complimentary speeches are exchanged, and after about an hour of polite attentions, the boys depart. On the same day a youth is despatched by the bridegroom's parents to invite the guests for the following Monday. The formula he makes use of is—"So-and-so is to be married, and begs you to come next Monday to the wedding with all your family, or, if you prefer it, let the head of the family come alone." At each house he receives in return for his invitation a present of a few piastres. The number of persons invited by each family is fixed according to the degree of kinship or friendship existing between them and the bridegroom's family.

The bride's family send out their invitations in the

same way on the Friday. On this day, too, the women assemble to help in the preparations for the ceremony. While some busy themselves with putting finishing touches to the trousseau, or helping in the kitchen, the others take the bride in hand and commence to "busk" her for the occasion. Compelled by custom to submit silently to whatever operation they may, in their zeal to make her as beautiful as possible, subject her, the poor bride is bathed, scrubbed, "massaged," and *dépilée*, her hair and eyebrows are dyed black, and her feet and hands stained red with henna.

On Sunday evening the bride, dressed in her bridal array, and decked in all her ornaments, is presented to the women of the family. If she is of humble station, jewels are borrowed for her to wear for the occasion, so that, on this day at least, she may lack nothing. The work of the women who have dressed her is then freely and openly criticised, no word, however, being uttered which could possibly hurt the feelings of the bride; for, according to the good ladies of Scutari, a bride can never be otherwise than beautiful. Later on the father and brothers enter, and the maiden, throwing herself at their feet, asks their pardon with tears for all the faults she has since her childhood committed. Hardly has the father raised her than a chorus of sobs and cries is heard from all the company, who thus testify their sorrow at the approaching separation of the maiden from her family. When their grief has exhausted itself, they dry their tears and break into a song, which, translated, is as follows:—

Lower your crests, ye mountains high,
That we may the moon descry
Sailing through the azure sky.
Our bride her mother's counsels heard,
Who said, "My daughter, mark my word,
Love and respect your father new."
"That, mother will I gladly do—
I'll love and honour him alway
Who's given to me a bridegroom gay."

On Monday morning, the homes of both bride and bridegroom are thronged with guests, sometimes to the number of several hundreds. Each one brings an *oka*[1] of coffee and another of sugar for the benefit of the house, and at the same time presents the bride with a gold coin, the value of which varies with the degree of relationship of the giver. These coins are subsequently strung into necklaces, and constitute part of the personal property of a married woman.

At early dawn the bride is dressed in her wedding finery, decked with all her jewels, and, at sunrise, is led to a corner of the principal reception-room. Here custom requires her to stand, motionless and speechless, with downcast eyes and hands crossed on her breast, until she starts for her new home. Two women, posted at either side, keep watch and ward over her, and the rest of the female guests, seated round the room on the divans, stare at the poor girl as if she were the idol of their worship. At meal-times, on this and the two following days, she eats alone, covered with a veil, though if she is anxious to make a good impression she will partake of food only

[1] About 2¾ lbs. avoirdupois.

if compelled to do so, in order to show how great is her regret at leaving the paternal roof.[1] In fact, her behaviour throughout is intended to typify her reluctance to exchange the single for the married state. Meantime the guests divert themselves with liqueurs, coffee, and sweets, and the performances of the professional musicians hired for the occasion.

About ten o'clock a cart arrives from the bridegroom's abode to fetch the bride's baggage, which is packed in a large wooden box ornamented with designs of flowers rudely executed. When it starts every one shouts, "*Per heir*" (Good luck!), and among the Christians, several women accompany the cart outside the gate, sprinkling both it and its contents with holy water. A few minutes afterwards, all the male guests invited by the bridegroom's friends set out, preceded by his father, who leads a richly caparisoned horse on which the bride will ride home. As they leave the house the women sing:

Happy may thy journey be,
Eldest of our family.
Holy sign of cross now make,
To the right thy way then take.
If to us thou bring fair bride,
May the sugar-plums taste sweet,
If a foul one by thy side
That they bitter taste were meet.

Arrived at their destination, the party range themselves around the courtyard, where glasses of cognac and water, and sweets and sugar-plums of various kinds

[1] The Mongols of Tibet observe a similar custom. See *Journal of Sarat Chandra Das*, published by the Royal Geographical Society.

are handed round by men-servants. During this ceremony, which every one endeavours to prolong, the bride, enveloped in a long cloak and covered with a veil, is led downstairs. She walks as slowly as possible, supported on either hand by an attendant as if infirm, and is hidden from all eyes by silken draperies held on either side of her path until she has been seated on her horse.

The procession then starts. The husband's guests walk first, then comes the bride, her horse led by a servant, supported on either side by her brothers, behind her follow the musicians and singers, the rear being brought up by her relatives and friends. Various songs are sung *en route*, of which the following may serve as a specimen :—

Our fair bride is on the way,
Like a pink, so fresh and gay.
At the door's our brideling fair,
Like the pink's her perfume rare.
In the courtyard is the bride,
She's a rose that's open'd wide.
On the stair the bride see now,
White as jasmine is her brow.
Now she comes within the room,
Her neck is like the lily's bloom.
" Bride of mine, now cease to grieve,
Let not sobs thy bosom heave."
" Bridegroom mine, can I be gay?
I've my father left to-day.
From my home for ever torn,
It is meet that I should mourn."

The bride, on leaving the door of her childhood's home, and at every street corner she passes, inclines

her head three times in token of farewell to the places she will never again, as a maiden, behold.[1] When her approach is announced to the women of her husband's family, they sing:

"Bride, lost bride, what wouldst thou find?"
"The courtyard gate of my bridegroom kind."
"What, O bride, wilt thou give to me
If I show now his courtyard gate unto thee?"
"Shirts, O my bridegroom, all broidered and fine."
"Small is thy guerdon, O brideling of mine,
For I can take them, nor ask leave of thine."

Arrived at the bridegroom's home, the same precautions are taken in dismounting the bride as were observed in placing her upon her horse. The women of the house come down to receive her, and pushing her gently, lead her, as if against her will, into the nuptial chamber, where she is seated on cushions. When coffee has been served and partaken of, the bride's friends take their leave, the eldest among them saying in a loud voice:

"Until now she belonged to God and to us, now and henceforward she belongs to you and to God, who will protect her."[2]

As they retire, the last message of the bride to her mother is sung:

Stay, stay, O dearest brothers, stay!
A word to you the bride would say.
Stay, stay, O dearest brothers, stay!

[1] This observance may possibly have its origin in the propitiatory farewells paid by a bride, among the ancient Slavs, to her father's household gods. Compare Kovalevsky, *Modern Customs, &c., of Russia*, pp. 33–4.

[2] This is intended to signify that if the bride is not well treated in her new home her parents will intervene on her behalf.

My greetings to my mother bear,
My greetings to my sisters fair,
Tell them my heart will love them e'er.
Stay, stay, O dearest brothers, stay!
Each day, when comes the even glow,
My prayers, on winds that softly blow,
For them to God on high shall go—
Stay, stay, O dearest brothers, stay!

As soon as the bride's relatives have left, the women raise her veil with the silver handle of a dagger, or some other object made of the same metal,[1] and whether she comes up to their expectations or not, they are in duty bound to sing:

How beautiful she is, the bride!
May God preserve her!
Her brow is high and white and wide,
May God preserve her!
Her eyebrows have the rainbow's curve,
May God preserve her!
Her eyes for coffee cups might serve,[2]
May God preserve her!
Her cheeks the rose's inmost fold
May God preserve her!
Her mouth a little box of gold
May God preserve her!
Her lips as red as cherries are
May God preserve her!
Her teeth than pearls are whiter far!
May God preserve her!
Like milk her skin is fair and white
May God preserve her!
Like cypress is she tall and slight
May God preserve her!

Among the Christian Albanians, the religious ceremony is now performed in the nuptial chamber, where

[1] Magical properties are attributed to this metal by the Albanians.
[2] Literally, "as large as coffee-cups"—*findjanes*.

an altar is specially prepared. The nearest relatives of the bridegroom only are present, and he, like the bride, simulates great unwillingness to enter the apartment. The mass performed, the priest asks the bride three times if she accepts the man kneeling at her side for her husband. Custom, however, forbids her to reply, and at the third interrogation the women in attendance force her to bow her head in token of assent. The bridegroom, on the contrary, pronounces his consent in a loud voice. However plain the bride may prove to be, custom forbids that any sign of disgust or annoyance should be manifested. If, however, she be afflicted with any physical deformity, such as lameness, blindness, or a humped back, the husband may claim an indemnity from her parents, or, if he is prepared to abide the consequences of such an insult, may send her back to them.

The ceremony terminated, the bridegroom leaves the room, and the female guests re-enter, extolling in song the graces and virtues with which, according to them, every bride is endowed. The feast is then served, the men sitting down by themselves in one room, and the women in another, and the two parties amuse themselves separately for the rest of the evening. An hour before midnight, the women conduct the bride to the nuptial chamber, and, having taken off her bridal finery, cover her face with a veil, and leave her. When the bridegroom enters, he simulates astonishment at finding a maiden there. Lifting the veil from her head, he declares himself to be enraptured with her beauty, and asks her a hundred questions. The bride feigns sleep and pretends not to

hear him. He offers her sweets which have been left there purposely, but still she heeds him not. This comedy may, if the bridegroom be timid and the bride reserved, be prolonged until the third evening after the marriage, in which case the courage and virtue of the bride are extolled by the women in song. On the third evening, however, custom requires the bride to respond to her husband's advances. On the three days following the wedding the bride, dressed as before, stands like a statue in the reception-room to receive the women visitors who flock to the house in order to inspect her.

The ceremonies attending the nuptials of the mountain people are almost precisely similar to those customary in the towns, with the exception that the bride is not veiled when conducted to her husband's home. A romantic reserve, however, surrounds the interviews between the young couple, who, especially if the husband be one of a numerous family and have no private apartments, can only meet in secret until they have children of their own. The mountaineers cherish this custom, which, they contend, by surrounding with a halo of romance and mystery the relations of the young couple, tends to keep their love for each other fresh and warm. The wedding processions of the Moslems and Christians are only to be distinguished by the more picturesque effect of those of the former. Many of the company, dressed in rich apparel glittering with gold embroidery, accompany the bride on horseback, indulging as they go, whenever they arrive at a spot sufficiently spacious, in the manly old Osmanli game of throwing the *djerid*, or spear. Pistols

are fired incessantly, and the strains of wild music echoing from the surrounding hills add to the animation of the scene.

The wedding ceremonies observed in Southern Albania, in so far as they differ from those of the Northern Albanians, resemble very closely the Greek country customs described in the preceding volume.[1]

The funeral observances of the Albanians also resemble in some degree those of the Greeks. Family ties are equally strong in both races, and the death of a relative is always a source of poignant grief to the survivors. The demonstrations of sorrow are loudest and most heartrending when a man or woman dies in the prime of life. When he is believed to be at the point of death, the women watching round him give utterance to frightfully piercing cries and shrieks, upon hearing which the friends hasten to the house of mourning in order to take part in the death chorus. When the last breath is drawn, all the near female relatives of the deceased who are not past middle age —wife, sisters, sisters-in-law, and daughters—testify their grief by beating their breasts, scratching their faces until the blood flows, and tearing out or cutting off their hair. In their utter abandonment of sorrow they also beat their heads against the walls of the room, calling wildly upon the deceased by his or her name, often exhausting themselves to such a degree as to lose for the time the use of their voices. With the weaker among them these frenzies of sorrow gene-

[1] Chapter iii. An account of these ceremonies may be found in Von Hahn, *Albanesische Studien*, and Dozon, *Contes Albanais*.

rally terminate in a fainting fit, while others have frequently to be restrained by their friends from doing themselves grievous bodily harm in their excitement.

The men of the family receive visits of condolence from those of their own sex, standing in the courtyard. The formula in which sympathy is usually expressed is, "May you continue to enjoy good health," the speaker at the same time putting his right hand on the shoulder of the mourner. The latter responds, "May our friends be well," and the visitor enters the house to express in the same way his sympathy to the women of the family. The corpse is washed and laid out according to the usages of the faith, Christian or Moslem, professed during lifetime, and is dressed in its best clothes, which are, however, taken off before burial. And now begins the formal wailing round the body, in which the women of the family are assisted by their neighbours.

The majority of the dirges used are, like those of the Greeks, conventional, every woman having her memory well stored with a *répertoire*, from which she selects those suited to the occasion. They are sung antiphonically, a verse or couplet being first chanted as a solo, and then repeated by the rest in chorus. The nearest relatives first lead the chant, and continue without interruption until either their voices or their memories are exhausted. It is then the turn of the other women, who, when they consider that one has had the lead long enough, stop her with a sign, and another lifts up her voice. Among the dirges sung for a youth killed in battle the following, which is in the Tosk dialect, is one of the oldest and best known.

The ideas expressed in it may also be found in Greek and Roumanian folk-song.

Kyabése's bridge hard by,
Slain by treach'rous foes I lie.
Comrades, greet my mother well,
Bid her the two oxen sell;
Give the money to my Life,
To my dear, my promised wife.
Asks mother what doth me betide,
Say, I have wedded here a bride.
Asks she who holds me with her charms,
Tell her, three bullets in my breast,
Six in my legs and in my arms.
Asks she who came as bidden guest,
And at my wedding feast was seen;
The crows and ravens, say, were there;
They have the friends and neighbours been,
And they devoured the wedding fare!

Sometimes animals and inanimate objects, with which the deceased has been associated in his lifetime, are poetically represented as missing him and mourning his loss, as in this lament for a Tosk chieftain who has met with a violent death:—

Derwen Agha, *veh!*[1] all slain
Lie thy followers on the plain!
Hear thy sword cry from the wall,
"Where's my lord?" in sorrow's thrall,
"Where's my lord, that he no more
Draws and waves me as of yore?"
Hear thy charger from his stall,
"Where's my lord?" complain and call,
"Where's my lord, to fill my rack,
Girth the saddle on my back?
Where's my lord, that he bestride me,
Gaily through the mountains ride me?"

[1] The Albanian exclamation of distress.

For the untimely death of a young wife, not yet a mother, the following may serve as a specimen :—

O willow-wand so golden,
No townswoman more slight;
O beautiful of feature,
As partridge on the height!

O swift as weaver's shuttle,
Where wilt thou henceforth bide?
O partridge on the red rock,
Thy dower in chest must hide!

Where wilt thou be this summer,
Reft from thy dear lord's side?
O beauteous dancing vine-branch,
Thou wast a virgin bride!

Like blade of grass thou grewest,
Refined as finest gold,
And thy short life, O joyless!
Few joys for thee did hold.

A mother's grief is expressed in these, the opening verses only, of a long dirge for an only son. As I have previously had occasion to mention, the women of South Albania especially manifest an excessive degree of grief for the death of children, and often refuse, when left childless, to survive them.

O Death! O thou who know'st no ruth!
Why rob me of my son?
Why tear him from my loving arms?
My boy, my dearest one!

No pity hadst thou in thy stroke!
Before thou laidst him prone,
Why torture him with cruel pains?
My boy, my dearest one!

Remorseless, Death, I know thou art,
Yet, from a mother lone,
How couldst thou take her only son,
Her boy, her dearest one?

Why didst thou not, my treasured child,
My only darling son—
Why didst thou not resist his blow?
My boy, my dearest one!

Ah! knew'st thou not, within my heart,
Should'st thou from me be gone,
Thou ope'st a wound must ever bleed?
My boy, my dearest one!

Sometimes, too, as among the Greek women, a mourner finds no adequate outlet for her grief in the conventional dirges, and, inspired by sorrow, bursts into an improvised lament for the lost son, brother, or husband, extolling his virtues and bewailing his fate.

It is said that when an Albanian of the mountains is led to execution by the authorities for any crime but that of theft, which is by these people alone considered disgraceful, he walks to his doom with head erect and bearing dignified, improvising as he goes his own dirge, in which he relates the circumstances that have led to his premature departure from the world. His mother and sisters follow him to the place of execution, their hearts devoured with grief, but wearing smiles on their lips, in order that their relative may, on his side, show no sign of weakness. Intently they listen to his death-song, the words of

which they treasure in their memories, and hand down to their posterity.[1]

The funeral, in conformity with the usual Eastern custom, takes place within four-and-twenty hours after death. Before the corpse leaves the house, it is measured with a string, which is then thrown up into the rafters. If the deceased has not a silver ring on his finger, a coin is placed, as among the Greeks, on the mouth; and one of the relatives seats himself three times on that part of the floor on which he breathed his last. On the way to the burial ground, the men surround the bier, the women follow behind, and resume their wailings as the procession leaves the house. Arrived at the mosque, or church, the men enter, but the women remain without, weeping, shrieking, and lamenting continually. Before leaving the church, the men give the dead a last kiss, the women doing the same at the grave. The body is laid in the bare earth, and a stone slab is placed over it, on which the earth is cast. At this stage of the proceedings, the cries of the women become quite heartrending; they crowd round the grave, and can with difficulty be prevented from throwing themselves

[1] This calls to mind Burns' spirited song, "MacPherson's Lament," the words of which might fittingly be used by an Albanian *pallikar:*

"I've lived a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie;
It burns my heart, I must depart,
And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He played a spring, and danced it round,
Beneath the gallows tree."

into it, and even the men are frequently heard to sob aloud. As soon as it is filled up, however, a sudden silence prevails, for now the *Kokiete*, the Greek Kólyva (Κόλυβα)[1] is handed round, and it is accounted sinful to mourn whilst eating it. As each person takes a handful of this funeral dish, he says, "May he (or she) be forgiven."

On this and the two following days, the house of mourning is filled with a succession of condoling friends, who bring with them all the food necessary for the family, for no cooking is done in it during this period. Others send presents of wine or spirits, the bearer of which delivers them with the words: "May I have come for your good." On the third day, the wailing at the grave is repeated, and continued in the house of mourning for forty days, being performed either early on the morning of each day, or on Sundays and feast days only, by the women of the house and those who visit them for this purpose.

With members of the Orthodox Church it is customary, as among the Greeks, to exhume the bones at the end of three years. Moslems, however, have a great dislike to disturbing a dead body in any way.

The grief of relatives is, as a rule, less demonstrative for the death of a woman; and for a man well stricken in years, no wailing takes place. In the latter case, the deceased has usually set aside one or more sheep to be sacrificed on his death as an atonement for his sins, the flesh of which serves for the funeral feast. At this feast, the guests drink "to

[1] See description of this funeral dish, vol. i. p. 99.

the forgiveness" of the departed, and sing funeral songs in his honour.

When, as often happens, a man dies at a distance from his home, on the arrival of the tidings of his death, the funeral ceremonies are, with the exception of the actual interment, performed as above described. The women lament, friends hasten to comfort them, and the procession goes to church, the place of the bier being occupied by a youth, who carries the dish of *Kólyva*, on which is placed a cake for the priest.

Only slight changes are generally made in their dress by the Albanian women on the death of a relative. The chief mourners cut their hair short, turn their coats inside out, so that the fur lining alone is seen, and lay aside all ornaments. The nieces of the deceased allow their hair to hang loose for some months, or cut off a lock, and wear on their heads a black kerchief. A similar head-dress is assumed by the widow, who, if she has arrived at middle age, wears it for the rest of her life. If, however, she is still young, and intends to return to her father's house with the expectation of finding another husband, she wears at the same time her bridal apparel, and does not manifest such an exaggerated degree of grief.

Sometimes, as illustrated in the history of Shainitza[1] and in folk-tale,[2] the grief of the women finds expression in giving to their dwelling the most dismal and funereal appearance, by painting black either the whole of the outside of the house, or the shutters only, and covering up or removing from their usual places the mirrors and other ornaments.

[1] See p. 225. [2] P. 315.

CHAPTER X.

ALBANIAN WOMEN: THEIR CULTURE-BELIEFS.

THOUGH speaking the same language, observing the same customs, and cherishing the same traditions and aspirations, the Albanians, as may have been seen from the foregoing chapter, are, in matters of religious belief, divided by three Creeds, the Moslem, Orthodox Greek, and Roman Catholic. The Moslems constitute about one-half of the population, and of the remaining half the majority follow the rites of the Eastern Church.

After the loss of their independence the Albanians began by degrees to abandon the faith of their forefathers for that of their conquerors. Islam, however, made but slow progress among them until towards the close of the sixteenth century, when the Porte promulgated a law assuring the possession of their property to those Albanian families who would bring up one of their sons in the Moslem faith. A Tosk proverb says, "Where the sword is, there is the faith;" and the advantages which a nation of mercenary soldiers could not fail to find in belonging to the religion of the dominant race, soon made conversion so general that the populations of whole villages, towns, and even districts would simultaneously apostatise to Islam. Wholesale perversions, such as these, have

not been unfrequent even in the present century, and the prevailing tendency on the part of the highlanders to become Moslems, and of the Orthodox Christian agriculturists to emigrate to Greece and elsewhere, makes it probable that in course of time the country may become entirely Moslem.

Like the Kūrds, however, the Moslem Albanians have among the Turks the reputation of being but indifferent followers of the Prophet, and the same opinion is entertained by their Greek neighbours of the Albanians who call themselves members of the Orthodox Church. Christian men marry Moslem women, and *vice versâ;* the sons are brought up in the faith of Mohammed, and the daughters in that of Christ; Moslems revere the Virgin Mary and the Christian saints, and make pilgrimages to their shrines; Christians reciprocally resort to the tombs of Moslem saints for the cure of ailments or in fulfilment of vows; while Christians and Moslems alike mingle with their culture-beliefs, ancient rites and superstitious usages, which both creeds have proved powerless to eradicate. The Miridites and some tribes of Ghegs on the coast adopted the Roman Catholic creed about the end of the last century, and follow the Latin rite with some Oriental differences, as, for instance, the administration of the Eucharist in both kinds to the laity.

The celebration of the Festival of Our Lady of Skodra (or Scutari), which is held on the anniversary of the departure of her image from the Latin church in that town, and in which Christians and Moslems participate, is a striking example of the half-hearted belief of the Skipetars. The story goes that, many years

since, when all the country was Christian, there stood in the city of Scutari a beautiful image of the Virgin Mary, to whose shrine thousands flocked every year from all parts of the country to offer their gifts, perform their devotions, and be healed of their infirmities. Such, indeed, was the healing power of this Madonna that no sick person was ever known to kiss in faith her white feet and not depart completely cured.

For some cause or other, however, it fell out that there was dissension between the priest and the people, and one day the latter came to the church in great crowds, declaring that unless the priest yielded to them they would then and there abjure the faith of Christ and embrace in its stead that of Mohammed. The priest, whether right or wrong, still remaining firm, his congregation tore the rosaries and crosses from their necks, trampled them under their feet, and, going to the nearest mosque, were received by the Mollah into the fold of the True Believers. Grieved and displeased at this wholesale desertion of those who had received nothing but benefits at her hands, Our Lady of Skodra disappeared during the night from that ungrateful land. What new shrine the beautiful image had hallowed with its presence was, for a time, unknown. Some months later, however, tidings were brought that, on the night of her departure from Scutari, an image of the Madonna had miraculously entered the church of a remote village in Italy, and had there taken up its abode. A voice was also, it is said, heard crying out over Scutari that not till the last *Türki* (Moslem) had left the land of

Skiperi would Our Lady of Scutari forgive her children, and return to her ancient shrine.

The scene on this day in the great square building, which, with its bare walls and absence of ornament, bears little resemblance to a Romish church, is most striking and strange. The mass performed on the occasion is listened to by a congregation whose waists are perfect arsenals, bristling with pistols and yataghans of every shape and pattern. There are wild-looking, fierce-moustachioed highlanders, white-kilted Mussulmans, chieftains blazing with gold embroidery, and milder citizens in more homely garb, all assembled in honour of the Madonna, before whose shrine their ancestors had worshipped. Yet, notwithstanding their participation in the religious rites of their neighbours, the Albanians are not less tenacious of their own honour than of that of the creed they profess, any insult offered to a Christian church being promptly retaliated upon a Moslem mosque, and *vice versâ*. Of this the following incident, which occurred about the middle of the century, offers a striking illustration.

A certain Tahir Mala, of Bugna, belonging to the Moslem tribe of the Gascii, having married his son to a maiden of the Christian Schialla, set out to bring the bride home, accompanied, according to national custom, by a numerous train, and preceded by the tribal banners. On the return journey, they stopped, as usual, every now and then to fire volleys into the air. Their way, however, lying past a Christian cemetery, the cross, standing in the midst, offered a mark for their pistols too tempting to be resisted, and was soon

riddled with balls. The tribe of the Schialla, having heard of this insult to their religion, prepared to take vengeance for it; but, the offenders being out of reach, they made the family of Bobi, to which the bride belonged, responsible. The Bobi engaged to obtain satisfaction within a week, or pay the penalty, and on the morrow the young men of the family set off for Bugna, where they killed two nephews of Tahir Mala. Not content, however, with this retribution, they entered the mosque, where they killed a pig, rubbed the doors with its blood, and placed the head on the ledge of the pulpit.

The Moslems, at this profanation of their mosque, hastened to complain to Mustapha Pasha, of Skodra, who prepared to send a military expedition against the Bobi. The latter, with the rest of the Schialla tribe, placed themselves under the protection of the Miridite Prince, Prenk Doda, who threatened the Pasha that, if troops were sent against the Schialla, he would not only support them, but call all the Christian highlanders to arms. The Pasha, alarmed at the prospect of a religious war for which he would be held responsible, then agreed to let the insulted cross atone for the polluted mosque, and cry quits with the Christians.

The number of Albanians affiliated to the Bektashi Order of Dervishes is said to be no fewer than 80,000. The lax observance of even the outward forms of Islam, characteristic of the followers of Hadji Bektash generally, is more especially observable in the conduct of the Skipetars, and has occasionally subjected them to persecution from their Osmanli Moslem neigh-

bours. One of their chief offences, in the eyes of the strictly orthodox, is the scant attention paid by the wives of these sectarians to the law of *namekhram,* or wearing the veil, it being their practice to appear unveiled before their husband's friends when he gives them permission to do so.

Cloistered life is not more popular with the women of Albania than with those of the rest of Turkey. In Islam there is, of course, no such resource for disappointed maidens, and marriage being as much the rule among Christians, whether orthodox Greek or Roman Catholic, as among Moslems, nunneries are not numerous, and their inmates are but few. Those which exist, however, offer a welcome asylum to the small section of women whom circumstances have doomed to a life of celibacy, and who the more willingly enter them as they, by so doing, acquire a degree of liberty which could never be theirs while living as unmarried women in the house of their father or brother. For in the East, as I have before remarked, convent rule is remarkably lax, and, beyond attending the prescribed church services, no very strict account is required of the way in which the good sisters spend their time. If report speaks true, they do not always refrain from making use of the opportunities for flirtation afforded them by their emancipation from conventional restraint.

CHAPTER XI.

ALBANIAN WOMEN: THEIR FOLK-BELIEFS.

MR. STUART GLENNIE'S suggestion[1] that the Albanians are probably a mixed Pelasgo-Aryan race, and that the Pelasgians, whose Larissas extend from Italy and Greece through Asia Minor to Northern Syria and Chaldea, were related to the Archaian White Race, the founders of civilisation in the Euphrates Valley, gives special interest to all their folk-lore.

Survivals of ancient Nature-worship, which neither Christianity nor Islam has succeeded in eliminating, may be found in the form of the oaths still in use in the Albanian highlands. Contact with the outer world has taught the dwellers in towns to call upon the Virgin and Saints, or Allah and Mohammed, as witnesses to their word; but the oaths of the pastoral Skipetar are still "By sky and earth" (*Per kîelh e per dhé*), "By mountain and plain" (*Per ket ziarm e per ket uï*), and "By sun and moon" (*Per ket dielh e per ket hân*). The curious ceremony of taking the "Oath of the Stone," which is said by Wassa Effendi[2] to have been a Pelasgian custom, is

[1] First made in Europe and Asia (1879), and more fully in papers on the Archaian White Races, read in 1887 at meetings of the Royal Historical Society and of the British Association.

[2] *Etudes sur l'Albanie et les Albanais.*

also made use of by the Albanian highlanders generally, when settling matters of importance. According to this writer, quoting from M. Ampère,[1] a similar custom also existed among the ancient Romans. Sylla, on leaving Rome to fight against Mithridates, required Cinna to swear, not by the national divinities, but on the Sacred Stone, and according to an ancient rite of the Etruscans, to make no innovations during his absence. Cinna, when pronouncing this oath, placed the stone on his shoulder, and then threw it backwards, while he pronounced, in a loud voice, the curses which should fall upon him were he false to his promise. The taking of this oath in Albania is attended with the same ceremonies. It is sworn by the elders of the *phars*, or clans, on the occasion of settling serious disputes, such as those concerning the boundaries of village lands, or other communal matters. The elders of the two tribes, Christian or Moslem, after taking the Oath of the Stone, assemble in council and settle the question at issue.

This oath, in another form, also enters into every-day speech. In course of conversation, when a Gheg wishes to emphasise what he is saying, he takes up in his hand, or points to, the nearest stone, saying, "By this weight" (*Per ket pésh*), and a Tosk makes use of the phrase, "By the heaviness of this stone" (*Per te rand te keti gúr*).[2]

The Supernals, with which the Albanian women terrify themselves and their children, appear to be, for the most part, like those of the Bulgarians,

[1] *Histoire des Romains à Rome.* [2] Wassa Effendi, *Op. cit.*

personifications of the powers of Nature. Of these imaginary beings, some belong exclusively to Albania, while others may also be found among the superstitions of Slavs, Greeks, and Turks. The Vilas seem to approach most nearly to our own fairies; though, like the Nereids of the Greeks, they are of the full stature of mortals. Like our fairies, too, it is unlucky to mention them by name, and they are generally referred to as "Those outside," "The Happy Ones," the "Brides of May," or "The Brides of the Mountain." As a rule they are harmless, if not offended, and amuse themselves with elfish tricks, such as taking little children up to the roof of the house to play with and bringing them back safely. They, however, take it very ill when mortals disturb them in their haunts, and interrupt their banquets; and so capricious are they, that they will place themselves invisibly in spots where they are likely to be disturbed, in order to have a little vent for their pent-up malice. The unlucky wight who sets an irreverent foot within their elfin rings receives a stroke from an invisible hand, and ere long sickens and dies. In consequence of this belief, it is said of one for whose death no adequate cause can be assigned, "He has received a blow."

The favourite haunts of the Vilas are retired and shady spots, but they also have a partiality for the gutters on the eaves of houses, which it is a rather risky matter to clean out, especially at night. The Vilas are said, in North Albania, to be of two kinds—well-disposed and beautiful beings, who ride about on fleet horses; and ill-disposed and hideous creatures,

whose heads are covered with writhing serpents instead of hair. To meet the former is considered a good augury, but the appearance of the latter presages certain misfortune.

Another and similar class of supernal beings, known by the Turkish name of Djins, attach themselves to dwellings, in which they perform the rôle generally attributed to good fairies, putting the house in order and plaiting the manes and tails of the horses in the stable. Sometimes, too, like the Nereids and Lamias of the Greeks and the Samodivas of the Bulgarians, they form matrimonial alliances with mortals. M. Hecquard[1] mentions a story of a man, living at Scutari, who declared himself to be married to one of these female Djins, who was able to fulfil every desire he expressed. However ancient or rare the coin he might show her, she always trebled it. This Djin was, according to her master's report, exceedingly jealous of mortal women, and would allow no servant in the house. Indeed, she had no need of one, for everything she or her husband required was ready to hand in a moment.

The Mauthia appears to be peculiar to Elbassan, and is described as a beautiful woman dressed in gold-gleaming garments, and wearing on her head a fez covered with jewels. The man who can succeed in getting this fez from her, whether by force or fraud, will be happy for the rest of his life. In Albanian fairy-lore the Peri, whose name is of Turkish origin, is of the masculine sex, and resembles a beautiful boy of twelve with a glistening white skin, clothed in

[1] *La Haute Albanie*, p. 343.

dainty raiment, and exhaling a fragrant odour. They live in the mountains, but after nightfall frequently approach the abodes of men in order to allure mortal youths to join their dances. If a boy so favoured keeps his own counsel, he may join in these fairy revels with impunity, but should he venture to inform others of his relations with these nocturnal visitors, they revenge themselves by killing him.

The Ore is a being who constantly wanders about in order to hear and carry into effect the blessings and curses pronounced by men on each other. In North Albania the usual formula with which a beggar concludes his thanks and blessings for alms received is, "May the Ore hear and bring it to pass."

Among the malevolent supernals are three kinds of man-devouring female monsters. The Koutchédra (κουτζέδρα), the Dogsuckler (συκγεννεζα), and the Liouvía (λιουβία). The first figures frequently in folk-tale, and besides her cannibalistic propensities, is credited with the power of drying up the springs and fountains at which she drinks. The Dogsuckler is endowed with four eyes, two in the front of her head, and two in the back. The Liouvía is extremely partial to the flesh of little children.

Diseases are generally personalised as female monsters, whose touch is death. One of these is called in Elbassan the Phliame (φλιάμε), whose touch causes "the falling sickness." She is, however, never alluded to by name, it being said of her victim that "The Thing has attacked him." The plague and fatal epidemics generally are represented as more or less similar, but blind beings, called Koukoúdh (κουκούδ).

A horrible belief prevails among the Ghegs that when men or women live to be a hundred years old their breath becomes poisonous and kills healthy people. Von Hahn says that old people suspected of causing sickness in this way, especially when an epidemic is raging, have atoned for their longevity with a fiery death at the hands of their panic-stricken neighbours.[1]

A curious notion is also shared by Greeks and Albanians that shadows are capable of assuming an independent existence, and, being malevolently disposed, are able to deal men blows which usually cause their death.

The Dif, or Dev (δίφι, δίβι, δεφ, δέβι), is, like the Kūrdish supernal of the latter name,[2] a being possessed of extraordinary physical strength. "He is a regular Dif" is said of a remarkably strong man, as we say, "He is another Samson." According to the people of Elbassan, the Dif is an enormous giant who lives underground and never comes to the surface, and whose business it is to keep the cauldrons boiling which supply the hot and medicinal springs in the neighbourhood of that town. These springs, in common with those found in other parts of the country, are much resorted to for curative purposes. Their waters are, however, drunk indiscriminately for all kinds of ailments, without regard to their various medicinal properties. The cures effected not being attributed to the water itself so much as to the influence of the magical beings who have their abodes in the springs and wells, people consequently go

[1] *Albanesische Studien*, p. 163.

[2] See p. 155. Von Hahn suggests an Indian origin for this word, which, he says, he had found in no other part of Turkey. *Op. cit.* p. 162.

from one spring to another in the hope of propitiating the various tutelary deities in charge of them.

The Dragoua are children who are born with bunches of hair or feathers on their shoulders, by means of which they are able to fly, or at least to take tremendous leaps. The mother of such a child must, it is said, be very careful to keep secret its peculiarities, for, should they be observed by a stranger, the child would die, and in any case it will not be long lived. On stormy nights the Dragoua leave their cradles, or beds, and, rising into the air, fight with the Koutchédras, the contest often waxing so hot that they uproot trees to use as weapons, which are, on the following morning, found strewn on the ground.

Another curious belief current in Albania maintains the actual existence there of men with tails, either like those of goats or of horses. Persons retaining these appendages of their remote ancestors are held to be always short and broad of figure, untiring walkers, and endowed with great physical strength. Von Hahn was of opinion that this is not a mere vague popular superstition, but has a foundation in fact. "Soliman of Dragoti, one of my cavasses at Ioannina," he says,[1] "maintained that in his part of the country tailed men of this sort were often to be seen, and that he had himself a tailed cousin, whom he had often, in youth, when bathing together, pulled by this gift of nature. An even more trustworthy authority, Theodoris, who had in his younger days been a klepht on Pindus, related that in his band there was, for several years, an undersized, broad-

[1] *Albanesische Studien*, pp. 163-4.

shouldered, fair-complexioned man, called Kapitan Yannaki (Captain Johnny), who was reputed to possess a tail. In order to convince themselves of the truth of this report, half a dozen of his comrades (for he was uncommonly strong) had fallen upon him together when he was taking his noon-nap, and he himself had taken part in this ocular inspection. He distinctly remembered seeing a goat-like tail about four finger-breadths long, covered on the outer side with short reddish-coloured hairs." M. Von Hahn's endeavours to see for himself such a *lusus naturæ* were in vain, and the Turkish military surgeons, who inspected annually hundreds of recruits from all parts of the country, confessed that no specimen of the tailed man had ever come under their notice.

The villagers of the Ritza tribe hold in great honour a kind of good genius of the house which they call the Vittóre (βιττόρε), a word which signifies "ancient," and seems to convey the idea of a survival of ancestor worship. The Vittóre is in reality a little thick snake with a speckled skin, which lives in the house walls and seldom leaves its hole. These snakes are believed to live in the same house from generation to generation. They are regarded with great reverence by the family, and especially by the women, who heap benedictions upon them, and predict joyful or sorrowful events according to the sounds made by this house genius. On hearing any unusual or unaccountable noise the women say, "It is the Vittóre." If all the members of a household die, and the house is left empty, or passes into other hands, the Vittóre, too, abandons it, never to return. When an old and much

respected woman dies, the friends who come to offer their condolences say to her relatives, "She was the Vittóre of the house."

In Elbassan the Vittóre also conveys the idea of a good genius, though the snake element is absent, and a wife who has presented her husband with a large family of sons is designated by this name.

Vampire beliefs are, generally speaking, more or less the same in Albania as in the rest of Turkey. The hair and beard of the "Restless One" are believed to grow in the tomb, and any one bending over the grave may hear him rattle and grind his teeth. Some men are also held to possess the propensities of vampires before death, and to be in the habit of unconsciously going forth by night to suck the blood of children and young maidens.

Strangely enough, in Elbassan and the neighbourhood, Von Hahn found no traces of the Vampire (βρυκολακ) pure and simple, as he elsewhere exists. Two connected species, however, came under his notice, the Lougát (λουγάτ) and the Karkantsoli (καρκαντσολι). The first was described as the corpse of a Turk with finger- and toe-nails of prodigious length, which, wrapped in its winding-sheet, roams about at night devouring everything it finds, and strangling any human being unfortunate enough to cross its path. The name of Lougát is also given generally in Northern Albania to a class of uncanny apparitions, which are believed to be the bewitched forms of persons who have led evil lives. These have the faculty of changing their forms with surprising and confusing rapidity, appearing successively as

charred corpses, howling like wolves, donkeys, pigs, black cats, crows, oil-jars, brooms, &c. The Karkantsoli is the reanimated corpse of a Gipsy, which is believed to wander about, more especially during January nights, ridden by cats, and slaying men with its poisonous breath.

In Albania, as in all the remoter parts of Turkey, there is no Pelasgian ruin to which is not attached some legend of a treasure hidden, and either "guarded by word and by spell," or placed in the safe keeping of a gigantic Negro, Djin, or other Supernal. Those who have concealed treasure in such places have also, it is believed, fixed the time at which it may be brought to light, and have left to their heirs a document containing a description of the hiding-place, the formula of the magic spell pronounced over it at the moment of burial, with the year, day, and hour, on which alone it can be recovered.[1] At the appointed time the heir goes to the spot indicated, pronounces the mysterious words, and the treasure immediately rises to the surface. Sometimes, however, the treasure is buried in such a way that, at the appointed time, it rises spontaneously to the surface, and any one finding it may appropriate it. The lucky person must, however, be careful to keep his own counsel in the matter, or he will be punished by finding the gold turned to charcoal, and will not long survive the incident. When the treasure is in the keeping of a Negro, he occasionally spreads it out in the sunshine in order that it may not be damaged by the damp, and, at the

[1] Compare the Kūrdish story of "The Armenian and the Dervish," p. 169.

appointed time, he never fails to bring it permanently to the surface.

A story is told of a shepherd who, when pasturing his sheep in Dibra, saw one day a snake curled up asleep on a great heap of gold. In order to induce him to leave it, the shepherd fetched a pail of milk, which he placed near the snake, and then retired to a little distance to watch his movements. As he had calculated, the snake gorged himself with the milk, and then returned to sleep on the gold heap. But the quantity of milk he had drunk made him thirsty and uneasy, and he wriggled and wriggled and could not rest. Finally he went off to get some water, and, the spring being at some distance, before he returned the shepherd had removed the whole of the treasure to a place of safety. What the snake did when he came back and found his property gone, the story omits to mention.

The Tosks hold that hidden treasures are guarded by fire-breathing winged snakes with human faces. These creatures they, however, call by the Greek name of Stoichiò (στοιχιὸ), which signifies generally an elemental spirit. On the eve of Sunday the Stoichiò relaxes its vigilance, and the treasure may then be seized by a bold and enterprising individual.

The existence of a treasure, and the spot where it is to be found, are held to be frequently revealed in dreams, which are repeated on three consecutive nights. As in the above-mentioned case, should the fortunate person take another into his confidence, the gold turns to charcoal and his days are numbered. The Albanian women, however, who are learned in the expounding of dreams, say that, as a rule, they go by contraries.

The *Ghiak*, the terrible blood feud, or vendetta, before alluded to, may possibly, as suggested by Wassa Effendi, have been in its origin a sacrifice to the *manes* of murdered relatives. As the numerous class of vampire stories tends to show, the ancient belief that those who have died by violence cannot rest quietly in their graves still survives, and the slaying of their murderer, or at least of one of his kindred or clan, would thus be rather an act of religious duty towards the dead than of vengeance on the part of the living.

The majority of the ailments which afflict mankind are believed by the Albanians to be caused by magical influences, and I shall now proceed to give some illustrations of their folk-remedies. These are usually accompanied by some form of incantation, the secret of which is possessed only by some wise-woman who has inherited it from her mother, and who, in her turn, imparts it to her daughter. If, for instance, a person believes himself to have received a blow from one of the invisible Vilas, or some other supernal being, he has recourse to the witch-wife, who, after dressing the patient in white garments, conducts him to an uninhabited house in a retired situation. On arriving, she greets the mysterious powers whom she believes to be invisibly present. She then places her patient in a suppliant posture, gives him rose-water to drink, and both observe a solemn silence for some ten minutes, during which she makes certain mysterious signs and motions. After wishing the Vilas good-night, the witch-wife leads her patient home by a circuitous road.

Sometimes a circle is drawn round a person so afflicted,

in which he remains seated three days, at the end of which time he is washed with "unspoken-over" water.[1] This, which is also called by an Albanian word signifying "stolen," is water drawn from the well or fountain in silence and carried home without the bearer having spoken, or been spoken to, on the way, and it is believed to possess highly salutary virtues. Into the water some "sweet" or "heavy" leaves are thrown, the number and also the kind being determined by fixed rules according to the nature of the malady. Among the "sweet" leaves are those of the pomegranate, apple, and rose trees, and also, strange to say, of nettles; among the "heavy," those of the laurel, cypress, ivy, and other evergreens. Three days after such an ablution the patient is expected either to recover or to die. Should he be able to indicate the spot on which he received the blow, the earth is there sprinkled with rose-water in order to appease the offended beings, who are said to be extremely fond of this scent; or he there throws down something, the nature of which is known only to himself, in the belief that the malady from which he suffers will be transferred to the being who may chance to tread upon it.

The effects of the evil eye are also removed by sprinkling the patient with "unspoken-over" water, three nettle stalks being dipped into it for that purpose, and giving him to eat three mulberry buds, the mulberry tree being one of the sovereign antidotes for that much dreaded influence.

Rheumatism in the hands or feet is cured by

[1] Such water is also used by the Greeks, who call it *νερὸ ἄκριτον*.

bathing the affected member three times in warm water, rubbing it with salt, and finally passing over it the blade of a knife with the words, "As this salt melts, so may the evil melt!" The house is then swept with a new broom, the sweeper saying as the dust is swept out, "So may all evil be swept away!"

If ringworm (*οὐθι*) appears with the new, it may be made to disappear with the waning moon, by covering the place with wood ashes, and repeating at the same time the charm:

Came the spot and made him foul,
Came the ash and made him whole.[1]

The remedy for the bite of a tarantula is to place the sufferer on a heap of dung, while nine women bearing the name of Maro[2] sit round him in a circle and chant the following incantation:—

Nine Maros here are we,
And but one art thou.
Thou hast worked, thy work succeeds;
We have worked without success.
Evil hast thou wrought,
Good do thou now work,
O mistress spider![3]

When an Albanian wife has no children, or is the mother of girls only, she, like her Greek sister, attributes her misfortune to some enemy of her family having tied together a number of nettles with this object, and has recourse to counter-spells in order to

[1] Ερδ *ούρδι ε περπούδι*
Ερδ *χίνι ε περπίνι* (lit. "drank it up").

[2] Perhaps, like the similar Greek name, a form of Maria or Mary.

[3] Tarantulas are called by the Albanians by the generic name for spider *μερίμαγε*. Comp. Von Hahn's *Albanesische Studien*, p. 157.

remove the charm. If an Albanian, having lost his first wife, marries a second in what the relatives of the deceased may consider indecent haste, they revenge themselves upon him by pouring water upon the grave of his dead wife, in the belief that this will have the effect of causing his second spouse to be childless.

Among the Christian Tosks, if two or more children of a family have died in infancy, the next born baby is passed three times through a kind of iron tripod. If yet another child dies, the next baby is placed where four roads meet, a silver cross, for which nine women who bear the name of Maro have given the metal, is laid on its body, and the first passer-by is asked to be godfather or godmother to it.

In some places, the neighbourhood of Dibra, for instance, black sheep are said to be sacrificed by witch-wives for the benefit of sick persons. Similar sacrifices appear to be now substituted for those of human beings, who, in the popular traditions of the Albanians, as in those of other nations, are said to have been formerly buried under the foundations of important buildings;[1] for Von Hahn relates that, during the present century, when a new bridge was about to be built by the Governor-General's orders over the rapid river Arcen, twelve sheep were sacrificed, their heads being buried under the piers, in order that they might be able to withstand the force of the current.

When swarms of locusts or cockchafers, as some-

[1] See, for instance, the Greek song of "The Bridge of Arta," *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 81; and "The Monastery of Argis" in Alexandri's *Ballades de la Roumanie*.

times happens, are ravaging the country, a number of women assemble, and, having captured some of the insects, form a mock funeral procession, and, with hair dishevelled, proceed to drown them in the nearest well or stream, singing in turn as they go the following dirge, which is repeated by the others in chorus:

> O locusts! O cockchafers! parents kind,
> Orphaned you have left us all behind!

This ceremony is believed to cause the death of the rest of the destructive swarm.

If one of a herd of cattle dies, its head is buried in the farmyard in order that a similar fate may not befall the rest of the herd. When an ox or cow is ill, "unspoken-over" water is brought and sprinkled over it. If several of the cattle are ailing, and in other cases of a serious nature, the water used is brought from three different wells or springs, and mixed together, its efficacy being believed to be thus increased to a threefold degree.

Very numerous are the ceremonies observed with the object of ensuring good, or averting bad, luck. In Northern Albania, when a youth, or man, is about to leave his home for a distant town a curious ceremony is performed, which is believed to ensure him a safe and successful journey. In front of the house-door the women place a jar filled with "unspoken-over" water, decorated with foliage and hung with earrings of gold and silver. The traveller touches the jar with his foot, takes in his hand the earrings and some of the foliage, and sets out, accompanied for a mile or two by his relatives, to whom, when they finally take

leave of him, he returns the earrings. It is considered a bad omen for the journey if the traveller should for any reason turn or look back. If he have left anything behind, he sends another to fetch it; and should a friend or stranger call to him from behind, he will not turn back to meet him, but remain standing where he is until the other comes up, a practice which foreigners, not understanding the reason for it, have put down to discourtesy. If on the road the traveller meets a fox, or a flock of sheep, he considers it a good augury; a flock of goats, however, or a hare crossing the road, is held to signify ill luck.

Travellers in Upper Albania may frequently see stones placed in the forks or hollows of roadside trees. According to M. Hecquard,[1] this practice originates in the belief that the stones serve as resting-places for the feet of those unhappy beings for whom the rites of sepulture have not been properly performed, and who, while wandering in mid-air, can alight upon them as on the solid earth. To place a stone on a tree is also said in some mysterious way to diminish the fatigue of the pedestrian, and help him on his journey.

Omens and auguries, too, both good and evil, are drawn from all the trifling occurrences of every-day life, as well as from the observation of the phenomena of Nature, besides being sought for in the bones and entrails of slaughtered sheep and in the flight of birds. Among the omens read in the actions of the domestic animals are the following. When introducing a newly purchased cow into the farmyard, some object, made of iron or silver, is placed across the gateway

[1] *La Haute Albanie.*

through which the animal is led. If the cow steps over the object with the right hoof, it is considered a good augury; if with the left, the omen is unfavourable. If a hen shakes her feathers in the house, or if one of her feathers hangs askew without falling, it foretells the arrival of a friend, or the receipt of news from an absent relative. Should the hen crow like a cock without turning its head to the East, it signifies a death or other serious misfortune. If, during the night, a cock crows at an unusual hour, it is either a sign of a change in the weather, or that important news will arrive in the morning. To an expectant mother, however, it announces that her child will be a boy. Should the dog howl while looking away from the dwelling, it is a sign of death; and if the cat mews repeatedly, that a member of the family will shortly fall ill. If, however, she licks herself frequently, it is merely a sign of rain.

Cats, I may here remark, are treated with great kindness by the Albanians, who, it is said, are not in the habit of laying to their charge the smashing of crockery, or the disappearance of provisions. According to a myth current among the Albanian highlanders, the cat was created by Jesus, who produced one from the sleeve of His mantle when dining in a house infested with mice. To kill a cat is consequently considered a most reprehensible action. When such a family pet dies, the children of the house call in their friends to assist in pussy's obsequies, and, after she has been carried in solemn procession to the grave, the little party sit down to a funeral feast, for which the mother willingly furnishes the necessary viands.

The cries of wild beasts and birds, and also the circumstances under which they are heard, or the animals themselves met with, have also their signification. If wolves howl in packs, it betokens, in some districts, a death; in others, severe frost. To meet a snake before sunrise, or about sunset, augurs the death of a relative. If the turtle-dove, which in Middle Albania builds in the towns and villages, sits on a roof and coos, it announces to the inmates the return of a relative from a foreign land. When a cuckoo, however, sits there and sings, or an owl hoots there, it betokens a death in the house. The croak of a raven in the vicinity of a house, or the hoot of an owl, announces to the expectant mother the birth of a girl. Sparrows flying in large flocks are held to be a sign of severe cold.

Various auguries are also drawn from the arrival in spring of the birds of passage, and the circumstances under which they are first seen. For instance, to see the first swallow or turtle-dove before breaking one's fast in the morning portends sickness. Accordingly, about the time when these birds are expected, and more particularly on the 1st of May, the precaution is taken of placing by the bedside a small piece of bread, which is eaten immediately on awakening in order to avoid any such risk. In Northern Albania, on the contrary, it is held that to see while fasting the first swallow brings luck. Here, too, when a mother, whose child has been born with a running sore, sees the first stork, she places on her baby's head a stone, saying:

Head thy poultice,
Head this stone.[1]

A few of the trifling occurrences of every-day life to which a superstitious significance is attached by the Albanians have their parallels in our own country. We say, for instance, when seized by a sudden shiver, "Some one is walking over my grave;" while an Albanian says, "Death is calling me," and mentally replies, "I am not yet ready." When attacked with a fit of hiccough, the Albanian believes that some friend is speaking of him, and calls over the names of all his relatives and acquaintances, in the belief that the one he mentions with the last hiccough will be the one who has uttered his name. If the eye itches, it denotes coming rain; if the right hand, vexation consequent on being called upon to pay money; if the left, the receipt of money; itching of the lips signifies the arrival of a friend or relative; of the nose, strife and discord. Humming in the right ear is looked upon as a good omen, and in the left the reverse. If a little child drops asleep just before a meal, the incident is regarded as most propitious for the whole household.

In addition to the every-day observances with respect to auspicious and inauspicious actions and events, so many are attached to certain seasons and days of the year as to form quite a Calendar of Superstitions. Some tribes, the Ritza, for example, celebrate their New Year's Day on the 1st of September, and every

[1] Κρυε ταϲ κιόυλ,
κρυε τεμ γόυρ.

incident that occurs during its twelve hours is believed to presage the events of the corresponding months of the coming year, and the events of the first day of each month the character, lucky or unlucky, of the other days generally. It is unlucky to work in the fields during the first week of October, and no corn is sown this month, as the crop would be sure to fail.

The period between the 15th of November and the 6th of January is, like the Greek *Fishoti* and the Bulgarian *Kulada*,[1] supposed to be the carnival time of the Vilas and other supernal beings, who are, at that season, not only more active, but more powerful than at others, and especially during the night. After sunset, consequently, people refrain from going abroad, or drinking water, for fear of mischief, and give no credence to their dreams. They are also careful not to leave any article of wearing apparel out of doors after nightfall, and if, by some oversight, a garment should be so left, it is washed before being used, in order to get rid of any spell cast upon it by the supernals.

Christmas, which bears a name (*Kolendravet*[2]) apparently connected with those by which it is known among the Bulgarians and Vlachs, is observed with ceremonies that recall those of more Northern nations, as well as with some similar to those of their last-mentioned neighbours. On the 24th and 25th of

[1] Vol. i. pp. 123 and 329.

[2] Von Hahn derives this name from the κολένδρα, the ring-shaped cakes made at this season. I would, however, suggest the greater likelihood of the cakes having been named after the name of the feast in its various forms of (Albanian) *Kolendravet*, (Vlach) *Kolindi*, and (Bulgarian) *Kulada*.

December the housewife makes, besides other sweet cakes, some in the shape of rings, which are called *Koléndhra.* The one first made is termed "the cake of the oxen," and is hung up on the wall "for luck," and left there until the farmer goes out with his team to the fields. On this occasion the cake is taken down and broken to pieces on the head of one of the yoked oxen, and then divided between the pair.

Fire-ceremonies play a great part in the Christmas observances of the Albanian highlanders. As may have already been remarked in connection with birth-ceremonies, a protective and salutary character appears to attach to the fire on the hearth, and not only on such occasions, but on the eve of every important festival, the Albanian peasants light fires and keep them burning until sunset on the following day, even in summer; and from the crackling, or exploding, noises emitted by the wood in burning, they learn when the enemies of their house are conspiring against them, and whether the flocks will thrive, or the contrary. On ordinary occasions they consider it inauspicious when the thick end of a log burns before the thin, and are careful not to place one log across another. On Christmas Eve, however, all such precautions are considered unnecessary. The fire is piled up as high as the safety of the house will permit, as this is supposed to neutralise all evil effects of the non-observance of the foregoing precautions during the coming year. The largest log that can be found is brought home at sunset, when all the family, who are reunited for the festival, rise to greet it with the words, "Welcome, our log! God has destined thee for the fire! Bring

good luck to us and to our flocks!" Before the family sit down to supper a small quantity of food from every dish on the table is placed upon the burning log. Some branches of a cherry tree are also put on the fire, and, when partially burnt, are taken off again and kept.

Soon after midnight, the boys, in companies of from ten to fifteen, go singing from house to house, and receive, in reward for their carols, a ring-cake from each housewife.

On the Eve of St. Basil (January 1) the fire is also kept burning all night, and the half-burnt cherry branches are again thrown on and withdrawn, to be wholly consumed on the Eve of the Epiphany, when the ashes are collected and strewn in the vineyard. The fire of St. Basil's Eve is often watched by an expectant mother, who thus hopes to ensure an easy confinement. In the morning people wash themselves and their children with "unspoken-over" water, and draw omens from the character, gay or sad, of the person who first enters the house. A cock is also sacrificed, for it is auspicious to spill blood in the house on St. Basil's Day.

On the Eve of Epiphany the fire is also kept alight all night, and in the morning the character of the coming seasons is prophesied from the set of the wind. If a south wind blows, it indicates a full harvest and sickness; if the wind is from the east, a scanty harvest and a healthy year are predicted; if from the north, a late spring. The Christians, on the Feast of Epiphany, sprinkle their vineyards with holy water, in the hope of ensuring a plentiful crop of

grapes. They also place at the four corners of each plot four vine stems tied together with straw bands, and under them a piece of a cake called a *kophtopite*, made specially for the purpose, wine being one of its ingredients. A round loaf is rolled from the gate to the middle of the vineyard, and then distributed to the ravens, crows, and other birds which damage the grapes, with this invitation, "Assemble, O crows and ravens, so that we may eat and drink, and that you may do us no more harm!"

On the 1st of February, St. Tryphon's Day, it is considered lucky to work in the fields, but not in the vineyards. On the 2nd, the "Feast of the Purification," all kinds of small pulse and cereals are cooked together in a pot, and this mess, called *karkasina*, forms the staple food of the day. On the eve of the 1st of March, a kind of divination is performed by throwing into the fire a particular kind of leaf and pronouncing at the same time the name of a member of the family. If the leaf makes an explosive noise while burning, it is held to be a good omen for the person indicated, but if it burns quietly, the reverse.[1] On this vigil a clod of earth, on which a few drops of wolf's milk have been sprinkled, is thrown against the door in order that the cows and goats may milk well. In the morning the cattle are whipped with cherry branches, in order that they may enjoy good health, and people wash themselves with wine with a view to preserving themselves from vermin during the summer. As an additional precaution, they also catch a flea, which they impale on the point of a new

[1] The ancient φυλλομαντεία.

needle, a warning evidently to other fleas of the fate awaiting them.

The women in South Albania twist together a number of coloured threads and tie them round the children's wrists and necks, in order to preserve them from sunburn or sunstroke, and draw a similar thread along the threshold of the house. They also roll up tightly little balls of rag, at which they stitch assiduously with a needle and thread; and when asked what they are doing, they reply, "We are sewing up the plague, snakes, and sickness." On this day no vegetables are eaten, the sweet cakes and dishes, in which the Ritza alone indulge, being believed to ensure a good summer. The whole of this month is a close time for the ravens, as to kill one would bring bad luck to the vintage.

The North Albanians begin their year on the 1st of March. On this day the cattle are decked with garlands of flowers, and the Ghegs not only tie threads of many colours on the wrists and necks of their children, but themselves also wear one of red silk on the little finger of the right hand and the great toe of the right foot. When the first swallow has been seen, they take off these threads, and hang them on the rose-bushes, in order that the swallows may take them to their nests. Von Hahn is of opinion that this graceful little custom is not indigenous, and it may indeed have been partly borrowed, either from the Bulgarians, or, through the neighbouring Vlachs, from the Roumanians, with whom, as I have already mentioned,[1] a similar usage exists. While I was at Salonica, one

[1] Vol. i. p. 335.

of these parti-coloured bracelets, with a tiny gold coin attached, was, on the 1st of March (Old Style), presented by the Roumanian Consul-General to each lady of his acquaintance, and I, for one, religiously wore my charm against the power of the March sun, which in the East generally is said to "blacken" the complexion, until the month was out. It was not, however, finally thrown to the swallows, but carried off by an English visitor as a curio.

On the 25th of this month the women go through the house beating on copper pans, in order to drive out any poisonous snakes that may have intended to take up their abode there. The two last days of March and the first of April are called *Plyáketé*, a word signifying "old," and referring to the past season, personified as "Old Mother Winter." If by the last-mentioned date Spring has not yet fully set in, the blame is laid at the door of the old women, who are evidently held to be in league with "Old Mother Winter."

On Easter Eve in some places, Selitza, for instance, the young men assemble with lighted torches, which they wave about as they walk in procession through the village. Arrived at the river, they throw them in, crying, "*Koré-ya* (O Maiden)! We throw thee into the water with these torches, so mayest thou never return!" the *Koré* evidently referring, as Von Hahn suggests,[1] to the malevolent supernals, Vilas, Dragouas, &c., before described. When the priest comes to bless the house on Easter Day, the women throw after him, as he leaves, hot embers from the

[1] *Albanesische Studien*, p. 160.

hearth, in order that he may take away with him all danger from fire for the coming year.

St. John's Eve is observed in Albania with the customary bonfire, to leap over which is considered so salutary that even the old people venture to do so at least once. A curious ceremony, performed about this season, when the spring sowing is concluded, may also be here mentioned. Standing with his back to the plough, the farmer rubs part of the handle with earth in the belief that the wild swine will thus be prevented from damaging his crops.

On the day on which the new moon is first seen, all possible work is avoided, and no important task of any kind, such as ploughing, sowing, or harvesting, is commenced, for it would be sure to be unsuccessful. The girls and children look at the moon through a sieve, and rub their faces with a piece of silver, while they sing:

Young moon!
Young maid!
Health to me;
Ill to thee!
Head as soft as dough be thine!
Head as hard as stone be mine!

The 9th, 19th, and 29th days of every month are considered unlucky, as is also the Tuesday of every week, for setting out on a journey, or commencing any kind of work. Friday is also an inauspicious day for sowing, and Saturday for beginning to plough or dig.

CHAPTER XII.

ALBANIAN WOMEN: THEIR FOLK-POESY—FOLK-TALES.

THE subject of Albanian folk-lore attracted many years ago the attention of Von Hahn, whose *Albanesische Studien* and *Griechische und Albanesische Märchen* are well known to folk-lorists throughout Europe. Other collections have since been made by French and Italian students of the language and lore of the Skipetars, not only in their native land, but also in their colonies in Italy, Sicily, and the Greek Islands, where, though long settled, they still remain a distinct race.[1]

Long contact with the neighbouring Greeks has, in South Albania, naturally resulted in much inter-borrowing of folk-tales, and it is often difficult to determine to which nationality a story originally belonged. M. Dozon finds also traces of a Slav origin in several tales contained in his collection, which may have been introduced either by the Bulgarians of Upper Macedonia, or by the Montenegrin settlers in Northern Albania. The pious Pagano-Christian element, as M. Dozon calls the legends of Saints which are found both in Greek and Armenian

[1] See, for instance, Jubany, *Raccolta, &c.;* and Dozon, *Contes Albanais* and *Manuel de la Langue Chkipe*. A small collection, untranslated, referred to by M. Dozon as *L'Abeille Chkipe*, but of which I have not been able to learn the exact title, has also been published at Cairo.

folk-tales, is, however, almost entirely absent from those of the Albanians. Of the so-called religious legends current among the Skipetars, some are of Christian and others of Moslem origin. The following explanation, given by the highlanders, of the reason for the Moslem's distaste for pork, savours, however, rather of Bektashí scepticism. One day, they say, Mohammed went out in company with a Christian on a thieving expedition. Finding nothing else to lay their hands upon, the pair took possession of a sow, which, having killed, they proceeded to divide by drawing lots. As luck would have it, the head, shoulders, and best parts of the carcase fell to the Christian, while the Prophet received as his portion only the tail and the hams. Discontented with his share of the spoil, Mohammed proclaimed the pig unclean, and forbade his followers to eat thenceforward of its flesh.[1]

Some of the sayings proverbially current among the Albanians have their origin in myths, which are for the most part of a religious character. The phrase, "The drop has fallen," used with reference to any one who has died suddenly, with the connected imprecation, "May the drop fall on thee!" are thus explained. While the rebellious angels were falling from heaven into the abyss, the angel Gabriel called a halt, and every one stopped exactly where he happened to be at that moment. Some had already reached the regions below the earth, others were on the earth itself, while a third section were still in mid-air, where they have remained suspended ever

[1] Compare Hecquard, *La Haute Albanie*, p. 510.

since. If the tears of remorse which they are continually shedding happen to fall upon a human being he dies instantaneously. "Suspended devils" also occur in the Armenian legend of the Fall, already related.[1]

The saying, "Eat him, wolf, and make him burst, O Michael," refers to the part played by Satan in the following legend. When God created Adam, Satan, after inspecting him, observed that he did not think highly of His handiwork, and believed himself capable of producing something better. The Lord took Satan's remarks in good part, and gave him leave to try his hand at creation. Satan then kneaded some dough, as he had seen the Lord do, and fashioned it into the shape of a wolf, which he asserted to be equal to God's handiwork. "Thou must give thy creature life," said the Lord to him, "as I have given to mine." So Satan set about doing this, and he blew into the wolf till his black head became red and blue, but to no purpose, for it still remained lifeless. The Lord, finally becoming weary of his vain attempts, struck the wolf on the side with a staff and gave him life. Hence it is that the wolf has a hollow beneath his ribs. God then said to the wolf, "Creature, devour thy creator." What the Archangel Michael has to do with the story does not, however, appear.[2]

Another legend concerning the Devil describes him as fastened by a chain of enormous strength to a rock. The whole year through he gnaws at the links,

[1] Vol. i. p. 272.

[2] Von Hahn, *Albanesische Studien*, p. 165.

which, by Easter Eve, have become very thin. On the morning of Easter Sunday, however, the Saviour arrives with a new chain with which He again secures Satan to the rock.

A graceful little myth is related in some parts of Albania concerning the origin of the Cuckoo and the *Gyon*, or *Gyonit*, which is, I believe, a species of small owl. The story goes that the cuckoo and the gyon were brother and sister, and had a brother named Gyon, who had been killed. Various causes are assigned for his death in the different versions of the story, that current among the Ritza tribe being that he was accidentally stabbed by his brother with a pair of scissors. In order the better to mourn his loss, the surviving brother was changed into the bird gyon, and the sister into a cuckoo. And so the gyon calls his brother all night long by his name, "*Gyon, Gyon!*" and the cuckoo in the daytime sings, "*Kou! Kou!*" which means, "Where art thou?"[1] In Elbassan, however, it is also said that the sister was changed into the blue flower, which is called the "cuckoo flower," or "cuckoo's bread," and when a woman finds this flower in the field she sings:

Cuckoo, cuckoo, more than cuckoo,
Saw'st thou me?
Saw I thee?
Saw'st thou thy dear brother, Gyon?
How they slew him like an ox?
Blood a spoonful,
Flesh a cupful;
Give me both thine hands!

[1] It has occurred to me that the call of "Cuckoo," used by children both in the East and in the West when playing hide-and-seek, may have its origin in some such bird legend.

She then takes hold of the flower with both hands and lays her head upon it.

Almost every Albanian tribe has a more or less mythical tradition of its origin, which is generally traced to some single ancestor. Of these I have already mentioned two, the legends of the Miridite clans of the Clementi and the Castrati. Another tradition, however, traces the descent of the entire tribe of the Miridites from one man, who, like the favourite hero of fairy tales generally, was the youngest of three sons. His father, according to the story, lived on Mount Pastrik, near Diakova, and at his death the three brothers divided their poor inheritance, the eldest taking the saddle (*Shalla*), the second the sieve (*Shosh*), the third receiving only the salutation of "Good-day" (*Mir dia*). As is, however, always the case in such stories, the prosperity of the portionless one greatly excelled that of his brothers. For while they became the founders of the clans called Shialla and Shoshi, in remembrance of the saddle and sieve they had respectively inherited, he who had been dismissed with an ironical salutation bequeathed it as a name to a far more numerous and powerful tribe, the *Miridites*.

Out of so many charming folk-tales it is a difficult matter to choose the best or most characteristically Albanian. I have, however, limited myself to those of which the originals are available, in order to obtain the precise names of the Supernals described in them, many of whom are disguised by their French translator under the name of *Lamie*, and by Von Hahn under the Teutonic *Elfe* or *Kobold*. As mentioned in

the previous chapter, most of these magical beings have their equivalents in Greek folk-lore, but the Liouvía is peculiar to Albania, and has, so far, been found only in two stories, the following, and that entitled "Perseus" by Von Hahn.[1] The "Beauty of the Earth," or "The World," is the subject of other stories, both Albanian and Greek, and also occurs in Greek folk-song under the same title.[2] This story, however, has a parallel in the Epirote Greek tale of "The King's Son and the Beardless One," in which the hero, a king's son, is personated by a beardless muleteer, a blind *Drache* being substituted for the Liouvía, and an old lame horse for the old man of the Albanian version. The king's son throws pieces of meat to the *Drache*, who recovers his sight, and out of gratitude swallows the hero, who, while in the creature's stomach, learns the language of birds, an attainment which afterwards serves him in good stead. In one of the Greek variants the Beauty is described as "The Golden-haired One," and all the maidens of the town form her train.[3] The incident of stealing the magic dress occurs also in the Bulgarian song of "The Samodiva Married against her Will."[4]

[1] *Griechische und Albanesische Märchen*, No. 98.

[2] See Passow, *Carmina*, &c. : Ἡ ὡραία τοῦ κόσμου.

[3] Von Hahn, *Griechische und Albanesische Märchen;* and the story of "The Twins" in Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια.

[4] See vol. i. p. 352.

The Liouvía[1] *and the Beauty of the Earth.*[2]

There was once a Vlach[3] who was very rich and had a big sheep farm. A king once happened to be travelling that way, and stopped at his house, and the Vlach gave him the best of all he had. That same night the Vlach's wife gave birth to a son. The king made the father promise to have his son taught various languages, and gave him a cross, saying, "When thy son is fifteen years old, give him this cross and tell him to come to me in such and such a town." This said, he went away.

The Vlach did as the king had advised, and the boy learnt to speak several languages. On his fifteenth birthday, his father gave him the cross. He read the inscription it bore, which was, "I am the king, thy godfather; come to me in such and such a town." When he had read it, he said to his father:

"See what the king has written for me. I must go to him."

So the father gave him a companion.

On the way, the boy, being hungry, descended a ravine, at the bottom of which was a spring. When he had finished his meal, he saw his companion standing on the top of a rock with a great stone in his hand, and heard him say:

"Take off thy clothes, give them to me, and take mine; then swear that thou wilt reveal to no man what has passed between us."

[1] This appears to me the most correct way of rendering phonetically the word Λιουβία.

[2] Dozon, *Manuel Chkipe*, No. xvi., and *Contes Albanais*, No. xii.

[3] See vol. i. chap. i., "The Vlachs."

The boy pronounced this oath, "If I die and come to life again, then only will I denounce thee."

When they had changed dresses, the companion mounted the horse, and they arrived at the king's palace. The latter, on seeing the cross, took the youth who presented it for his godson, and, giving him his hand, led him to his private apartment. As to the son of the Vlach, he remained in the basement, and spoke to each person there in his own language.

The companion pretended to be ill. The king went to see him, and asked him what he ailed.

"I feel very ill," he replied.

"What shall we do for you?"

"Get me one of the cabbages guarded by the Liouvía."

"So many kings, and so many more powerful than I, have gone to take one, and have never succeeded," replied the king.

"Command the youth who is downstairs to go. If he refuses, threaten him."

Then the king said to the boy, "Willy, nilly, thou must go to such and such a place, and bring back a cabbage" (the companion pretended to be ill because he knew that if the son of the Vlach went for the cabbage, he would never come back).

The boy passed his days and nights in weeping, and knew not what to do. One night he saw in a dream an old man, who said to him, "My son, dry thy tears; this is what thou must do. Take forty loads of honey and forty loads of milk, and manage to arrive about noon, for then the Liouvía is out hunting, and is not in her den."

The next morning the youth asked the king for the provisions mentioned by the old man, and set out. On the road he met the old man he had seen in his dream. Said he, "Good luck, my son. But be sure when you get there to sweep out the lair of the Liouvía; then mix together the honey and the milk, and hide thee close by. When the Liouvía comes, she will eat half the honey and milk, and then she will leave her den, saying, 'Let him to whom I owe this kindness show himself; I would see him.' Then," continued the old man, "when she has said this, leave thy hiding-place, and say, 'Here I am.' She will ask thee how she can reward thee. Reply that thou wouldst have a cabbage, and she will give thee leave to choose one. Choose three of the finest, and eat them thyself, for they are very wholesome, and on thy way back come to me, and I will give thee another for the invalid."

The young man did precisely what the old man advised. In the afternoon, just two hours before sunset, the Liouvía came home, making known her approach by the noise she made in lashing her tail. She ate half of what the youth had brought, and then came out, saying, "Let him to whom I owe this kindness show himself," and the youth came out, saying, "Here I am," and it all fell out as the old man had foretold.

When they had become better acquainted, the Liouvía said to the boy, "You can come here as often as you like, and without fear." (Now this was the road that led to the abode of the Beauty of the Earth.) He then took his cabbages and left, and on

the way back he met the old man, who gave him what he had promised. When he arrived he gave it to the king.

The patient ate the cabbage, and declared himself cured; but, after a few days, he pretended to have a relapse. The king having asked him what he should do for him, he replied, "What I require is the Beauty of the Earth; tell this boy to go and fetch her."

"So many kings have gone, and have never returned."

"Well, if he refuses to go, threaten him."

The youth passed the day in tears, and knew not what to do. But at night the old man again appeared to him in a dream, and said, "Dry thy tears; this is what thou must do. Ask of the king a thousand lambs, four rams, a hundred loads of wheat, a hundred of honey, and ten brooms. On arriving kill the lambs, but it must be at noon, for then the wild beasts are not on guard, save the lions. There are two doors, one within the other, each guarded by two lions. When thou hast passed the outer door, throw the lambs to the eagles, the wheat to the ants, the honey to the bees; and when thou comest to the inner door, throw the four rams to the lions. Then enter without fear, but do not forget to sweep the walls, or they will fall upon you and crush you, and when you come to the door of the Beauty's room, you must sweep that too. All these animals, after having eaten, will ask thee what recompense they can make for what you have done for them. Ask of the lions a hair, of the bees, the ants, and the eagles, a feather each.

The youth did all that the old man told him. After eating, the animals cried, "Show thyself, O our benefactor; we would see thee!"

When he showed himself, they gave him a hair and three feathers, saying, "Each time that thou requirest our services, burn a feather or a hair, and we will be with thee."

Armed with the hair and the feathers, the youth, after having carefully swept the door, entered the apartment of the Beauty of the Earth. The Beauty soon appeared, attended by eleven maidens, and asked him, "Who art thou? What seekest thou here?"

"I am a man, as you may see, and I have come to carry thee off."

"So many others," she replied, laughing, "have come, and have not been able to carry me off." Then, going out of the room, she called the lions and asked them, "Why did you let this man come in?"

"Because," they answered, "we only get from you bad meat, and very little of that, while he has given a whole ram to each of us."

She then asked the eagles, "Why did you let this man come in?"

"Because," they replied, "he gave to each of us a lamb, while you left us without any food."

She next asked the same question of the bees and the ants. The former replied, "You gave us but wax, and he has given us honey;" and the latter, "You gave us only crumbs of mouldy bread, and he has given us corn."

She then asked the walls and doors, "Why did you let him come in?"

"Because," they replied, "thou hast never swept us, while he has made us clean."

Then the Beauty of the Earth said to the son of the Vlach, "I will set you three tasks, and if you accomplish them I will be yours."

"Agreed," said the youth.

"This is the first. I will heap up together a quantity of wheat, barley, rye, and earth, and thou must separate them in one night."

"I will separate them."

"This is the second task. Thou must go to the two mountains which open and shut, and bring me thence some of the Water of Life."[1]

"I will bring it."

"Here is the third task. I will cover myself with a veil; these eleven maidens will do the same, and if you can distinguish me among them, I will be yours."

"Very good," replied the youth.

In order to accomplish the first task, he burnt the feather which had been given to him by the ants. "Can you," he asked, "separate all these grains of wheat, barley, rye, and earth in one night?"

"Certainly," replied the ants. So our hero lay down and slept. He awoke very early in the morning, but seeing all the grains in separate heaps, he had another nap, from which he was awoke by the Beauty of the Earth, who had just got up.

[1] The late Mr. Geldart, in the little book before referred to, translated this as "Deathless Water." I venture, however, to think that the Water of Life, the Oriental myth concerning which is related in a subsequent chapter, is here referred to. In a following story (p. 334) the hero is restored to life with a draught of "swallow's milk," also brought from a mountain which opened and shut.

"Let me sleep," he replied, "I haven't closed my eyes all night." But in a moment she came back again to the youth, saying:

"You have accomplished the first task, now let us see about the others."

For the second task he burnt the feather given to him by the eagles, who immediately appeared. Said he, "I would go to draw Water of Life from the two mountains which open and shut, but we must be there at noon, for then only do they remain open for half an hour."

He took a bottle, and they started. Arrived near the mountain, the eagles took the youth up on their wings, and carried him in; and with his bottle filled, he returned to the Beauty of the Earth.

For the third task he burnt the feather given to him by the bees, and when they appeared, he asked them, "What shall I do to recognise the Beauty of the Earth when she is in the midst of the eleven maidens, and all are covered with a similar veil?"

"Let them be veiled," replied the Queen Bee; "I will alight on the head of the Beauty, and thou must seize and hold her fast, for if once thou let her go, even I could not find her again."

Accordingly, when the maidens entered, all veiled and dancing in a ring, the youth seized the one on whom the bee poised, and did not let her escape. So finally the Beauty was obliged to accept him for her husband.

When they arrived at the palace of the king, he gave her to the invalid, and our hero resumed his place among the servants. On the following day the

patient begged the king to kill the youth, and as he refused, he went himself down stairs, found our hero asleep, and slew him with his own hand. The Beauty, hearing of this, also went down, and found out from one of the servants, who was very fond of him, where his body was. She then had the dead youth carried to her own chamber, where she opened his mouth, and poured in some of the Water of Life, and he revived. Having thus "died and come to life again" he was able to tell the king who he was, and what his companion had done to him while coming from his father's house. Then, by the king's command, and in his presence, they led the pretended invalid outside the town to a place where were four trees. Having bent a branch from each, they tied him to them by his hands and feet, and the branches when let go tore him into four quarters.

Some time afterwards our hero wished to pay a visit to his father and mother. Before leaving, he gave to the queen a dress which he had bought for the Beauty of the Earth, and begged her not to give it to the latter until his return.

One day, however, when they were dancing, the Beauty refused to take part in the dance unless the dress left by her husband were given to her. Then all the maidens went together and begged the queen to give it to her. She refused, but the youngest went and took it by stealth. As soon as she had put it on, she said to the dancers:

"Farewell. Tell my husband, when he returns, that, until he has worn out three pairs of iron shoes, he need not hope to find me."

When our hero returned, they repeated to him the words of his wife. Without losing a moment, he bought three pairs of iron shoes, and set out in search of her. On the spot at which he had arrived when the last pair was worn out he built a khan, where travellers might eat and drink without paying, and he questioned them as to what they had seen on their journeys. One said, "Not far from here I had let my water-cask fall, and it rolled to the bottom of a ravine. When I went down to find it, I saw twelve maidens bathing in a fountain."

At these words our hero rushed out of doors, and the traveller having described to him the spot, he approached the bathers unperceived, seized the dress of his wife, and threw it into the fire which they had kindled in order to wash their clothes. Her dress burnt, the Beauty had no means of escaping him again, for in it was contained all her magic power, and she returned with her husband to the king.

The story of the "Maiden promised to the Sun" is made up of two separate episodes, both of which have their variants in the folk-lore of the Greeks and Bulgarians. In the Greek variant[1] of the first part of the story, the maiden is stolen by a ray of sunshine which enters through the key-hole, and carries her to his master. Two hares are commissioned to take her back to her mother, who silvers the tail of the surviving one as a reward for its services. A Bul-

[1] Hahn, *Griechische und Albanesische Märchen*, No. 41.

garian ballad[1] also describes the stealing of a maiden by the Sun. Prayers addressed to Nature-powers, as to the Sun in this story, are not uncommon in Greek and Albanian folk-tales, though the name of God is occasionally substituted for or added to them.[2] The following is, however, the only instance of the Sun or other power voluntarily relinquishing his captive. In a Greek parallel to the second part of the story, Τὸ μαχαίρι της σφαγῆς, &c., "The Knife of Slaughter,"[3] a Gipsy woman is substituted for the slave. The incident of the man transformed to stone by a spell is of frequent occurrence, as, for instance, in the story from the island of Astypaleá, Τὸ χρυσὸ ἄλογο, "The Golden Horse,"[4] and in the Gipsy story of "The King's Son and the Daughter of the Dervish."[5]

The Maiden who was Promised to the Sun.[6]

There was, and there was not.[7] There was once a queen who had no child, and she prayed continually the Sun to give her one, were it only a girl; when she should be twelve years old,[8] she added, the Sun could have her back again.

Finally the queen had a daughter, and she went

[1] Dozon, *Chants Bulgares*, No. xii.

[2] See, for instance, Von Hahn, *Griechische und Albanesische Märchen*, Nos. iv. v. liv. and cxli.

[3] Hahn, Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια, p. 49, translated by Geldart in the little volume somewhat too ambitiously entitled *The Folk-lore of Modern Greece*.

[4] *Ibid.* p. 80. [5] See below, p. 370.

[6] Dozon, *Contes Albanais*, No. vii.

[7] The usual preface to an Albanian folk-tale. The Magyar formula, *Volt, nem volt*, has the same meaning.

[8] The marriageable age.

to school every day. One day, as she was on her way thither, the Sun said to her :

"Remind thy mother to give me what she promised."

The girl repeated what the Sun had said. Her mother told her to say to him, "It is still too young;" and she gave this answer to the Sun.

On her twelfth birthday, as she was going to school, the Sun carried her off to his house. The mother awaited her daughter's return, but, seeing nothing of her, she concluded that the Sun had stolen her, as he had threatened. So she had the house painted black,[1] barred the door, which she never allowed to be opened, and sat all alone, weeping and lamenting.

The Sun had at his house, among other creatures, a Koutchédra. She, scenting the maiden, said, "I smell kingly flesh."

"It is my daughter," replied the Sun; "so see that thou touch her not."

One day he sent her into the garden to cut a cabbage, and, as she was cutting it, she said to herself, "Just as this cabbage cracks, so my heart is rent at the remembrance of my mother," and she burst into tears.

The Sun, who had observed this, asked her, "What hast thou to weep for? Dost thou grieve for thy mother?"

"I am dying of grief for her," she replied.

"Well, if thou wilt go home, call the animals that they may carry thee."

[1] See pp. 221 and 261.

She called several of the animals, and the Sun, on his side, sent for the Koutchédra, and said to her, "If thou bearest this maiden, and art hungry on the way, what wilt thou eat?"

"Herself."

"If thou art thirsty, what wilt thou drink?"

"Her blood."

Seeing that the Koutchédra was not be depended upon, the Sun told the maiden to call another animal. She called the Stag.

The Sun asked him, "Wilt thou carry this maiden home?"

"Willingly."

"If thou art hungry on the way, what wilt thou eat?"

"The green grass."

"If thou art thirsty, what wilt thou drink?"

"The cool water; only when we arrive her mother must give me three *okás* of hay."

The Stag took the maiden and placed her on his horns. As they went, he was hungry, and said to her, "Climb on this tree, and if any one passing asks you to come down, be sure not to do so before I return." So the girl climbed up the tree.

Presently there came by a Koutchédra, who, looking this way and that, perceived the maiden, and begged her to come down, so that they might gossip together.

"I shall not come down; I'm afraid you'd eat me."

"I won't eat you."

"Well, go home, and come back later."

The Koutchédra went off, and when the maiden

saw the Stag coming back, she cried, "Make haste, for there is a Koutchédra coming to eat me."

She mounted again on the horns of the Stag, who set off at a gallop, and to every one they met he said, "If you meet a Koutchédra, don't betray us, but tell her that the Stag and the maiden have taken another road."

Arrived at the house of the queen, they knocked at the door, but no one answered. Then, while still knocking, the girl cried, "Open, *Néné!* (mother). It is thy daughter!"

At last the mother opened, and, seeing her daughter, was beside herself with joy.

The maidens of the quarter, hearing of her return, came to the queen and said, "Let her come with us, to walk about and amuse herself," and the queen allowed her. They went together towards a garden, and this garden had a big gate, which they could not open. But hardly had the queen's daughter touched it than it opened wide, and drew her in, closing again upon her immediately. Her companions waited for her, but seeing that the gate did not re-open, they returned in great distress to relate to her mother what had happened. And the mother became as desolate as before.

The maiden meanwhile walked about the garden, where she found men and animals all turned to stone. Among them there was a king, who held in his hand a paper on which she read as follows:

"The woman who is able to pass three days, three nights, and three weeks without sleeping, will I wed, for then shall I come again to life."

So she began to abstain from sleep, taking books and reading them. The three days, three nights, and two of the weeks had already passed when there came by a man selling slaves. She put her head out of the window[1] and asked him how much he wanted for a female slave.

"Whatever you please to give me," was the reply.

So she threw to the merchant a handful of sequins, let down a cord, and the slave fastening herself to it, she drew her up. She then said to her:

"Thou must watch for two or three nights, so that I may sleep a little, for it is long since I closed my eyes, because of the promise contained in the paper which the king holds; but thou must awaken me when the king comes to life. So after relating to her at length what was written in the paper, she laid down and slept. But the slave hastened to take off her clothes and put them on herself, so that when the king should come to life, he might marry her instead.

The three weeks passed, the king came to life.

"Who art thou?" he asked of the slave.

"I am she who has for three days, three nights, and three weeks remained without sleep," she replied; and he married her. He then asked who was the woman who lay sleeping there.

"It is a slave whom I bought because I was all alone."

When the maiden woke up, the king said to his wife, "What shall we do with this slave?"

"Send me to keep the geese," replied the princess,

[1] Probably of the *koûla*, or tower, built at one of the angles of the garden wall.

who had heard him. So they built a hut for her to live in. But she did nothing but weep and recount her misfortunes. The king having heard her once or twice lamenting in this way, approached and asked her why she wept; so the maiden told him her story. Then the king took her for his wife, and as for the slave, he cut her into a thousand pieces, the biggest of which was not larger than that!

The following story strikingly illustrates the fatalistic beliefs entertained by the Albanians in common with the generality of Orientals. The incident of the substituted letter is of common occurrence in Greek as well as Albanian folk-tale.[1]

The Story of the Child; or, The Fates.[2]

There was once an old man and an old woman who had no children. At last, after I don't know how many years, God gave them a son, and their joy had no bounds when they found that the Lord had at length thus remembered them. Two nights had passed since it was born, and the third was coming on when the Three Women would appear to assign to the infant its destiny.[3]

The same night it rained so heavily that no one dared put his nose out of doors for fear of being carried off by the water and drowned. However, who should arrive in the midst of the rain but a Pasha,

[1] See, for instance, "The Three Brothers and the Dev," p. 156; Dozon's "La Boîte Merveilleuse," *Manuel, &c.*, No. xviii., *Contes*, No. xi.; and Hahn's Tinote story of "Kosta and the Drakos," in the Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια.

[2] Dozon, *Langue Chkipe*, No. xx.; *Contes Albanais*, No. xiii. [3] See p. 244.

who asked the old man for shelter. The latter, seeing that he was a man of importance, made him welcome, led him to the hearth, made up a great fire, and gave him to eat of the best he had. He then piled up in the corner a number of things so as to make room for the Pasha's horse, for part of the house was roofless.

The Pasha, warmed and fed, had now nothing to do but sleep. But how could he sleep when he had on his person I don't know how many thousands of piastres?

That night, as we have said, the Three Women were expected to determine the child's destiny. Well, they came, and sat down by the fire. The Pasha, when he saw them, was horribly frightened, but he kept quiet, and made no noise whatever.

Let us leave the Pasha, and attend to the Women.

The first said: "This child will not live long; he will die young."

The second said: "This child will live long, but he will die by the hand of his father."

Then the third said: "My sisters, what are you saying?—This child will live long enough to kill the Pasha here, to strip him of his power, and to marry his daughter."

Now, what the last had said must come to pass. They remained but a moment longer, and then disappeared.

The Pasha, who had heard everything, shivered with terror. He couldn't sleep a wink all night, and only thought of finding means of killing the baby. Next morning he said to the old man:

"I also am childless; wilt thou not give me thy child? I will pay thee what thou wilt."

"How could that be?" replied the old man. "We have so longed for the birth of this child, and you would take him from us. Never!"

"Yes, yes; you will let me have him," said the Pasha, and he poured out of his bag three thousand piastres, which he offered to the father. When he refused to take them, the Pasha pulled out another three thousand piastres, because he was determined to kill the child. The sight of these six thousand piastres decided the father, but not the mother, who would not consent even after the Pasha offered another three thousand piastres.

Then the old man said to his wife, "What are you thinking of, wife? We don't even know if the child will live or not. Why, then, not give him up, and take all this money in exchange? Supposing we had had no child? But at all events thou knowest that the child will be better cared for than by thee, and we can go now and then to see him." And with such words he persuaded his wife.

To make a long story short, they took the nine thousand piastres, and gave up the child in his cradle to the Pasha, who placed it on his horse before him. Then they could not help sobbing.

"Don't fret," said the Pasha, "and come to see the child whenever you please."

As he went, however, he only thought of the best way of getting rid of the child, for he couldn't find in his heart to draw his poniard and cut its head off. What did he do? As he passed by a river, he took

the cradle, threw it in, and then hurried off, so as not to hear the baby's cries.

The child, thought he, must have been drowned. On the contrary, however, it was saved, for on falling into the water its body went under, while its head remained above, so that it could breathe, and after being borne along by the current, it was finally left among some bushes which grew on the borders of a forest.

In this forest a herdsman kept his goats, and he was in the habit of leading them to the river every day about noon, to give them water. On this day, one of the goats, leaving the flock, went towards the baby, whose cries she heard. She placed herself over him, and put one of her teats in his mouth so that he could suck, and when he was satisfied she rejoined her companions.

When the time came to milk the goats, they saw that this goat had no milk, and the master said to the shepherd, "Why dost thou milk the goats in secret? Hast thou not enough to eat, that thou takest the milk which belongs to me?"

The poor shepherd protested with all his might that he knew not how it had happened. At last, the master said, "You stay here and work, and I will look after the goats this afternoon."

So he took the goats to graze outside the forest, and, towards sunset, as he led them to the river to drink, he saw the goat whose milk had failed leave the rest, straddle its legs, and give suck to the baby. Astonished, he went up to her, perceived the cradle with the new-born baby in it, and carried

it home, acknowledging that his shepherd was not to blame.

It was not long before it was discovered to whom the child belonged, and the finder gave him up to the old man (who lived in the same village), so that he might take care of him and let him have him again when he was grown up.

To be brief, this is what happened. The boy, brought back by the old man to the flockmaster who had found him, showed himself so intelligent and so wise that he excelled all the other servants of this man, and was put over them.

One day the Pasha came to this village, of which he was the lord, and he lodged in the house where the young man lived. The latter, almost from the first day, pleased him and won his heart by his beauty, his modesty, and all his other good qualities.

On one occasion, the Pasha was praising the youth to the peasant, who said, "If you knew his story, you would be surprised in another way," and he told him all about it from beginning to end. What was the consternation of the Pasha when he discovered by this history that it was the child he had thrown into the river.

So what does he do? He hits upon another way of getting rid of him, and with that end he writes a letter to his wife, in which he says, "Order the bearer of this letter to be put to death, and when he is killed let them fire a salute, so that I may know and be glad."

The letter ready, he tells to the peasant that he wants a trusty man to take it to his wife.

"Your lordship," replied the villager, "knows that I have no one more trustworthy than the young man of whom we spoke."

"Precisely. I had him in my mind. Let him take my horse, and let him come to me for the letter."

The youth took it, mounted the horse, and set out. On the road he was thirsty, and having found a spring, he dismounted from the horse, drank his fill, and lay down to take a nap. While he slept, a negro appeared, took the letter out of his bosom, and wrote another to this effect.

"The man whom I send to thee thou must receive with all honour, prepare for him a magnificent feast, and then marry him to our daughter. At the moment the wedding crowns are placed on their heads[1] let a salute be fired, so that I may hear and take part in the rejoicings."

The letter finished, the negro folded and sealed it as the other had been, and then placed it in the bosom of the youth, who was not long in waking. Unconscious of what had happened, he continued his journey, and delivered the letter forthwith to the Pasha's lady. She had no sooner read it than she began to treat him with great politeness, gave orders for a great feast, and married him to her daughter, while salutes were fired by the gunners. The Pasha, hearing in the village the sound of the guns, concluded that the youth was dead. "At last I have got rid of him," he said to himself. So you may

[1] "Placing the crowns," being a part of the Christian marriage ceremony, is somewhat out of place in the wedding of a Pasha's daughter.

imagine what was his dismay when, on his return home several days afterwards, he saw him alive, and especially on finding him married to his daughter.

So again he cudgels his brain to find a means of doing away with him. After thinking some time, he said to a certain blacksmith :

"To-morrow I will send a youth for such and such a thing. Tell him to wait till thou hast made it; then, take thy big hammer and give him two or three blows with it, so that he die. That done, cut off his head, put it in a handkerchief, and give it to another youth whom I will send."

In the evening, having called his son-in-law, he said to him, "To-morrow thou must get up very early, and go to such and such a blacksmith, who will give thee something which I have ordered."

"I will not fail," replied the young man, and he went to bed. At daybreak he rose to go to the blacksmith, when his wife said it was too early, and persuaded him to lie down and go to sleep again. The Pasha, however, having also awoke, called his son and asked him if his brother-in-law had gone out.

"I will go and see," he replied, and he went to the apartments of his brother-in-law, whom he awoke, asking him if he had yet been to the blacksmith's.

"No," he said, "but I will go immediately."

But the Pasha's son thought to himself that, instead of waiting till his brother-in-law was dressed, it was better to go himself, so he went. Seeing him in the distance, the blacksmith took his big hammer, and with one blow he killed him ; and, after cutting off his head, he tied it up in a handkerchief. Soon after-

wards the Pasha's son-in-law arrived to fetch the article ordered. The blacksmith gave him the handkerchief, which he carried to his father-in-law.

When the Pasha saw him alive before his eyes, he trembled in every limb; but what was his grief when, on opening the handkerchief, he found the head of his son! However, he made no sign, but gave this order to his groom—"To-night, if the horses fight, leave them alone, so that my son-in-law may go down and quiet them. Do thou, however, be behind the door, with a bludgeon in thy hand, and the moment he appears, smash his skull."

"Very well," was the reply.

During the night, the horses having begun to fight, the Pasha called to his son-in-law to go and quiet them, but his wife persuaded him not to get up, saying that they would soon stop. The Pasha, who thought that this time he was really dead, went out of his room and crept softly towards the stable. The groom thought it was the son-in-law coming, and with one blow struck him dead.

Then the youth took the power into his own hands, and became Pasha in place of the other. And so it all fell out as the Third Woman had foretold, at the time of his birth, that he should supplant the Pasha.

Our story is done. The youth was lucky, and may we be luckier still!

The following story of The Three Brothers and the Three Sisters has many parallels in Greek folk-tale. In an Epirote variant the sisters are married respect-

ively to a lion, a tiger, and an eagle,[1] and in the others we have besides the "Mother of Night," the Mother of the Sun, of the Moon, and of the Wind, who protect the princess against their own sons.[2]

The Three Brothers and the Three Sisters.[3]

There were, and there were not. There were once three brothers who had three sisters, and they married them, and gave the first to the Sun, the second to the Moon, and the third to the South Wind.[4]

Some time afterwards, I don't know how long, the brothers said to each other, "Let us go to our sisters and see how they fare." So without wasting time they made ready for the journey, took their provisions, and set off. As they were going the night overtook them when they were on a plain near a mountain. So they stopped there, took out their provisions, and made a fire. Supper finished, the eldest of the brothers said to the others:

"Lie down and sleep, and I will watch and keep guard for fear that some one might come to rob or kill us."

So the two younger ones slept, and he mounted guard. Presently a Koutchédra, seeing the light, came up, and, her mouth watering at the sight of the men, she threw herself upon the one who was watching, to eat him. But he with a shot from

[1] Hahn, Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια; No. 12, *Gr. und Alb. Märchen*, No. 25.

[2] *Ibid.* No. 10.

[3] Dozon, *Langue Chkipe*, No. xxiv., *Contes Albanais*, No. xv.

[4] *Youga.* In Albanian, as in Servian and Bulgarian, the moon and the south are masculine, and from this circumstance M. Dozon was of opinion that this story is of Slav origin.

his gun stretched her dead on the ground. Then, drawing his poniard, he cut off her head, which he hid in his bag, after throwing her body into a ditch so that his brothers might not see it. He then resumed his watch. After some time he awoke them, and all three continued their journey.

On the second night they found themselves in another place. After having lighted a fire and supped, two of the brothers lay down, guarded by the second, who, as soon as a Koutchédra came up killed her, as his brother had done.

The third night, the youngest said to the others, "Go to sleep; it is now my turn to watch."

"No," they replied, "thou art too young; one of us must do that duty."

However, he would not consent, and so it was he who kept watch that night, and was, in his turn, attacked by a Koutchédra. As he was but young, he fired too soon, and when, having drawn his dagger, he threw himself on the Koutchédra in order to finish her, she, in a convulsion of pain, put out the light with a stroke of her tail. How was he to kindle it again; for he had not the materials? A fire happened to be burning on the top of the mountain, so he went towards it.

On the way he met the Mother of the Night, and asked her where she was going.

"I am going to make the day," she replied.

"Wait," he said, "until I have got a light."

"Very well, I will wait." But as he did not trust her word, he bound her so that she could not make the day.

When he came near the fire, he saw upon it an enormous cauldron with twelve handles. He lifted it up, and lighted his torch. By chance the brigands, to whom it belonged, arrived at that moment, and asked him who he was.

"A traveller," he replied. "My light had gone out, and I came here to re-light it."

"But how," they asked again, "did you manage to lift the cauldron? The twelve of us, when we want to take it off the fire, take hold of a handle each, and it is as much as we can do to lift it."

"I didn't find it very heavy," replied the youth, and he lifted it again.

"You must be the most valiant of men," said the brigands, "and you are the man to help us to rob the king."

So they set off, all the thirteen, to rob the king. Having made a hole in the wall, they entered the stable in order to steal the horses, and the boy remained outside. Left alone, he began to reflect.

"Until now," he said to himself, "I have never committed the smallest theft. There is but one thing to do—kill these men and run away." So he began to shout, "Quick! save yourselves; we are discovered!"

The robbers came out as fast as they could, but as each one appeared he cut off his head. After having thus killed every one, he entered the lower court, and stuck his poniard in the ground. Then, having relighted his torch, he unbound the Mother of the Night, and, returning to his brothers, they set out again together.

But let us leave them and go back to the king. When he arose, the sight of the twelve corpses and the dagger in the middle of the court astonished him greatly. Then he gave orders that a *khan* should be built at the cross roads, where every traveller would be lodged and fed gratis on condition of his relating all that he had done in his life, whether good or evil. This order was obeyed. Many people came to the *khan*, and lodged and slept without paying a *para*.

Chance willed it that the brothers too came and stopped at the *khan*. In the morning, as they were going away, they asked the *khandji* (innkeeper) how much was to pay. He replied, "Here we take no money; we only require every man to tell the story of his life, whether good or bad."

So the eldest told the story of what he had done, and among other things how he had killed a Koutchédra, and the second the same. But when it was the turn of the third, and he came to the adventure with the Koutchédra, and the robbers he had killed when they were in the act of robbing the king, the *khandji* cried, "Thou art the man whom the king seeks."

The two eldest brothers went their way, and we don't know what became of them. As for the youngest, the king, having heard his story, gave him his daughter in marriage, and made him the first person in the kingdom.

In that country it was customary, on the occasion of a royal wedding, to set at liberty several prisoners. Among the people then in prison was one half iron and half man, who had not been set free with the

others, and who cried and complained continually. Moved with compassion, the bridegroom begged the king to set him also at liberty. He was, however, condemned for life, and the bridegroom had to beg very hard before he would give orders to strike off his fetters. At the moment they were taken off the king's daughter was close by, and in a moment he had seized her and swallowed her, after which he instantly disappeared.

Horrified at this misfortune, the king drew his sword to kill his son-in-law. But he said, "I can find her again and bring her back, only you must give me a pair of iron shoes and an iron staff (because he had to undertake a terribly long journey), and I promise before the year is out to return with your daughter." And when the king had had made for him the things he required, he set out.

That evening he went straight to his sister, who had married the Sun.

"Who is there?" she asked, when he knocked at the door.

"So and so," he replied. The sister opened the door, and great was her joy on seeing her brother. But directly afterwards the Sun came, and, fearing that he might devour the new arrival, she pushed him into a chest. Hardly had the Sun entered than he asked, "What is there for supper?"

"Whatever there may be," was the reply.

"I smell fresh meat," said the Sun.

"No, you are mistaken; there is no flesh here," she replied again. But seeing that he began to look about for it, she added, "It were better for thee to

eat me than to eat my brother, who came in just before thee."

"Let him show himself, and I will not hurt him."

So he came out of his hiding-place, and on seeing his brother-in-law the Sun shared the joy of his wife. He asked them if by chance they knew where Half-man-half-iron lived.

"No," they replied, "we know nothing about him; go and ask the Moon."

To make a long story short, the next evening he arrived at the house of his sister who had married the Moon; but they could tell him nothing, and so he went on to see the third, the wife of the South Wind. When he asked her the same question, she replied, "I don't know. But to-morrow, before daybreak, take that road which you see up there, and in such and such a place you will find a falcon so big that he cannot fly. Come up to him very softly from behind, seize him by the head, and say to him, 'I will kill thee if thou tell me not where Half-man-half-iron lives.' Then when he has told thee that, and also what thou must do, set out to seek him."

Accordingly, at daybreak, he mastered the falcon, who said, "I know where he is, but thou must give me so many *okas* of meat and then wait till my wings be grown, because I am old."

So he waited till the falcon's wings were grown, and collected a supply of meat to feed him with while he was flying, for the place they were going to was a mountain so high, so high, that no man had ever climbed it. They called it "The Other World," and

it was there that Half-man-half-iron lived with the king's daughter.

At last he bestrode the falcon, placed before him the meat, and the bird began its flight. As they ascended, the youth gave him from time to time pieces of meat, but presently the supply was exhausted, and he had no more to put in his beak.

"I want meat," said the falcon.

"I have no more; it is all finished."

"You must give me meat, or I shall let you fall."

At his wits' end, the young man cut off a piece from his thigh and gave it to him, and then, as he still clamoured for more, from the other thigh. Arrived at the summit, the falcon, seeing his rider all bloody, vomited the pieces of flesh which he had swallowed, and the young man, on putting them back in their places, found his wounds healed.

Close to the spot on which they had alighted was a palace; he knocked at the door, and it was his wife, the king's daughter, who opened it. She knew him at once, and cried in her joy, "It is thou, my husband! How hast thou come hither, and who has carried thee?"

He told her of all his adventures, and while they were talking Half-man-half-iron came home. Fearing for her husband's life, she took him up to the loft and hid him there. He came in and asked:

"What is there for supper?"

"What there may be."

"I smell fresh meat," and as he said this, he chanced to see through a hole the man in the loft. In a second

he had caught hold of him, and drunk his blood. As for his skin and bones, he threw them out of doors.

The falcon saw these remains, and said:

"That is the young man whom I brought here. Let us be quick and fetch some swallow's milk so as to bring him back to life." And without loss of time he spread his wings, and sailed off towards two mountains which opened and shut, for it was there that swallows' milk was to be found. He arrived, filled his mouth, and returned as fast as he could. Hardly had the milk touched the lips of the youth than he came back to life. Entering the house, he said to his wife: "Pretend to be ill, and then say to Half-man-half-iron: 'We have lived so long together, and you have never yet revealed to me where your strength lies. I am going to die, so you need not fear to tell me.' Then he will tell you." Then the youth went away to sleep, for fear of being eaten up a second time.

So the king's daughter pretended to be ill, and questioned Half-man-half-iron as to where his strength lay. "In the broom," he replied.

When he had gone out she burnt the broom, but to no purpose, for his strength was not affected. Again she pretended to be ill, and pressed him with questions. Then he said: "My strength is in a wild boar which lives on such and such a mountain. It has a silver tusk; in this tusk is a hare, the hare has in its inside three pigeons, and in them resides my strength." This said, he went about his business. The princess went out, called her husband, and repeated to him what she had learnt. Without losing a moment, he set out for the mountain, where, finding a shepherd

tending his sheep, he asked him where the great boar had his lair.

"Don't speak so loud," said the shepherd, "or he will hear you and come and devour us." But he made still more noise, so that at last the boar came up and rushed upon him, but he drew his dagger and defended himself bravely. While they were fighting thus, the boar cried:

"If I had only a root to sharpen my tusks with, thou would see!"

"And I," retorted the young man, "if I had only a cake of fine flour, some fried fish, and a jar of wine, *thou* would see too!"

In a moment the shepherd had brought what they mentioned. After they both had eaten, the boar his root, and the youth his cake of fine bread and fried fish, the fight began again, and continued till the youth had slain the boar. He looked at his tusks, saw that one was of gold and silver, and, having split it, he found inside a hare, and, having opened its stomach, he found inside three pigeons.

Let us now return to Half-man-half-iron. Hardly had the boar expired, than he felt bad; when the hare had been opened he felt worse, and could hardly stand. Then the youth cut the throats of two of the pigeons which he had found, and, holding the third in his hand, he returned to the house of Half-man-half-iron. The latter, when he saw him, tried to rise, but could not; and when the young man killed the last pigeon, he died on the spot.

The youth took his wife, mounted with her on the falcon's back, and descended from the mountain. They

returned to the king, who, on seeing them, was quite overjoyed, and gave a splendid feast in their honour.

This is the end of the story.

The following comic story is a good illustration of the adage, "Set a thief to catch a thief."

Mosko and Tosko.

There were once two brothers, who were robbers by trade, and they had a sister for whom they had long sought a husband of their own quality. Years passed, and one fine day they met on the road a man whom they asked, "Where goest thou? Wilt thou join us, and have our sister for thy wife? We will give her to thee, for we have long wanted a husband for her."

"Done," said the other, "and that shall not prevent our being comrades." So they gave him their sister.

One day, as they had not seen their sister for some time, Mosko and Tosko went to pay her a visit. The husband happened to be absent, having gone to the mill. You must know, however, that there was some *pastourma*[1] hanging in the loft.[2] Arrived in the house, Mosko said to his sister: "My dear sister, give me some water." She went to fetch the water-barrel, and gave it to him. After having drunk, Mosko asked Tosko if he were not likewise thirsty. "Yes," he replied, and his brother passed him the barrel. Then Mosko said to Tosko:

[1] Smoke-dried meat.

[2] *Taran*, the space between the unceiled rafters of a cottage and the roof.

"Hast thou seen it?"

"Yes."

"Hast thou seen it?" he asked again.

"Yes."

"Hast thou seen it?" he asked a third time.

"Yes," and this said, they left.

When the husband came home, he asked his wife if any one had been there.

"My brothers," she replied, "have been; it was long since I had seen them."

"Did they ask anything of thee?"

"They asked for some water to drink."

"Didst thou give them some?"

"I did."

"Did they both drink?"

"They did, and, while they drank, they said to each other, 'Hast thou seen it?' 'Yes.'"

"Nothing more?"

"They said nothing more."

The evening had now come, and the couple went to bed. During the night the two brothers returned. Mosko, standing at the door, imitated the mewing of a cat, while Tosko entered the house. The husband, hearing the voice of a cat, asked his wife where the *pastourma* was.

"In the loft," she replied.

Tosko, hearing this, climbed up hastily into the loft, seized the meat, and both made off. The husband, however, got up to see if the meat was in its place, and, finding it gone, he went in pursuit of the brothers. He overtook Tosko, to whom Mosko, tired of carrying the *pastourma*, had given it.

"Thou must be tired," he said to his brother-in-law; "give me the meat and I will carry it," and Tosko, thinking it was his brother, gave up the *pastourma*. Soon afterwards, Tosko, coming up with Mosko, asked him where the meat was.

"But thou hast it," he replied. "Hast thou forgotten that thou asked me for it, and I did give it to thee?"

"You gave me nothing of the kind," returned Tosko. Soon, however, it dawned upon him that this had been a trick of the husband's.

"Wait here for me," he said to his brother, "and I will bring it back." So he made haste, and got first to his sister's house. When the husband arrived, Tosko feigned to be his wife, and mimicked so well that the man gave the *pastourma* into his hands.

Having rejoined Mosko, they sat down together, and prepared to cook the meat. But the husband, who soon found out the trick that had been played him, went again in search of them, and finding them in the act of cooking their booty, what does he do? Well, there was close by a tree which had been half burnt, and with the charred wood he blackens his face till he looks like a negro, and then goes and sits opposite the couple grinning and showing his teeth. Tosko, who was turning the spit, no sooner caught sight of him than, taking him for a *lougūt*,[1] he in a fright woke his brother, who was lying asleep, and both ran off as fast as their legs could carry them.

The husband took possession of his property, and

[1] See preceding chapter p 280.

returned home. Said he to his wife, "Go and invite your brothers to dinner."

Arrived at their house, she said, "We beg you to come and dine with us," and they followed her home. They began to eat the *pastourma*, but tried in vain to chew it, for it was not cooked.

"How is this," they asked, "that you give us raw meat?"

"It is the same meat you had on the spit the other evening," replied the husband. "I have served it to you precisely as you roasted it yourselves."

"What! Was it thou who gave us such a horrible fright?"

"I myself. But let us be comrades all the same."

And comrades they were.

Though the Albanians cannot be called a musical people, singing is the favourite pastime of both men and women. Their airs have little variety, being for the most part monotonous recitatives, and the singer's merit depends upon his success in rivalling the violin, mandolin, or flute, by which his song is accompanied, in prolonging the last note. The songs are generally long ballads, which recount the victories of the tribe, the doughty deeds of ancestors, of the family, or the exploits of some national hero. For in the songs of the Skipetars the later history of the country is preserved, and in those of the Ghegs more particularly may be found the record of how they obstinately resisted, yard by yard, the Turkish advance into their mountains, and were only subdued at last by the

overwhelming numbers and equal pertinacity of the foe. The record, too, of every insurrection, and they have been many, has thus from 1572 downwards been orally transmitted from generation to generation, keeping alive in the memory of the Albanians the heroism of their ancestors, and inciting them in their turn to similar deeds of daring.

The songs vary greatly in literary merit. Poetical talent seems now to have died out in the country, though formerly Albania had her national poets, the last of them (so far as I can ascertain), Hussein Mollah, having lived in the eighteenth century. The old ballads are consequently far superior to those of more recent date, which consist chiefly of detached couplets, and are very episodic, though they describe with sufficient accuracy the events they profess to record. In the more remote highlands some very ancient historical ballads are preserved, but unfortunately none of these have yet been collected.

One of the most striking songs of the Skipetars commemorates the revolution of 1572 under Ibrahim Pasha of Scutari. The result of this insurrection was the recognition by the Porte of its leader as Pasha of Scutari, he being the first Albanian since the conquest who had been allowed to assume that title. The song is, unfortunately, too long to give in full, but the following opening and concluding lines may give some idea of its spirit:—

> No! no! our country only must we mother call,
> For on her breast she us has nourished all.
> She is the wife we to our bosoms press,
> Who wakes within our hearts love's tenderness.

Where is the man, love of such mother, wife,
Who holds within his heart, counts not his life
As naught, as naught whatever he
May sacrifice, to keep his loved one free.

* * * * *

Come! Oh, ye generous sons, brave children, come!
And you, ye cherished husbands, hasten home.
Come to the arms of those who, with your fall,
Would have lost loved ones, country, home, and all!
Come back and rest from war's dread strife and din,
And teach your sons a hero's name to win!

The following ballad graphically describes a struggle which took place in 1795 between the Ghegs under Mahmoud Pasha of Scutari and the Tosks under Kourd Pasha of Berat.

Beat, beat, O valiant hearts of Ghegs, with noble pride!
The hosts of Tosks we've scattered far and wide;
For warrior Scutari has now at length,
With Roumeli's famed hero tried her strength.

To Hussein Mollah hear them call with glee,
"Now onward march, Tabácchi and Terzi,
Tosk has met Gheg. Come thou, our Laureate,
And make a song this fight to celebrate."

Kourd Pasha's at Berat, there let him bide;
Mean is his rank to stand Mahmoud beside;
What's he before Mahmoud Pasha, our lord?
How dares he 'gainst his master draw the sword?

Rebel is Kourd Pasha and *verlazi*,[1]
To his liege lord a traitor foul is he;
With fear he trembles when afar the drum,
Three hours[2] away, proclains Mahmoud doth come.

[1] One who takes arms against his suzerain.

[2] Distance in the East is always calculated by time

Scared at the sound, he in the tekkéh[1] hides,
His standards leaves, nor heeds what them betides;
Beard and moustache he tears with flowing tear,
And in a swoon at length he falls from fear.

Mahmoud his charger mounts, and riding out
His men before, now "Forward!" hear him shout;
"Forward with me! to-day, if Allah will,
I Kourd Pasha with my own hand will kill."

Now, like a roaring lion, where'er he goes,
With Allah's aid, in terror flee his foes;
The tekkéh of Baba Hussein before,
See how they rend from Tosks the spoils of war!

Veli escapes. Poor Tahir, from the rout
Into the mill thou fleest; there dost hold out.
It is in vain that bravely still thou fight;
How couldst thou stand against this vulture's might?

Death thee awaits, this day will be thy last,
Riddled with balls, thy troops are fleeing fast;
Long will it be before the Tosks forget
The valour of the Ghegs when last they met.

Now to his men hear Agha Rouka cry,
"Are ye then women, that from foe ye fly?
Of what avail the manly arms ye bear?
Of what avail the sabres bright ye wear?

Rally yourselves, as skirmishers in bands,
Fall on the Ghegs, and, with your curvéd brands,
Strike off their heads! Who falls the field upon
Wept is, but scorned who lives with honour gone!"

Naught heed they him, but in confusion fly.
Tosks of Berat! your sandals[2] go and tie!
Measure no more yourselves with Scutarine,
Who flees not, wields true gun, and sabre keen!

[1] A Dervish chapel.

[2] The hide shoes, with the hairy side turned inwards, worn generally in the mountains.

The following little Tosk song refers to an unsuccessful rising in South Albania about 1835 :—

From Corfu they tidings bear,
Tafilbouz is landing here;
On Avlona's shore he lands,
Three detachments he commands.

To the mosque they crowd and shout,
"Hodo, from thy house come out!"
Now may Allah be his shield,
If to them should Hodo yield!

O Hodo, O Sadik, Bekir, and Karafili!
Simon the Liap's brave sons!
'Mid the rattle of the guns,
They have fall'n, unhappy ones!
May the rest be lucky!

The national songs, as well as the folk-tales, of the land of their forefathers are also sacredly cherished by those Albanians who, as before mentioned, for centuries past have been settled in Southern Italy and Sicily. There the exploits of the heroic Scanderbeg are still celebrated, and at their feasts they sing how the hero of Croia

Of hares and capons ate the flesh,
Of partridges the heads ate;

and how

His cups and forks were all of gold,
And of fine silk his napkins.

The women, too, in their Easter dances, relate how, as he went forth to battle, Death met him on the road, and revealed to him the secrets of the Book of Destiny; how he called to him his young son, and bade him tie his horse to a cypress on the seashore, plant his

banner beside it, and on it hang his sword, stained with the blood of the Turk:

Within its blade Death yet shall sleep,
And, 'neath that sombre tree,
The arms of their erst dreaded foe,
Shall they now silent be?

No! When the wind shall furious blow,
And waves my flag around,
When whinnies my good charger there,
My sword makes clanking sound,

The Turk shall hear, and, tremblingly,
He'll turn, with bated breath,
With visage blanched, and hear behind
Him, swiftly following, Death.

The Gheg mother, in her mountain home, rocks her little ones to sleep and amuses their waking hours with such lullabies as these:

I.

"*De! De!* Lambkin mine,
Where didst thou this even dine?"
"In the fields where waters flow,
'Neath the trees where cherries grow,"

"Tell me what thou there didst see?"
"Two twin birdies on a tree."
"What song did they sing to thee?"
"*Chili! Chili! Mangouli!*

I saw the old woman
'Mong corn ears all ripe;
I heard her a-playing
Upon the black pipe!"

II.

Oloria ! Boloria !
Come and listen to my story!

A sieve my master bade me bring,
To sift the flour some cakes to make;
A faggot in the oven fling,
When they were made the cakes to bake;
That he a lady bride might take.

Said he, "I'll do to her no ill,
Nor will I my dear wifie kill;
My sheep and goats shall be her care,
And bread and nuts shall be her fare."

CHAPTER XIII.

TATAR WOMEN: THEIR FAMILY LIFE AND FAMILY CEREMONIES.

THE Tatars of Turkey are of two classes—the tribes who have wandered for centuries past over the highlands of Asia Minor, and the immigrants into European Turkey from the Khanate of the Crimea on its annexation by Russia. Settled in the first instance in Bessarabia, the Tatars, when that province also was annexed by the Muscovite, again took to flight, leaving behind them much of the property they had there acquired. Lands were, however, a second time allotted to them by the Porte, chiefly in Bulgaria, where they now form thriving colonies. At the conclusion of the Crimean War a second band of emigrants came to join their countrymen in Turkey, and were received with equal hospitality. Some obtained grants of land, on which they settled as agriculturists, while those skilled in handicraft trades made their way to the towns, where their skill, industry, and thrift soon placed them and their families in positions of humble comfort. The capacity for rapid riding and general trustworthiness also specially qualifies them for the postal service, which, with a few exceptions, is still carried on in the interior of Turkey in very primitive fashion; and so generally are the Tatars thus employed

that their name has become synonymous with "mounted postman."

The Tatars are, generally speaking, both in feature and build, characteristically Mongoloid, having broad, round faces, high cheek bones, small sunk noses, and long narrow eyes, which give to them a cunning and mean expression belied by their actions. In figure they are usually short, square, and powerful, with well-shaped hands and feet and upright carriage. Pretty faces may, however, occasionally be seen among the girls, who have most luxuriantly long and thick hair. They are an extremely quiet, inoffensive, honest, and sober people, fond of social intercourse, and of relating or listening to long and wonderful stories in the style of the *Arabian Nights*. Even the children are staid and demure, and most respectful in their behaviour to their parents; and the women, according to the testimony of those who have lived for some time in their midst, are never known to indulge in that most unpleasant feminine propensity vulgarly termed "nagging."[1]

The women are by no means behind the men in industry, and are seldom seen without the spindle and distaff. They also embroider the borders of their towels, veils, and other cotton and linen articles with gold thread and coloured silks in odd patterns of curiously contrasting hues. But, though so thrifty and industrious, cleanliness in food, dress, and general habits seems to be utterly disregarded by the Tatar women, whose failings in this respect excite the liveliest repugnance in their Turkish neighbours, with whom

[1] Barkley's *Bulgaria before the War*, p. 318.

culinary and personal cleanliness certainly comes next to godliness. Their cookery, too, is not very palatable to other races, one of its ingredients being invariably mutton fat. Mutton, cooked in various ways, is their staple food, and is often supplemented by a kind of vermicelli prepared with fat and honey, which latter delicacy also enters largely into their cookery.

The dress of the Tatar townswomen differs little from that of the Osmanlis. The Tatar girls always wear a little red cap with a flat blue silk tassel, and their hair, which is plaited in fifty little tails, hangs all round their shoulders, and sometimes down to their heels. The wealthy Tatar ladies have these caps ornamented with gold coins, and the tassel is of gold thread. Like the Turks, too, they stain their fingers and toes with henna, and make use of the same dye for their hair, which imparts to it a not unpleasing shade of auburn. Their eyelashes they darken with antimony, and also

> With care the sable brows extend,
> And in two arches nicely bend,
> That the fair space that lies between
> The meeting shade may scarce be seen.

Out of doors the Tatar women wear the Turkish veil and cloak, but in their homes they have no objection to being seen by the men of their own race, and, when visited by Europeans, they do the honours of the house with the utmost grace and freedom. With this and a few other exceptions, they are sufficiently strict followers of the Prophet, whose precepts, both as to morality and ritual, they religiously observe.

In the cottages of the Tatars may still be seen old

heirlooms, which have been brought with them from their Crimean homes—quaintly carved and decorated chests, dishes of copper and silver, totally unlike those either of Turks or Christians, and sometimes mirrors of antique and curious design.

Among the various tribes of Tatars who lead a nomadic life in the highlands of Asia Minor, not the least interesting are the Afshahs and Bosdans, who are scattered throughout Eastern Turkey and Northern Persia. Mr. Bent, who visited their reed huts on the plain of Cilicia, describes them as short, swarthy, or yellow, round-faced people, with small narrow eyes, the women especially being "fat and stumpy."

They wear red Turkish trousers and an embroidered jacket, but no veils, save during the first twelve months of their married life, and are generally bare-footed, though in some places red leather shoes are used to preserve the feet from snake-bites. The great peculiarity of their costume is, however, the long, thick tail of false hair, or, rather, of plaited silk or cotton, dyed to the colour of their natural locks, which is fastened to the back of their heads, and hangs down below their waists. On these tails the women hang a variety of little ornaments, generally of silver, and they also pierce their noses, and wear in the hole a clove, which gives them a very odd appearance. Like the Yūrūks, and other nomad women, the Afshahs are very industrious, and, in addition to all the labour connected with the care of the cattle and the dairy, they manufacture on their primitive looms quantities of coarse rugs and carpets. They are also great bee-

keepers, and carry their hives, which are long segments of tree-trunks hollowed out, with them during their summer wanderings in the mountains. The wax and honey they boil together, and make into cakes, which they use as food. Their water-vessels are wooden jars of classic form, carved with elegant patterns, and their domestic utensils, like those of the other nomads among whom they dwell, are also chiefly of the same material.

The encampments of these Tatar tribes, which, like those of the Yūrūks and Turcomans, are often among ancient ruins and tombs, are guarded by magnificent dogs of a breed resembling the St. Bernard. Though fed chiefly on butter-milk, they are extremely ferocious, and will allow no stranger to come near their posts. The reed huts, for which the Tatars often exchange their tents in winter, are very ingeniously contrived, and consist of two rooms, with a partition between, in which the calves are kept at night. The inside of the walls, after being plastered with *tezek* and lime-washed, are decorated with rude patterns, executed with a preparation of the henna with which the women adorn their fingers and toes.

The wedding ceremonies of these nomad Tatars generally extend over three days, and the attendant festivities are often prolonged for weeks, if the couple belong to families of rank. It is customary for a bride to receive a portion from her parents, although the bridegroom, as in Moslem marriages generally, settles upon her a sum of money, or property to a certain value, to be paid in case of divorce. On the

first day of the wedding, the houses of the bride and bridegroom are thronged with guests. Presents are exchanged with great ceremony by the contracting parties, and the bridegroom sends to his betrothed a ring, which she puts on on the third day of the ceremonies. On the second day the bride is taken to the bath, where her companions perform for her all the mysteries of the toilette, including the staining of her hands and feet with henna, and the plaiting of her hair into the regulation number of minute pig-tails. On the third day she is dressed in the richest apparel her family can afford, and sits in state to receive the good wishes and presents of her friends until the hour arrives for her departure to her new home.

The bridegroom, on his side, arrays himself as magnificently as possible, and on his wedding-day receives the most obsequious attention from all around him, as if he were a person of superior rank. All who come to his presence sit below him, gifts are offered to him by his relations, and are received by his companions, who, on this occasion, act as his servants. Two of these friends, called his right-hand and left-hand men, are in constant attendance upon him, and carry out his every order. Should the happy man be bashful, these two do the honours and exert themselves in every way to promote gaiety and hilarity among the guests. The bridegroom they address as a monarch, and carry out his pretended commands to flog, imprison, or fine the rest of the company, his subjects. These comedies are generally preconcerted, and in any case offence is never

taken or ill-humour shown, as this would be considered an evil omen.

Among the tribesmen, when the hour of her departure has come, the bride is completely enveloped in a scarlet veil, and mounted on a horse. If she be the daughter of a chief or elder of a tribe, all the horsemen whose attendance her father can command assemble at the door of his house or tent. The bridal party then sets out, accompanied by music and dancing, often taking a circuitous road to their destination, in order to prolong this part of the ceremony. When they appear in the distance, the bridegroom mounts his horse, and, attended by his friends, sets out to meet the cavalcade. In his hand he holds an apple or orange, and, as soon as he has approached sufficiently near, he throws it at the bride with considerable force. Much importance appears to be attached to this act, silence being observed by all the company from the moment the two parties come in sight of each other until the apple has been thrown, when all again becomes uproar and confusion. Immediately upon discharging the missile, the bridegroom wheels his horse round with astonishing rapidity, and rides off at full speed to his own tent, pursued with great ardour by all the horsemen of the bride's party, emulous to overtake him before he attains his goal, the winner being entitled to his horse, saddle, and clothes. This is, however, only exacted if the fugitive bridegroom is a man of wealth, a few pieces of silver only being, in ordinary cases, paid as a fine to the successful pursuer. But as it is a point of honour with the bridegroom to escape, he is mounted on the fleetest

horse the tribe can furnish, and, as his friends do all in their power to favour his retreat, he is very rarely overtaken.

When the bride reaches the tent which is to be her future home, the women who have accompanied her gather round, and implore her not to dismount, while those of her husband's family use all their eloquence to persuade her to do so. This is the moment of her power. Every male member of the family into which she is about to enter brings her a present, according to his means or his regard for the bridegroom, and at the same time solicits her to renounce her claim to part of the dower promised by her husband. This request is seldom wholly ineffectual, as it would be considered ungracious on the part of the bride to be altogether inflexible on so joyful an occasion, and she generally gives up some portion of her right. Knowing, however, the importance to her of the dowry in the event of a conjugal quarrel, a bride seldom relinquishes more than may just serve to grace the occasion.

Dancing plays a great part in the wedding rejoicings of the nomad Tatars, as in those of the Kūrds. The performance is also of a similar character, and is accompanied by singing as well as the sound of instruments. The chiefs make a point of assisting at marriage festivities, to which they also materially contribute by their munificence, and thus maintain good relations with their people.

The funeral ceremonies of the Tatars differ little from those of Moslems generally. Among the tribesmen, however, the funeral of a chief or other eminent

man is made a very imposing spectacle. The favourite horse of the departed, bearing his dress and arms, accompanies the procession, and it is usual for those who wish to show respect for the dead to send a riderless horse, with arms on the saddle, to swell the mourning cavalcade, as with us empty carriages follow the coffin of a person of distinction.

CHAPTER XIV.

GIPSY WOMEN: THEIR FAMILY LIFE AND BELIEFS.

FROM whatever land the Gipsies may originally have come, it appears evident from linguistic facts that they entered Turkey by way of Asia Minor.[1] They are now to be met with in every part of the Empire, over which some families roam from end to end, while others confine their wanderings to its eastern or western divisions, or sometimes to a single province. The physical features, character, and propensities of the Gipsies of Turkey are almost precisely the same as those of the Gipsies with whom we are familiar. As in other countries, some of the women are, when young, very handsome. A Gipsy's beauty, however, soon fades, and with it her most profitable occupation of dancing girl comes to an end. As they grow old they frequently become positively hideous, so shrivelled, blackened, and emaciated are they by privation and constant exposure to the blazing summer heats and the biting winter winds. Their wild, unkempt elf-locks also contribute to their weird appearance and reputation for witchcraft, by which they earn a precarious and miserable subsistence. Their apparent utter disregard of all morality and decency causes them

[1] See Paspati's *Etudes sur les Tchinguianés.*

to be execrated by every race. Although they are for the most part nominally Moslems, the Turks entertain for this section of the population sentiments of the profoundest horror and disgust, and resent their pretensions to worship in the same mosque or to be buried in the same cemeteries with the True Believers. They also relate the following legend to account for the character and mode of life peculiar to the Gipsy race.

In the early days of their wanderings the Gipsy tribe arrived at Mehran, and during their sojourn there they constructed a wonderful machine which was to be worked by turning a wheel. All their efforts, however, to turn this wheel were in vain until, by the advice of an evil spirit under the guise of a holy man, or, as some say, a sorcerer, their chief, Chen, consented to marry his sister, Guin, a union which gave to the Gipsy nation the name of *Chenguin*,[1] by which they are generally known in Turkey at the present day. This unnatural marriage coming to the knowledge of a Moslem saint in the neighbourhood, not only the parties to it, but the whole tribe were laid by the holy man under the following terrible curse:—"May you never more belong to the seventy-seven and a half races[2] that people the world, but be scattered as outcasts and wanderers to the four corners of the earth, ever homeless, poor, and wretched, never enjoying the fruits of your labour, realising wealth, or

[1] The Greeks call them by the various names of Ἀτζίγγανος, κατζίβελος, and γύφτος.

[2] According to Turkish ethnography, the human race is composed of seventy-seven and a half races, the Jews representing the half, and the Gipsies being now entirely excluded.

acquiring the esteem of mankind." The execration in which the Gipsies are held by good Moslems is indeed such as often to debar them from the charity which is so largely practised by followers of the Prophet. A few years ago a popular Hodja, preaching to a large congregation on the subject of charity during the fast of Ramazan, thus addressed them:—"O True Believers, open your purses and your doors, every one of you, and give liberally to the poor and needy. Refuse not your alms either to Moslems or Christians, for these are separated from us only by the thickness of the coat of an onion. But give not to the *Chenguins*, lest ye participate in the curse that rests upon them."[1]

Such toleration of an alien creed as is evinced by the worthy Hodja's words could hardly, I think, be equalled among Christians, and only throws into greater relief the abhorrence of the Moslems for the outcast race who outwardly profess the same religion as themselves.

According to Mr. Leland, this story is a Sun and Moon myth, *Chon* meaning the Sun, and *Kam* or *Kan* the Moon, of which opinion he finds confirmatory evidence in another Gipsy legend, which relates that because the Sun married, or wished to marry, his sister, the Moon, he was condemned to follow her for ever in the sky without being able to overtake her.[2]

On their side, the Gipsies, it is said, hate and

[1] *The People of Turkey*, vol. i. p. 159. Compare also Leland's *Gipsy Sorcery and Fortune Telling*.

[2] *Op. cit.*, pp. 50 and 56. Compare also the Roumanian Sun and Moon story, vol. i. p. 27.

despise those not of their own race, and the nomads manifest an equally hostile feeling towards their sedentary brethren, who reciprocate it to the full. Moslems they designate as *Khorakhai*, Christians as *Balamano*, and Moslem and Christian Gipsies as *Khorakhai-* and *Balamano-Rom* respectively, while their general term for all who are not Gipsies is *gatchin*, which has the same signification as ἀλλόφυλος or ἀλλογενὴς. It is also said that on receiving alms they never express their thanks with the wish that the donor may live long, but say, "May your horses live long!"

Attempts have been made in Turkey, as in other countries, to induce the Gipsies to abandon their wandering habits, but with little success. Sultan Murad IV. decreed their settlement as agriculturists in the neighbourhood of the Balkans; but though the district between Aydos and Philipopolis is so overrun with them that it has received the name of the Chenguin Balkan, the Gipsies of that district are hardly less nomadic than in other parts of the empire. About a hundred and forty families have long been settled in Constantinople and its suburbs, and some two hundred families are to be found scattered in small communities of from six to forty families at Adrianople, Rodosto, Epivates, Silivria, and other places. But the passion for an outdoor existence seems ineradicable from Gipsy nature, and these sedentary families—men, women, and children—are always in the street, appearing to sleep only in their dwellings, which are as comfortless and destitute of furniture as were the tents of their forefathers. Nor are they

much less poor and miserable than their nomadic brethren. For the men, when they do work, follow the same unremunerative callings, and the women lounge about the streets dressed in their favourite colours of red and yellow, with flowers in their dark, untidy hair, begging or telling fortunes, followed by their children, who are often stark naked, whatever the season.

The Gipsy girls, who may often be seen singing in the streets of Constantinople and other large towns, with partially veiled faces, are called *ghiovendés*. These girls are also admitted into Turkish houses during wedding or other festivities, when they entertain the guests with pantomimic dancing, accompanied by songs and the sounds of the tambourine and viol. Others wander with the men, who lead performing bears or monkeys from village to village, where they execute on feast days their wild, nautch-like dances, accompanying them with an excruciating performance on the drum, tambourine, bagpipe, and reed-pipe.

In the matter of food, as well as in those of shelter and clothing, the Gipsies are content with the poorest and plainest. Their chief article of diet is *mámáliga*, a kind of porridge made with maize flour, which they supplement with cheese, stolen poultry, or even carrion, their taste for which they excuse by saying that "the flesh of an animal, of which God is the butcher, should be better than that killed by the hand of man." Their only luxury is tobacco, of which all, men, women, and children, are passionately fond.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, the Gipsies

have, properly speaking, no family ceremonies. The only formality preliminary to marriage is the breaking of an earthenware vessel by the couple, which probably, like similar acts observed by other races, symbolises union until death. Christian Gipsies are occasionally buried according to the Orthodox rite, and Moslems by the Imām, side by side with the True Believers; but when, as is frequently the case, a family is removed from the supervision of censorious observers, its members are said to bury their dead without any rites, religious or other, and to manifest no grief whatever for their loss.

The Turks and Bulgarians have a tradition that, when religions were distributed to the different nations of the earth, the recipients engraved their respective creeds on wood, stone, or metal, or wrote them in books. The Gipsies, however, with their characteristic thriftlessness, wrote their canons on the leaves of a cabbage, which was shortly afterwards found and eaten by a donkey belonging to a Moslem, and this is why the Chenguins have neither religion nor God of their own. Being thus free from theological prejudice, the Gipsies nominally adopt the creed of the people with whom their wanderings bring them into contact. In Turkey the vast mass of the nomad Gipsies call themselves Moslems; the sedentaries, who have for their neighbours in the towns where they settle Greeks of the lowest class, profess themselves orthodox Christians; while some of the Gipsies of Armenia claim to belong to the Gregorian Church. In order to conciliate the Moslems and Christians respectively, the Gipsies, when in their near neighbourhood,

may have their children baptised or circumcised. They are, however, generally looked upon as false Christians and false Moslems, and, when they can with impunity do so, are said to disregard all religious practices. The sedentary families are accused of changing their religion with their domicile, and claiming to be Christian or Moslem as best may serve their purpose, and, among themselves, of holding up to mockery everything considered holy by other races.

In Turkey, as in other countries, Gipsy women are the witches *par excellence*, and on this account the race is as much feared by the superstitious populace as it is detested and despised. It is believed that they have at their command powerful and invisible beings, and that at the end of the world they will come with Antichrist to torture the Christians and devour their children. This curious notion is evidently connected with the anthropophagous practices formerly attributed to the Gipsies, even in the West. What "religion" they have is evidently the *vecchia religione* —that old heathen faith of which, according to De Gubernatis, there still exists in the country districts of Tuscany ten times as much as Christianity,[1] and which has ever formed, and still forms, a background to Buddhism, Christianity, and Islam alike. Their sorcery appears to be closely allied to that of the other races of Turkey, who may possibly have acquired many of their spells from these wandering sibyls, and imparted to them in turn some of their own magical practices. Gipsy fortune-telling is, in the East, performed by three methods—palmistry, cards, and

[1] See Leland's *Gipsy Sorcery and Fortune Telling*, Preface, p. xiv.

consulting a little mirror fixed in the bottom of a tin box, in which they profess to see the evil spirit.

The Gipsies appear to have only one national feast, the *Kakkavà*, or "Feast of the Cauldrons," which they celebrate annually on leaving their winter quarters, and which lasts for three days. A number of families make an appointment to meet in some green spot close to a stream or fountain, where, far from the jealous eye of Turk or Christian, they give themselves up to feasting and rejoicing. Each head of a family kills a lamb, and invites every Gipsy passer-by to his table, which, on this occasion, is decked with flowers, and supplied with wine, however poorly provided it may be at other times. All disputes are laid aside during this joyous season, and dancing, singing, and feasting are the sole occupations. At the termination of the three days, the company pay their poll-tax to the *tchéribashí*, or headman, who is held responsible for it by the government, and, having settled their tribal affairs, set out on their usual summer tramp through the country with their horses, mules, or donkeys, and tents. This feast, which is falling into desuetude in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, begins in the southern provinces of Turkey on St. George's Day (April 23, O.S.), and later in the north. Sometimes only a few families unite for its observance, but occasionally some hundreds of tents may be seen pitched in one spot for the occasion.

CHAPTER XV.

GIPSY WOMEN: THEIR FOLK-POESY—FOLK-TALES.

THE first three of the following stories were related to the Greek student of Gipsy language and lore, M. Paspati, by a Turkish Gipsy, a *raconteur* by profession, whose memory, he says, was a vast storehouse of the folk-tales of both the nomad and sedentary members of his race. Many of these tales he had learnt from his grandfather, who had also followed the calling of wandering story-teller. M. Paspati believes them to be, for the most part, very ancient, as words are used in their narration which have disappeared from the vernacular of the Gipsies in Turkey. Of the large number—several volumes—collected from this man and from other sources, M. Paspati has published a few only, and these have been chosen as specimens of the various dialects of Romany current in the empire, and without reference to their interest from a folk-lorist point of view.[1] This author has, however, found in them no indications of an Indian origin, nor any traces of an ancient religious belief.

In rendering the stories into English I have endeavoured, so far as was consistent with intelligibility, to preserve the style of the originals, which,

[1] One of these stories, says M. Paspati, is so long that it took two hours to relate.

though often sufficiently dramatic, is remarkable for its abruptness and rapid transitions, especially in the tales related in the dialect of the nomads.

The first story is related in this nomad dialect. In the generality of folk-tales of the riddle class, to which it belongs, it is the hero who is required to guess the riddles or answer the questions asked by the princess. But here the reverse is the case, and the ingenuity of the hero is exercised in proposing a riddle too hard for her to expound.

The Riddle.[1]

In other times there was a rich man who had a son, and the father and mother loved him dearly. He went to the [school] master, and everything there is in the world, he learnt it.

One day he arose, took with him four or five purses of money, and, here and there, he spent them.

The next day, early, he went to his father and said:

"Give me some more money."

Again he took the money, arose, and went out, and during the night he spent it. Little by little he spent all the money. And again he went early, and said to his father and mother:

"I want some money."

"My child, there is no more. If thou wilt, take the saucepans;[2] go, sell them, and spend."

[1] *Etudes sur les Tchinguianés*, p. 595.

[2] These domestic utensils, of which every Oriental kitchen contains a large supply, being of copper, have a certain intrinsic value. The treasury of Ali Pasha, of Ioannina, often contained large quantities of such wealth.

He went and sold them, and in a day or two he had spent [the money].

"I want some money."

"My boy, we have no money. Take the clothes; go, and sell them."

In one or two days he had spent the money. He went to his father: "I want some money."

"My boy, there is none left. If thou wilt, sell the house."

The boy went and sold the house. In a month he had spent all the money; none remained.

"Oh, father! I want money."

"My boy, we have now neither money nor house; if thou wilt, lead us to the slave-market, and sell us."

The boy offered them for sale.

The father and mother said: "Come this way, so that we may see thee."

The king bought the father and mother. The youth, with the price of his mother, bought clothes for himself, and with the price of his father he bought a horse. After a day or two, the father and mother, seeing that their son did not come, began to weep. The king's people saw that they wept, and went to tell him.

"Those whom you have bought weep up there."

"Call [them] to me."

The king said to them, "Why do you weep?"

"We have a son. We weep for him."

The king asked: "What people are you?"

"We were not always like this, O, our king! We had a son; he has sold our goods, he has sold ourselves, and we weep for him. May he come to see us!"

As they were talking to the king, the youth came. The king began to write a letter; he gave it into the hand of the youth.

"Take this letter to such and such a place."

In the letter the king had written, "The youth [who] bears this letter, as soon as you receive it, cut his throat."

The youth put on his clothes, mounted his horse, put the letter in his bosom, and went his way. He journeyed through a great province; he was parched with thirst; he sees a well.

"What shall I do in order to drink? I will tie this letter, and let it down into the well, and so moisten my mouth a little."

He let it down, drew it up, and squeezed it into his mouth.

"Let me see what is in this letter."

What does he see?—"As soon as he gives the letter, cut his throat." The youth was rooted to the spot.

Now, in a certain place, there was a king's daughter, and whoever would might go and ask her a riddle, and if she guessed it, his throat was cut; and if she could not guess it, he might marry the maiden.

The spendthrift, in this dilemma, evidently makes up his mind to try his fortune with the riddle-guessing princess.

The youth arose, and went to this king's palace.

"Why art thou come, my boy?"

"I would speak to the king's daughter."

"Thou shalt speak to her; if she guesses thy riddle, she will cut thy throat; if she cannot guess it, then thou shalt wed my daughter."

"That is what I am come for," and he sat down before the maiden.

The maiden said: "Tell thy riddle."

The youth said: "I have put on my mother, I have mounted my father, and of my death I have drunk the water."

The maiden looked in her book, but she could not find the answer.

"Give me three days' grace."

"I give thee them," said the youth; and he arose, went to an inn, and there lay down.

The maiden found that she could not guess it. She made an underground passage to the place where the youth lay. At midnight the maiden arose, went to the youth, and kissed him.

"I am thine and thou art mine: tell it to me."

"It cannot be told. Undress thyself," said the youth to the maiden.

The maiden undressed herself, and he took hold of her, and told her the answer. The maiden clapped her hands, and her people came and took her away. She put on the youth's shirt and he put on hers.

Day dawned. They called the youth. He mounted his horse, and went to the palace. The people looked at him, and said, "What a pity that he should be killed!" He came to the king's presence.

"My daughter has found out thy riddle," said the king.

"How has she found it out, O my king? When I was asleep during the night a bird came to me, to my bosom; I caught it, killed it, and cooked it. At the moment when I was going to eat it, it flew away."

The king said: "They shall kill him; he raves."

"I do not rave, O my king! It is I who have told the answer to thy daughter. Thy daughter made an underground passage, and came to me while I slept. She came into my arms; I took her, undressed her, and as I took her to my bosom I told her the answer. She clapped her hands. Her people came and took her away; and if thou dost not believe me, lo! I wear her shirt, and she wears mine!"

The king saw that this was true. They made a wedding feast of forty days and forty nights. He married the maiden, and he went and bought back his father and his mother.

In the following story, which also belongs to the nomadic Gipsies, it is also noticeable that the incidents occur in precisely the reverse manner to those in Greek, Roumanian, and other variants, such as the "Bridge of Arta"[1] and the "Monastery of Argis."[2] In these it is the master mason who immures his wife in order to ensure the stability of the structure of which she becomes the *telestim*, the *life*.[3] The "Lady Betrothed" of the twelve brothers would seem to point to such a system of polyandry as is practised at the present day in Tibet, where one of a family of brothers may also, if circumstances permit, leave the joint family and have a wife to himself.[4]

[1] *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 81.

[2] Alessandri's *Les Doines*.

[3] See vol. i. p. 335.

[4] See the *Journal of Sarat Chandra Das*, published by the Royal Geographical Society.

The Story of the Bridge.[1]

In days gone by there were twelve brothers, and one of the brothers, the eldest, the carpenter Manoli, was building a long bridge. While he made one side the other fell.

The twelve brothers had a mistress, and they all called her "O Lady Betrothed." On her head was a tray[2] and in her arms a child. And whenever the woman went out she would come to the twelve brothers.

The wife of Manoli, Lenga, came after twelve years. She said:

"Thou hast not eaten bread with me; what has become of thee that thou eatest not bread with me? I have let my ring fall into the water; go and fetch it out."

Her husband said: "I will get thy ring out of the water."

The water reached up to his breast, so deep was the place. He came unto the fountain, and was drowned. Down at the bottom he became a *telestim*,[3] and within he became the foundation, and the eyes of Manoli became the wide arches of the bridge. May God bring a wind that it blow, and that the tray fall from the head of her who carries it in front of Lenga.

[1] *Etudes sur les Tchinguianés*, p. 621.

[2] *Sulan.* Apparently the circular tray which, placed on a low stand, forms the dinner-table of the Turks and the peasants generally, and appears to be symbolical of housewifery, as the child in the woman's arms signifies maternity.

[3] See vol. i. p. 335.

A serpent came out before Lenga, and she was afraid, and said: "Now have I been frightened by this serpent, and am fallen ill. Now, are not my children to be pitied?"

Another person then seized her, and wished to drown the wife of Manoli. But she cried: "Do not drown me in the water, for I have little children."

She bent over the water where the carpenter Manoli had made the bridge. Another man then called the wife of Manoli, and she went along the road with him. As they went the man was tired, and he went into a tavern and drank the juice of grapes, and became drunk. Before they reached home he killed Lenga, the wife of Manoli.

The following story was told in the dialect of the sedentary Gipsies, which contains a considerable admixture of Turkish, Greek, and Bulgarian words. The incident of the baldhead's overhearing the prophecy of what would befall the bride and bridegroom, and his self-sacrificing devotion to their interests, recalls the Greek folk-tale from the island of Astypalea, called "The Golden Horse" (Τὸ χρουσοῦ Ἄλογον), in which a priest's son plays a similar part, and meets with a similar fate.

The King's Son and the Daughter of the Dervish.[1]

Once upon a time there was a man who built a galleon, took sailors on board, and he would go from the White Sea to the Black Sea. They disembarked at a village to get water, and there they saw four or

[1] *Etudes sur les Tchinguianés*, p. 605.

five boys playing, one of whom was bald. The captain called this boy and asked him, "Where is the water?" He showed them, and they took some water.

"Wilt thou come with me?"

"I will come, but I have a mother."

"Let us go to thy mother."

They went to his mother.

"Wilt thou give me this boy?"

"I will give him."

The sailor gave her the boy's monthly wages, and took him.

They went away, and came to a large village, and again they disembarked to get water. The son of the king [of that country] was out walking [one day] when he saw a dervish who offered for sale a picture. The king's son bought it. It was very beautiful; the father of the maiden [whom it represented] had worked at it for seven years. The prince placed it upon the fountain [saying], "Of those who come to drink of the water one will say: 'I have seen this maiden.'"

The sailor came on shore; he took water, raised his eyes, and saw the beauty. "What a beauty!" He returned to the ship and said to his men: "There is on shore a beauty, such a beauty as I have never before seen."

The baldhead said, "I will go and see her." He went. When he saw her he laughed. "It is the dervish's daughter. Where have they got her from? how did this portrait come here?"

On hearing these words they seized the baldhead. He lost his senses when they seized him. Two days

afterwards other persons came and asked him: "Knowest thou this girl?"

"I know her; we were brought up in the same place. Her mother is dead; she gave milk to her and to me."

"If you are brought before the king, do not be afraid."

He was brought before the king.

"This girl, do you know her, my boy?"

"I know her. We were brought up in the same place."

"This girl, canst thou bring her here?"

"I can bring her. Build me a galleon covered with gold sequins; give me twenty singers and boy musicians; let me also take your son with me, and let no one object to what I may wish to do. I will go, and I shall take seven years to go and to return."

They took bread and water for seven years, and set out. They went to the country of the maiden. At break of day they moored the ship near the maiden's home. It was near the sea.

The baldhead said: "I will go on deck and walk about; do none of you show yourselves." He went up and walked about on the galleon. The daughter of the dervish awoke from sleep, the sun shone on the galleon, and shone on the house. The maiden came forth; she rubbed her eyes, she looked intently, saw our baldhead, and recognised him. "What does he seek here?"

"What seekest thou here?"

"I seek thee; it is so many years since I saw thee.

I am come to see thee; dress thyself, and come to the galleon. Thy father, where is he gone?"

"Knowest thou not that my father has worked at my beauty [portrait]? He has lately gone to sell it, and I await his return."

"Come hither, and let us talk a little."

The girl went to dress herself. The youth went to his men. "Hide yourselves, and let no one appear, and soon as I have taken her into the cabin cut the cables while I talk with her."

She came in. They sat down; they conversed; the galleon sailed. He brought in the king's son secretly. The maiden said: "Who is this? I will go away."

"Don't be foolish, my sister. Let us take some sweets." He gave some to the girl, and she became intoxicated. The baldhead said: "Let us now give thee some music."

He went to bring the musicians; they commenced to play. The maiden said: "I must arise and begone, for my father comes."

"Sit down a little, and let the boys play for you."

The musicians played, and the girl did not perceive that the galleon had set sail.

"I must go now," said the girl to the youth. She went on deck, and saw where her home was. "Ah, my brother, what hast thou done to me?"

"What wouldst thou do there? He who is by thy side is the king's son, and I am come to take thee for him."

The maiden wept. "What shall I do? Shall I throw myself into the sea?"

She approached the king's son, and sat down. Music, food, and drink were there in abundance. The baldhead remained above; he was captain. They ate and drank, but he stirred not from his place. The voyage lasted for two or three days.[1]

As one morning dawned, three birds perched on the galleon. No one was near him. The birds began to talk. "O bird, O bird, what is it, O bird?" "The dervish's daughter eats and drinks with the king's son; she knows not what will befall them."

"What will befall them?" asked the other birds. "As soon as they arrive, a pinnace will come to take them to land. The pinnace will be wrecked, and the dervish's daughter and the king's son will be drowned; and whoever hears and says this will be turned into stone up to his knees." The baldhead heard; he was alone.

The next day early the birds came again, and again they talked together. "O bird, O bird, what is it, O bird?" "The daughter of the dervish and the son of the king eat and drink, and know not what will befall them. As soon as they have landed, and as they are passing through the doorway, the door will fall; it will crush them, and kill them; and whoever hears and tells them will be turned to stone up to his back."

Day dawned; the birds came again. "O bird, O bird, what is it, O bird?" "The dervish's daughter eats and drinks; she knows not what will befall her."

"What will befall?" asked the other birds.

"On the night of their marriage, a dragon will

[1] This is rather at variance with the seven years previously mentioned.

come forth having seven heads, and he will devour the son of the king and the daughter of the dervish; and whoever hears and tells them, he shall be turned to stone even to his head."

The baldhead said: "I will let no boats approach." He rose and came opposite the palace. Boats came to take the maiden. "I want no boats! back with you!" He spread his sails, and the boat returned.

The galleon came on. This one and that one gazed. "Why will he wreck the galleon?"

The king said: "Let him alone; let him wreck her."

He wrecked the galleon.

The baldhead said to the king: "When I set out to bring this girl, did I not say that I would do that which I would? Let no one meddle in my business." He took the youth and the maiden; he came to the door. "Pull it down."

"Why pull it down?" they asked.

"Said I not that no man must meddle in my business?"

They began to pull it down.

They went upstairs and sat them down; they ate and drank, they laughed, they chatted.

The baldhead was inwardly devoured by the worm.

Evening came. They made him [the prince] a son-in-law. The baldhead said: "There where you sleep will I also sleep."

"The son-in-law and the bride may sleep there; thou mayest not."

"What is our contract?"

"Thou knowest."

They went, and they lay down. The baldhead took his sword, and he lay down. He covered his head. At midnight he heard a dragon coming. He drew his sword, he cut off his heads, and placed them under his pillow. The king's son awoke, and saw the sword in his hands. He cried out, "The baldhead will kill us!"

His father came and asked, "What is it, my son? why dost thou cry out?"

"The boy will kill us," he replied; and they set to work to bind his arms.

When day came, the king sent for and asked him: "Why hast thou done this thing? For seven years thou hast gone and hast travelled, and thou hast brought the maiden, and now art thou risen up to kill them?"

"What shall I do? I could not do otherwise."

"Thou wouldest slay my boy; and I will slay thee."

"Thou knowest."

They bind his arms, and lead him to execution. On the way he says to himself—"They will kill me. If I tell it, I shall be turned into stone. Come, take me back to the king; I have two words to say to him." They take him to the king.

"Why have you brought him here?"

"He has two words to say to thee."

"Say them, my boy."

"I, when I was gone to bring the dervish's daughter, was seated alone on the galleon. Thy son and the maiden ate and drank. One morning three birds came; they began to talk together. 'O bird,

O bird, what is it, O bird?' 'The daughter of the dervish is eating and drinking with the king's son, and knows not what will fall upon her head. And whoever hears and tells it, let him become stone up to his knees.' No one but I was there, and I heard it."

As soon as the baldhead had said this, he became stone up to his knees. The king, seeing that he was turned to stone, said, "For pity's sake, my boy, tell it not."

"I shall tell it," replied the youth; and he spoke of the door, and became stone as far as his back.

"And the third time came the birds and talked together, and I heard them, and for that reason I would sleep with them. A dragon with seven heads will appear, he will devour them, and, if thou believest not, look beneath the pillow." They went, and found the heads. "It was I who killed him. Thy son saw the sword in my hands; he thought that I would kill him, and I could not tell."

He was transformed into stone, even to his head. They made a tomb for him.

The prince arose, and set forth. [Said he]: "Seven years did he travel for me; I also will travel seven years for him."

As he went, he came to a place where there was water. He drank, and lay down. The baldhead came into his dream. "Take hence a little earth, go and throw it on his tomb, and he will arise."

He slept long. He arose, took some of the earth and threw it upon the tomb. The baldhead got up. "How long I have slept," said he.

"Thou hast travelled seven years for me, and seven years I have travelled for thee [said the prince]." And he took him to the palace and made a great personage of him.

The next story was related by an old Gipsy crone who belonged to a sedentary family settled in the neighbourhood of Adrianople. A variant of it may be found in Grimm's *Der Gute Johannes*, and Hans Andersen has made a similar incident the basis of his tale of *The Fellow-traveller*. But the oldest variant of all is probably the story of Tobit in the *Apocrypha*, though scholars differ as to its date, which some place as far back as the seventh century B.C., and others as late as the second century A.C.[1]

The Grateful Vampire.[2]

A king had three sons. He gave to the youngest a hundred thousand piastres, the same to the eldest, and the same to the second. The youngest arose, and went on the high road. Wherever he met with poor people he gave them money; here and there he gave, and spent the money. The eldest son went and built ships in order to gain money. And the second went and opened shops. They came back to their father.

"What hast thou done, my boy?"

"I have built ships."

[1] See Salmon on "The Book of Tobit," in the *Commentary on the Apocrypha*, edited by Wace.

[2] Paspati, *Etudes sur les Tchinguianés*, p. 601.

[He asked] of the youngest, "Thou, what hast thou done?"

"To every poor person I met I gave money, and paid the wedding expenses of poor girls."

The king said: "My youngest son will be good to the poor. Here, take another hundred thousand piastres."

The youth went away. Here and there he spent his money; twelve piastres only were left.

Some Jews were disinterring a corpse.

"What do you want from him, and why are you beating him?" he asked.

"We want twelve piastres from him."

"I will give them to you; leave him alone."

They took the money, and went. The youth, too, rose and went. As he was going, the dead man followed him.

"Where goest thou?" asked the dead.

"I am going for a walk."

"I also will go with thee; we will walk together and be companions."

"Very good."

"Come, I will take you to a certain place" [said the corpse].

He led him to a village. There was a maiden there; she wedded husbands, and in the morning they were found dead.

"I will hide thee somewhere; I will take [for] thee a maiden, but we will still be comrades" [said the dead man].

He took the maiden. A dragon came out of her mouth.

"Where you sleep to-night there will I also lie" [said the dead man].

He took his sword, and followed them. But the youth said:

"That is not possible; if thou wilt, take thou the maiden."

"Are we not comrades? Sleep thou with her, and I also will sleep here."

At midnight he sees the maiden open her mouth, and the dragon come out. He drew his sword, cut off its three heads, put them in his bosom, lay down, and slept.

Next morning the girl rises and sees the man her husband alive by her side. They said to her father:

"Thy daughter has to-day seen daylight with her husband."

"This one shall be my son-in-law," said the father.

The youth took the girl; he would go to his father.

"Come [said the dead man], let us share the wealth," and they divided it. "Then" [said he], "we have shared the wealth, now let us share the wife."

Said the youth: "How can we divide her? If thou wilt, take her thyself."

"I will not take her; we will divide her."

"How can we divide her?" asked the youth.

"I will divide her."

The dead man seized her, and tied her knees together.

"Hold thou one foot while I hold the other" [he said].

He raised the sword to strike the girl. In her fright she opened her mouth and cried, and out of her mouth fell the dragon.

The dead man said: "I want no wife, neither do I want money. These are the heads of the dragon which devoured men. Take her; let the maiden be thine, let the money be thine; thou hast done me a kindness, I also have rendered thee service."

"What kindness have I done thee?" asked the youth.

"Thou didst deliver me from out of the hands of the Jews."

The dead man went to his own place, and the youth took his wife and went home to his father.

CHAPTER XVI.

OSMANLI WOMEN: SLAVE WOMEN— SULTANAS, FAVOURITES, AND MENIALS.

SLAVERY, as now practised in Turkey, is in direct contravention of the law of Islam, which only recognises as legitimate property non-Moslems who have fallen into the power of the True Believers during war. The vast majority of the slaves brought to Turkey at the present day are drawn from the Circassian race, who profess the creed of Islam; and their purchase and sale are consequently illegal acts which the Sheikh-ul-Islam himself would have some difficulty in justifying. The Turks, however, get over this difficulty by asking no questions concerning the origin of the women and children presented for sale by the slave-dealers, and absolve their consciences by remarking, "Let the sin fall on them (*ghiuná boïnbuna*)."

Although the Porte, in deference to European opinion, has closed the slave-market at Constantinople, and formally prohibited the slave-trade, no material change, so far as slave women are concerned, has in reality taken place in this respect. For the institution of slavery being indispensable to the social system of the Osmanlis, its total abolition would also involve the abolition of the harem, a revolution for which they are as yet by no means

prepared. The demand for slave women being thus undiminished, the only consequence of the enactment against slavery has been enormously to increase the horrors of the traffic in its initial stage by increasing the difficulties under which it is carried on. Those brought from Africa are now obliged to be shipped at out-of-the-way parts of the coast, confined under hatches in order to escape the vigilance of European cruisers; and, by being kept beating about at sea until an opportunity offers for landing them safe from Consular knowledge, the sufferings of the human cargoes are increased tenfold. The Circassian women and girls, who are generally not unwilling emigrants, instead of travelling to their destinations, as formerly, with comparatively little discomfort, are now usually conveyed across the stormy Black Sea in the depth of winter when the Russian men-of-war are withdrawn. Many of the wretched little vessels in which they are embarked are never heard of again, and the sufferings of those who survive the voyage are often terrible. As a percentage only—and in the African trade but a small one—of the slaves shipped can thus possibly be safely landed in the country to which they are consigned, the number originally enslaved is enormously in excess of the demand, in order to allow for losses *en route*. The result of our humanitarian endeavours to "suppress the slave-trade" is, consequently, merely not only of increasing to a horrible degree the sufferings of those they are intended to benefit, but of subjecting still larger numbers to such sufferings.

Once safely landed, the slaves are dispersed among

the houses of the various dealers to whom they have been consigned, and, as soon as they are sufficiently recovered from the effects of the journey, are disposed of either to the Imperial Serai, or to private persons. The household of the Sultan is composed entirely of women of slave origin, and as it is said, even in its present reduced state, to contain over a thousand persons, a certain proportion of those annually brought to the country go to swell that number. Before, however, following their fortunes in this curious establishment, it may be well first to give a brief description of the Imperial palaces and their internal organisation.

Scattered about the capital and its neighbourhood, some on the shores of the Bosphorus and others inland, are more than twenty Imperial residences—Serais, or Palaces, Yahlis, or Villas, and Kiosks. The three most splendid among the modern palaces are Tcheragan, Dolma Bagtehé, and Begler Bey. Dolma Bagtehé, built by Abdul Medjid, stands on the banks of the Bosphorus, and with its accessories—theatre, barracks, kitchens, stables, &c.—forms quite a little town, extending, with its surrounding gardens and pleasure grounds, for more than a mile along the European shore. The exterior of this palace presents a mixture of many styles of architecture, and is decorated with a profusion of ornament, but the general effect is not unpleasing, and its surroundings are unequalled in natural beauty. Its interior, like that of most of the other Serais, is dazzling with gilt decorations, costly chandeliers and mirrors, priceless porcelain, and gorgeous brocades of gold and silver. The vast gardens and

pleasure grounds were laid out by European experts, and are kept in order by European gardeners, to whom large salaries are paid. There are wooded hills, grassy vales, fruitful orchards, terraced slopes, "hanging gardens," and gay parterres, varied with pavilions, fountains, and cascades, aviaries of birds, menageries of wild beasts, and lakes teeming with gold and silver fish.

The *Yahlis* are charming villas built in the most picturesque situations, to which the Sultan occasionally resorts for short periods, either alone, or accompanied by one of his wives or *Ikbals*. Usually silent and deserted save by the solitary sentry at the gate, every now and then one may be seen suddenly teeming with life as if its inmates had just awoke from a magic sleep. Arms clash and trumpets sound, carriages drive to and fro, and, as the band strikes up, we see a procession of Imperial caiques swiftly approaching, propelled by a hundred bare-armed, silk-shirted rowers.

The Palace of a Sultan, like the abodes of humbler individuals, consists of *haremlik* and *selamlik*, connected by the *mabein*, a kind of neutral ground. In a Serai, however, the latter consists of a suite of rooms which form the private apartments of the Padishah. The *haremlik* is of vast extent. Its inhabitants form a society apart from the rest of the population, and constitute a peculiar Court which lives its own life, has its own traditions, manners, customs, and etiquette, and even its own language. For the speech of the Serailis is a sort of dialect differing in pronunciation and expression from that of the outer world, and their

extraction can always be at once detected by this peculiarity.

Large as is the number of women thus brought together under one roof, so complete is the organisation of the whole, and so absolute the discipline, that there is not the slightest confusion or disorder, each one having her assigned position and functions. The Serai has a constitution of its own, its own customary laws, all of which are strictly observed, its high dignitaries, its intermediate and its lower ranks. At the head of this feminine Court is the Validé Sultana, the mother of the reigning Sultan. Next to her ranks the mother of the heir-apparent, the Bash Kadin Effendi, then the second, third, and fourth Kadin Effendis, and after them the Hanŭm Effendis, the mothers of the Sultan's younger children. After them come the Sultanas, the unmarried daughters of the Padishah, the *Ikbals*, or favourites, and the *Gueuzdés*—"those on whom the Sultan has cast an eye." To each of these women, with the exception of the *Gueuzdés*, is assigned a *daïra* —an allowance in money, a separate suite of apartments, and a train of female slaves and eunuchs. The chief officials of the Queen-mother's Court are twelve in number, and consist of the Hasnadar Ousta, or Lady of the Treasury, Private Secretary, Keeper of the Seal, Mistress of the Robes, Lady Water-pourer, Lady Coffee-server, Mistress of the Sherbets, Lady Chaplain, and so on. Each of these Ladies of the Household, or *Kalfas*, as they are called, has under her an assistant and six or more pupils, who are also designated by the title of the official under whom they serve. The *daïras*

of the other ladies are formed on the same model, but the number of persons composing them varies according to the rank of the ladies to whose service they are attached.

Having given this brief sketch of the Serai and its organisation, let us now trace the career of a slave from her entrance into this strange establishment up to the throne itself.

Slaves are, as a rule, bought for the Palace when very young, so that they may be the better trained for the positions they are intended to occupy. These youthful recruits are at first all classed under the general designation of *adjemís*, or "rustics." The negresses and others who give no promise of future beauty are placed under *kalfas* of inferior rank, who bring them up as cooks, housemaids, bath-servants, laundry-women, &c. The finer specimens of humanity, who are destined for less laborious offices, and who may be called upon to fill a higher position, are taught elegance of deportment, dancing, singing, and music; and are initiated into all the graceful formalities of Oriental etiquette, and into the art of adding to their natural charms. They are also instructed in the Moslem religion, learn the *namaz*, or daily prayers; and those who may be called upon in their turn to perform the duties of secretaries, or lady *hodjas*, are taught to read fluently and write with elegance. There is in this way always a constant supply of these pupil-slaves, or *alaïks*, ready to fill up any vacancies that may occur in the various *daïras*.

Separated for ever from her own kindred, the slave child becomes the adopted daughter of the *kalfa* who has purchased her for the service of her department,

and who is at the same time her superior and her instructor. Each *kalfa* takes a pride in the appearance and efficiency of her pupils, watches over their interests with the utmost vigilance, and, should marriage be their fate, does all in her power to secure for them as good a match as possible. Both slaves, *kalfa* and *alaïk*, look to each other for mutual support, and the affection which arises between them is a touching proof of the need of the human heart for sympathy and love. Even when the *alaïk* is removed by marriage to another sphere, she maintains the same intimate relations with her adopted mother, and the latter continues to watch over the interests of her former pupil with undiminished zeal.

The *kalfas* are generally those slaves who have not been honoured with the notice of the Sultan, and have attained their position by right of seniority. Their ages vary greatly. Some of the younger ones may still look forward to marriage, but the majority, contented with the life which has become habitual to them, and devoted to their mistress, look for their only promotion within the walls of the Serai. These old Serailis are the faithful guardians of all the palace traditions and usages, which they cherish with jealous conservatism, and transmit to their successors in office from century to century. Among their duties are the care of their Sultana's property distributed among the various departments, the purchasing and training of young slaves, and the superintendence of their service. A First Lady Kahvehdji, for instance, is responsible for the valuable coffee-services belonging to her mistress, some of which, encrusted with enamel and

set with gems, are of great value; for the correct preparation of the coffee in all the details of roasting, grinding, and boiling; and for its presentation to the Sultana and her guests according to the strict ceremonial of the Court.

Though the wives and favourites of the Sultan are generally chosen from among the select beauties presented to him by the Validé Sultana, by private individuals, or by the nation at the annual festival of *Kandil Ghedjessi*, every slave in the palace may aspire to that dignity, however humble her position. The mother of Sultan Abdul Aziz, for instance, belonged to the lower ranks of inmates of the *haremlik*, and was, it is said, engaged in some menial task when she attracted the attention of her sovereign lord, Mah moud II., his father. An announcement of the Sultan's intention to visit the Validé, or any of the other Sultanas, throws the whole of their *daïra* into a state of the greatest excitement. In order to receive his Majesty with due honour, each slave dons her smartest robe, and has recourse to all the little arts of which she is mistress in order to heighten her natural charms. Presently the Padishah arrives, ushered into the reception-room by the Hasnadar Ousta, who acts as Mistress of the Ceremonies on such occasions, and takes his seat on a divan, or chair of state. Coffee, sweets, sherbets, and pipes are prepared under the superintendence of the *kalfa* of each department, and served to the potentate at intervals by their *alaïks*. Should any one of the latter take his fancy, he asks some casual question about her of the Sultana, who, by a gesture, commands the girl to approach and

kiss the fringe of the divan or chair on which the Sultan is seated. The fortunate fair then leaves the service of her mistress, and in her new quality of *Gueuzdé*, or "Eyed," has a separate apartment assigned to her. If the first favourable impression is not dispelled on further acquaintance, the *Gueuzdé* may then be promoted to *Ikbal*, or "Favourite," and should she become the mother of a prince or princess, her future is assured as a Hanŭm, or Kadin Effendi, according to the number of her predecessors in the Sultan's affections.

If, however, a *Gueuzdé* does not, on closer acquaintance, find favour with the Sultan, or if he tires of a Favourite, he intimates to the Hasnadar Ousta his wish to have her removed from his presence. A trousseau may then be given to her, together with the furniture of the apartment she has occupied in the palace, and perhaps also, in the case of an *Ikbal*, a small pension on the Civil List, and she is given in marriage to a chamberlain of the palace or an official of the Porte. These pensions are, however, but irregularly paid, and sometimes cease altogether after having been enjoyed for a few years. I once met a lady of this class who had been married by Sultan Abdul Aziz to his Chief Barber, an important functionary at the Palace, who on his death had left her in very good circumstances. She spoke of this unfortunate Padishah in terms of the highest affection and respect, scouted the idea that he had died by his own hand, and hinted at knowledge of facts concerning his fate which she said there were strong reasons for keeping secret, but that, when the proper time should come, the mystery surrounding his untimely

death would be removed. After saying this, she burst into tears, and repeatedly uttered the Turkish exclamation of distress, "*Amān! Amān!*"

I have said that four is the number of Sultanas who are honoured with the title of Kadin Effendi. As, however, the Sultan's will is law, in the Palace more especially, his royal pleasure can elevate to this rank five, or even six, of the ladies of his household. Though no legal marriage contract is entered into between the Padishah and his wives, the union is indissoluble even by death, the surviving wives of a deceased Sultan being condemned to perpetual widowhood. On one occasion only in the annals of the descendants of Othman has a Sultan condescended to unite himself by a legal marriage with one of his subjects, and freed her from the union by the usual form of divorce.[1]

The Sultan who thus deviated from the customs of his forefathers was Abdul Medjid, who fell in love with the beautiful adopted daughter of the Princess Mis'rlí Hanoum, "The Lady of Cairo," as she was called by courtesy, daughter-in-law of Mehemet Ali of Egypt. This girl, Besmī, though of slave origin, having been emancipated and adopted by the princess, could not enter the Imperial household save as the Sultan's legal wife; and the royal betrothal and nuptials were celebrated with a pomp and magnificence worthy of such exceptional ceremonies.

Besmī Sultana was installed in the Palace as Sixth

[1] According to some writers, Sultan Solyman I. was legally married to Khourrem or Roxelana, a Russian. She had, however, entered the harem as a slave, and must have been emancipated in order to become his legal wife.

Kadin Effendi, and reigned for a short time supreme mistress of the Padishah's affections. The most priceless jewels of the Imperial treasury were literally poured into her lap, and she revelled in every luxury that heart could desire. This happiness was not, however, of long duration. The Serai, as will readily be believed, is a perfect hotbed of intrigue, of which each Sultana and Ikbal forms a separate centre. Besmī's education, as the petted darling of a lady of the highest rank, had no doubt ill fitted her for the restraints and rivalries of the Palace; and her conduct probably gave a handle to her enemies, the chief of whom was the Fifth Kadin Effendi, Servinass Sultana, whom she had supplanted in the Sultan's affections. The representations of this lady, coupled with the headstrong wilfulness of Besmī herself, finally resulted in a quarrel which the Sultan terminated by pronouncing the sentence of divorce against her. Exiled to Broussa, she was, after a time, again received into favour, but the cause of the first rupture was also the cause of a second, and Besmī, a second time dismissed, saw the Sultan no more.

The Imperial princesses rank in the Palace after their mothers, the Kadins; but as they usually leave its walls when fifteen or sixteen years of age, they play there no very important *rôle*. The education they receive is, generally speaking, of a somewhat desultory character, and their moral training as bad as it could well be. For the legion of *kalfas*, *alaïks*, and menials by whom they are surrounded, anxious to lay the foundations of future favouritism, anticipate their every wish, and refuse them no indulgence which

it is in their power to grant; while the knowledge they acquire from their lady *hodjas* is generally limited to a little reading and writing, playing upon the lute or piano, and fancy needlework. On attaining the age of fifteen or sixteen, they are richly dowered, a splendid trousseau is prepared, and a palace given to them, and they are married to some Minister or other functionary in high favour at the Serai. One of these young Sultanas on her marriage takes with her to her husband's house all the slaves who have formed her *daïra*, besides a number of others presented to her by the Sultan or the Validé Sultana, and keeps up in her new home much of the etiquette and many of the forms to which she has from her infancy been accustomed. The daughters of the Sultan, in consequence of their rank, take precedence over their husbands, and consider themselves exempt from many of the usual restraints imposed upon their sex. They, however, seldom acquire the esteem of society or the affection of the unhappy men upon whom they have been bestowed, being, as a rule, wayward and extravagant in their habits, tyrannical, and sometimes even guilty of great cruelty. Of course there have been some exceptions, and these ladies are still remembered with affection by the numerous dependents of their respective establishments, no less than by their friends in higher ranks.

On the accession of a new Sultan, the various ladies of the deceased Sovereign's harem are, together with their immediate attendants, removed to one of the older and more gloomy Palaces, in order to make room for the household of the young monarch. His mother,

on the other hand, is elevated to the rank of Validé Sultana, and at once invested with almost Imperial dignity. The new Sultan requires all the persons composing his harem, from his wives down to the lowest menials, to take an oath of obedience to his mother. Henceforth she is only addressed as "The Crown of Veiled Heads," a title with which every petition addressed to her must begin. No one may venture to sit or appear in her presence, unless an audience has been previously granted. All stand before her in a posture of the greatest respect, their arms crossed on their breasts, and accompany their every reply with a profound reverence and the words "Our Lady." The Ottoman Court etiquette also decrees the wearing in her presence, as "full dress," the simple *intarie*, or house-robe, and not even the Sultan's favourite wife would venture to enter the presence of her august mother-in-law wearing a pelisse, no matter how cold the weather.

But not only within the walls of the Serai is such deference paid to the mother of the Sultan. In her walks and drives she is attended by a princely train, the guards present arms as she passes them, and the poor who line her path prostrate themselves while praying her to intercede with her Imperial son on their behalf. If she has occasion to communicate her wishes to the Grand Vizier, or one of the other Ministers, the great man receives her messenger at the door of his room, receives the missive from his hands with the most profound expressions of respect, raises it to his forehead, and kisses it, as in duty bound.[1]

[1] See also *The Forty Viziers* (Gibb's translation, p. 206) for a similar sign of respect on receiving a missive from the king's daughter.

In the harem the Validé Sultana wields the most absolute authority, and no one of its inhabitants, be she Kadin, Sultana, or Ikbal, can leave her apartments without her permission, or address any request to the Sultan save through her. Should one of these ladies wish to go shopping in the bazaars, or in Pera, or to have a change of air at one of the Imperial kiosks, a petition to this effect must be humbly addressed to the "Crown of the Veiled Heads," and is granted, or rejected, as the case may be. Such supreme authority, however, naturally entails much responsibility, and duties sufficiently arduous. In these the Validé is greatly assisted by her first Lady of the Treasury, the Hasnadar Ousta. This functionary, in fact, practically ranks next to the Validé Sultana herself. She is generally a woman of a certain age, who has been brought up in the *daïra* of the Queen-mother, and whose seniority, coupled with her long and devoted service to her mistress, has entitled her to this important post. Her office of General Superintendent of the Harem gives her absolute authority in every matter with which the Queen-mother does not choose to concern herself; and should the latter die before her Imperial son, the Hasnadar succeeds to her position and prerogatives, and wields immense power, not only in the Serai, but in the State generally. Ottoman legislators, while guarding against family influence at the Imperial Court by limiting the wives of Sultans to women of slave origin, seem to have overlooked the fact that a Sultan is, after all, but a man, and consequently liable to be influenced by any woman who may gain ascendency

over him. It is related that one of the "four rules of conduct" given by the famous Vizier, Mohammed Kiuprili, when on his death-bed, to the young Sultan Mohammed IV., was "Never to listen to the counsels of women."[1] Yet the great Kiuprili himself, it is said,[2] owed his office to the Validé Sultana Tarkhan,[3] and his son and successor in the Vizierate owed the freedom of action which he enjoyed under the same prince to the patronage of Mohammed's favourite Sultana.

Not unimportant, consequently, has been the *rôle* played in Turkish history by the women of the Serai. The Sultana Safiyé, or Baffa, as she was also called, a lady of Venetian extraction, exercised for some twenty years of the lifetime of her incapable husband, Sultan Murad III., a predominant sway in the government, and ruled generally in the Court and councils of her son, Mohammed III. The mother of Mustapha I. exercised supreme authority in his name. And when his successor, Murad IV., mounted the throne at the age of twelve, the Validé Sultana, Mahpeiker, a slave of Greek extraction, became regent. She was fortunately a woman of remarkable talent and energy, and both were taxed to the uttermost to combat the dangers and disasters that clouded the dawn of her child's sovereignty. A Venetian ambassador, who met this princess when she was about forty-five years of age, describes her as "virtuous, wise, prudent, and

[1] Creasy, *History of the Ottoman Turks*, p. 276.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 285.

[3] The rivalry between this lady and the old Validé Sultana, the grandmother of Mohammed IV., was terminated by the murder of the elder princess (Creasy, *op. cit.*, p. 272).

liberal, loving pious works, and giving to the poor without respect of persons."

To the foregoing list of the members of the Sultan's household I must not omit to add his foster-mother —should he have one—and her child. The wet-nurse of an Imperial prince is invariably a Circassian, whose husband, by selling her services to the Imperial household, obtains for himself in return both wealth and position. Her own child is called the *sut-kardash*, or "milk-brother," of the prince, and becomes his playmate and constant companion. The foster-brothers, as they grow up together, never lose sight of one another, and on the accession of the Imperial prince to the throne, the fortunes of his childhood's companion are secured. A foster-sister enjoys equal consideration, and retains for life the indulgent affection of her Imperial milk-brother, who usually bestows her in marriage on a person of high rank. The "milk-sister" of Abdul Medjid, Nahir Hanŭm, a woman of determined character, exercised great influence with him, and was, some thirty years ago, a prominent figure in Turkish society. Reversing the usual order of things, she successively repudiated two husbands, who could obtain no redress, and, marrying a third, an Admiralty official, she finally settled down, and ceased to be a subject of gossip for all the empire.

The foster-mother, who enjoys the courtesy title of Taia Kadin, occupies a place of great honour in the harem, and often exercises an influence over the Sultan hardly inferior to that of the Validé Sultana. Raised suddenly from the lowest ranks, it is not surprising that so few make a judicious use of their

power, and are often, like the nurse of Abdul Aziz, notorious for their venality and rapacity. This woman had acquired such supreme influence in the Serai that the appointment and dismissal of Governors-General and other important functionaries was entirely in her hands. N—— Pasha, who was at one time Governor-General of Salonica, owed his rank and office entirely to the fact of his standing in the relation of foster-brother to the present Sultan, being a man of very small abilities, married to an ex-Seraili, whose undignified behaviour so scandalised the wives of the local Beys that they refused to visit her.

The Serailis, even when not given in marriage to outsiders, are by no means, as is generally supposed, imprisoned for life within the precincts of the palace, and many of their amusements are found outside its walls. Sultanas and Ikbals, like ladies of fashion everywhere, find their chief distractions in their toilettes, and in drives and excursions; and the former are also occupied with the management of their servants and the care of their children. Their home life, too, is not without its excitements. The pursuit, however, with which they are chiefly occupied at all times is intrigue, and in this pursuit every woman in the harem is more or less engaged, either on her own account, or on that of her mistress or patroness. Each Kadin Effendi and Ikbal is the centre of a little Court, having distinct interests and aspirations opposed to those of the other Courts. Every mother of a son is an aspirant to supreme power, for, according to the Ottoman law of succession, each prince has the chance of becoming Sultan in his turn; and, consequently, all those about

his person make the event of his succession the object of their lives, and labour day and night in his interests. As the Sultan is called the "Lion of lions," each little prince is called by his mother and her attendants *Arslanim*, "my little lion," and is worshipped by the whole of her Court. The Sultana who has borne a daughter to the Sultan makes it the object of her life to marry her to the most eligible *parti* in the empire.

The Ikbals, on their side, find intrigue no less necessary to the maintenance of their position, which is at all times precarious. There are, consequently, in the Palace as many coteries as there are Courts, each of which forms a centre having ramifications extending even beyond the walls of the Serai; for the brothers of a reigning Sultan, or rather their respective mothers, being always in quest of partisans, the Validé Sultana is, on her side, not less vigilantly occupied in safeguarding the interests of her Imperial son.

These endless cabals, with all their extraordinary complications, afford a certain amount of mental employment for the leading ladies of the Serai. Visits to the tombs of Moslem saints, or to the Dervish monasteries, occasionally vary these pursuits, and are made the opportunities of atoning for some of their sins by pious gifts and alms-deeds. Each lady has her favourite Sheikh and her favourite shrine, to whom and to which she periodically sends handsome gifts, either in money or in kind.*

The more frivolous amusements of the Serailis depend very much upon the character and tastes of the reigning Sultan, whose pleasure in such matters is

naturally first consulted. In the reign of Abdul Medjid theatrical performances were introduced, a beautiful little theatre having been constructed for the purpose at the Palace of Dolma Bagtché, and such performances are also in great favour with the present Sultan, who, it is said, often sketches out the plots of the pieces to be represented. The first-mentioned Padishah also organised a ballet and orchestra among the girls of his harem, one of their instructors having been the brother of the famous composer Donizetti. The company of the Turkish permanent theatre, and also the French troupes who from time to time visit the Ottoman capital, are also frequently invited—commanded would be, I believe, the more correct word where majesty is concerned—to display their talents before the Sultan; and his ladies, concealed from view by gilded lattices, are generally allowed to witness these performances, as well as those of conjurers and the native *Kara Guez*, a kind of Punch and Judy, "shadow plays," marionette shows, and so forth. Permission is also frequently given to the *alaïks* for a shopping expedition to Pera or the bazaars, a drive to some place of public resort, or, in summer, for a picnic in the suburbs. Under the care of a *kalfa* or other duenna, the *alaïks* drive through the great gates of the palace, guarded on either side by a *baltadji*,[1] or footman, who walks with one hand on the carriage door, and who is required never to lose sight of the vehicle for a moment. This surveillance, however, is

[1] Literally, "wood-cutters." These men are Moslem peasants from Anatolia, and one of their duties is to carry wood for the harem furnaces and stoves, in which duty they are superintended by the eunuchs attached to each *daïra*.

more formal than real, and the young women manage to derive a considerable amount of amusement from these excursions. Change of air is sometimes recommended by the harem doctor when a Seraili complains of being out of sorts. This is obtained either by sending the invalid for a week or two to one of the Imperial villas on the Bosphorus, or to the house of a married ex-Seraili, where, freed from Palace restrictions and etiquette, she enjoys for a brief space the ease and liberty of ordinary life.

In order to preserve order among such an immense collection of women connected by no ties of parentage, recourse is had to an elaborate system of etiquette, and, for the rank and file, a more or less severe discipline. I have already remarked that one of the rules of Court ceremonial forbids any one to enter the presence of the Validé Sultana wearing a pelisse. The same rule forbids both *alaïks* and *kalfas* to cover their shoulders with anything warmer than a light scarf while on duty in the Palace, a sumptuary law which may be one cause of the consumptive tendencies so prevalent among its inmates. The authority of the *kalfas*, as will readily be believed, does not always suffice to keep in order this multitude of women, most of whom are still in their first youth. Discipline, however, must be maintained, and if one of these heads of departments finds a pupil careless of her admonitions, her rebellious spirit is subdued by punishment. Privation of amusement and solitary confinement are in the first instance resorted to, but if these have not the desired effect the culprit is delivered over to the eunuchs for castigation. Formerly

this took the shape of the bastinado on the soles of the feet; but as this often caused lameness, the birch-rod is now applied to another part of the body.

The slaves whose duties are limited to the kitchens and baths and other menial work, although their chances of promotion in the Serai are but small, are well fed and well treated, and after a long period of service are usually set free, receiving at the same time a handsome present of money.

If a slave married from the Palace dies without heirs, all her personal property reverts to the *kalfa* who has had charge of her. The Sultan is the legal heir of every slave, male or female, who has been bought for the Palace and dies within its walls, so that a considerable proportion of the money drawn from the Imperial treasury for the support of the Serailis finds its way back again on their death.

CHAPTER XVII.

OSMANLI WOMEN: SLAVE WOMEN (*continued*)—DOMESTIC SLAVES.

Domestic slavery, as practised in Moslem Turkey, differs widely from the same institution as it existed until quite recently in Christian America. In Turkey slaves are protected by many humane laws, they are on the whole treated quite paternally, and, not being looked down upon as a class apart, are speedily merged among the free and native population. For the service of the harem, as at present constituted, slaves are indispensable, it being unlawful, according to the Koran, for a Moslem woman to appear unveiled before any man not a near relative; but to a slave, who is the property of her master, no such restriction attaches. As in the Imperial Serai, negresses and other women who excel rather in strength of muscle than in beauty of feature are purchased for the more menial labour of a household, those gifted with beauty of form and feature being reserved for lighter duties.

Since the abolition of the public slave-market, the private trade in slaves has become much more general and widely spread than formerly. This traffic is carried on to a great extent by ladies of high rank, some of whom are themselves emancipated slaves, and the profits they realise are said to be very considerable, especially when their operations are on a large

scale. On the arrival in the capital of a fresh batch of girls, a broker is despatched to the houses of the lady dealers, who, if they have any vacancies, either drive to the establishment of the professional dealer, or have the slaves brought to them for inspection. Children of from six to ten are most sought after by these amateurs, who pay for them some £80, in the expectation of receiving for them, when about seventeen years of age, ten times that amount. The selection made, and the bargain concluded, the girl is taken to her new home and placed under the care of a *kalfa*, who carefully trains her for the position she will probably be called upon to occupy. This may be that of odalisk, or even wife, of some grandee, or she may be purchased for, or presented to, the Sultan by her mistress or some other person anxious to acquire Palace interest through this means. Many of these amateur slave-dealers are the wives of Ministers and other State functionaries, who vie with each other in having the most beautiful and expensively dressed girls in their harems.

The slaves thus purchased with such an object by a lady of rank are taught to play on the lute and tambourine, to sing, dance, and embroider, and are also instructed by the Hodja Kadin, or Lady Chaplain and Governess, in the Moslem faith, and initiated into the mysteries of Ottoman etiquette and deportment. As with the slaves of the Imperial harem, the lighter duties of *kahvehdji* and *tchibouk dji* also fall to their share. Cigarettes have now, except with elderly and old-fashioned ladies, superseded the use of the tchibouk, and the pipe-room, which was some

thirty or forty years ago one of the great features in the household of an Osmanli family of rank, has now undergone some modifications. A short description of this department, and the corresponding one of the *kahvehdji* as they existed in the palace of Mis'rli Hanŭm, the mother by adoption of Besmī Sultana, may not be uninteresting as illustrating the position of these *esclaves de luxe* in the house of their mistress.

The duties of the *tchiboukdjis* consisted in keeping clean and ready for use the long pipes, in preparing the tobacco and other adjuncts, and in presenting them, when filled, to their mistress and her guests. Light and unimportant as these tasks may appear, the scrupulous care required for their proper fulfilment occupied a considerable amount of time and some years of training before they could be performed to the satisfaction of those exacting critics, the *Hanŭm Effendis*. Every part of the pipe—long cherry-wood stem, jewelled amber mouthpiece, and earthenware bowl—must be carefully and separately cleaned; the tobacco from Yenidjé or Latakia must be reduced to the finest and silkiest of threads; and the bowls filled with great delicacy of touch, too great or too little pressure being accounted by the smoker a fault meriting severe chastisement.

When the hanŭm and her guests have left the dining-room for the *divan-khané*, and have taken their places on the sofas, the *kalfa* of the *kahvehdjis* enters, bearing on a tray draped with a richly embroidered crimson napkin the coffee-pot, tiny porcelain cups, and *zarfs*, or holders of gold or silver. She is followed by her pupils, who advance one by one to the tray, pour

out a cup of coffee, place it in the *zarf*, and present it to the guests according to their rank, which it is their duty previously to ascertain. If two or more of equal rank are present, they must be served simultaneously; but if the hostess happens to be of higher station than any of her guests, she must be served the first.

Then follow the cigarettes or pipes. The former are handed to each lady on a tray separately, and when she has placed the cigarette in her amber mouthpiece, another slave advances with a glowing charcoal ember on a little brass dish from which to light it. The ceremony of bringing in the tchibouks is, however, much more elaborate. Holding the pipe lightly in her right hand by the middle of the stem, on a level with the mouth of the smoker, the *tchibouk-djî* advances with measured step to the divan, and then, with an adroit movement of the fingers, swings the jewelled mouthpiece gracefully round close to the lips of the lady, who takes hold of the stem. The maiden then gently lowers the bowl into a tiny metal tray, which she has carried in her left hand; and, with a lowly salaam, retires backwards to the lower end of the room. When each lady has her pipe in hand, another girl comes forward with the brass dish of charcoal, pieces of which she places in each pipe-bowl with a tiny pair of tongs, when fragrant wreaths of vapour rise from each tchibouk, filling the air with a delicate and soothing aroma.

When all the pipes have been lighted, the attendants range themselves in a line at the lower end of the room, where they stand with their arms crossed on

their bosoms, and their eyes modestly cast down, until their services are again required to remove the tchibouks or coffee cups. In the interval they are, however, furtively taking mental notes of the dress, conversation, and manners of the ladies, who, on their side, subject this galaxy of beauty to a critical inspection, and make their remarks on the girls individually with an outspokenness that would both astonish and amuse more reserved Europeans. Some of the hanŭms have, perhaps, been commissioned by their brothers or sons to select wives or odalisks for them during their visits to the harems of friends—for such transactions naturally require the co-operation of the ladies—and will return with a glowing description of some damsel who has taken their fancy. An offer is subsequently made for the girl to her owner, who names her price, and, if this is agreed to, the slave is then transferred to her new home, probably as a *kitabetli*—one sold with the stipulation that she will ere long be set free and married by her purchaser.

A propos of this private traffic in slaves, the following little story is told of Behieh Hanŭm, the wife of the famous Minister, Fuad Pasha. The desire to possess an income independently of her husband had in the first instance induced this lady to engage in this profession, and her investments had turned out so well that in a few years her house was transformed into a vast training-school of saleable maidens. Having at one time a very large stock on hand, Behieh Hanŭm became a little anxious as to the possibility of finding a ready market for them all, and finally decided to have recourse to sorcery. With this object she went, purse

in hand, to an old Hodja from Asia Minor, famed for his magical skill, and begged his aid in the matter. The Hodja, after a little golden persuasion, promised his aid, and shortly afterwards sent secretly to Behieh Hanŭm a "magic shirt," warranted to render the wearer dazzlingly and irresistibly beautiful. Whether the garment had or not the magical qualities ascribed to it by the Hodja it is impossible to say; but, according to the testimony of its delighted possessor, no slave ever put it on without completely captivating a connoisseur. But with all respect for the good man, it is possible that the beauty of the maidens and the reputation of their patroness may have had something more to do with their ready sale than the "magic shirt."

Speaking generally, female slaves in Turkey have very little to complain of. The good fortune of those gifted with personal attractions is, indeed, assured from the outset, for many Turks prefer, for various reasons, to marry women who have been brought up as slaves. Marriage with a free woman is an expensive matter for a bridegroom and his parents, owing to the lavish outlay in presents and entertainments which has become obligatory on such occasions. Consequently, if a father cannot afford to marry his son to a maiden of his own rank, he purchases for him a slave girl who has been educated in some great lady's harem, and no expense is incurred beyond the purchase-money. A slave, having no position of her own, is submissive and obedient to, and anxious to please, her lord and master, has no troublesome pretensions or caprices, and no interfering relations to

take her part against him. A free woman, on the contrary, is by no means always disposed to have, according to her own expression, "neither mouth nor tongue." She is fully aware of her rights, and inclined to assert them; and the moral support afforded by her family gives her an assurance which the husband often finds extremely inconvenient. Should a slave bear a child to her master, she cannot be resold, but has a right to remain and bring up her child in its father's house. Her offspring is considered legitimate, and may inherit his father's property in equal shares with the children of his free wife, should he have one. In all probability her owner will set her free and marry her, in which case she assumes the social position, and is invested with all the rights and privileges, of an Osmanli matron.

The Seraili lady whom I have previously mentioned[1] as having been bestowed in marriage on the Sultan's Chief Barber, brought with her, when she called, half a dozen little slave girls, between eight and ten years of age. They were for the most part pretty, and were dressed in fanciful costumes, one as a Turkish colonel in miniature. Their plaited hair was, however, most incongruously tied up with bits of white cotton rag, and "ungartered were their hose." The half-obsequious, half-saucy manner of these children to their owner was highly amusing, and they certainly seemed very happy and full of fun and mischief. This lady had already supplied the Imperial Serai with fourteen young beauties, whom she had carefully trained for the purpose. What their fate had been I failed to

[1] P. 390.

learn, but none, I believe, had arrived at any high dignity.

It is also a very common practice for childless couples or widows to enfranchise and adopt slave children. Besmī Sultana was, as I have already remarked, a Circassian slave child adopted in this way by Mis'rli Hanŭm, the daughter-in-law of Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, by whom she was also greatly beloved. The circumstances attending her adoption were, as related by herself, extremely romantic. When quite an infant she had been brought by a slave dealer, together with a number of other slaves, to the palace of "the Lady of Cairo," but was rejected by her as being too young. A *kalfa*, however, taking a fancy to the poor little forlorn thing, carried it to the bath, and, having dressed it in some clothes which had belonged to the dead baby of her mistress, again introduced the motherless one unobserved into the lady's apartment. After the merchant had carried off the rest of his rejected wares, Mis'rli Hanŭm discovered little Besmī asleep on the divan by her side, and the *kalfa* confessing her part in the matter, and pointing out to her mistress the extreme beauty of the child, the bereaved princess formed the determination to adopt it as her own. Putting Besmī's purchase-money in a silken purse, she laced it within her inner garment and let it fall to her feet, signifying by this symbolic act the sacredness of the transaction and the relationship that was in future to exist between them. When the vicissitudes of Besmī's fortunes left her also a childless widow, she, in her turn, adopted two

little Circassian slave girls, whom she brought up and found husbands for.

Though only the few, of course, meet with this good fortune, the lot of the slave girl in Turkey is in many respects preferable to that of the domestic servant in the West. The duties of a slave are at no time arduous, be she housemaid, nursemaid, or *tchiboukdji*, and leave her plenty of leisure to dream of the day when she, too, may be a *hanŭm*, with slaves to wait upon her—a castle in the air which, as we have seen, has every chance of taking solid form, should Nature have endowed her with sufficient good looks. When the ladies go out driving, visiting, promenading, picnicking, or to the public baths, a number of the slaves of the household share the treat. It is no doubt greatly owing to this custom of including some of the slaves in every party of pleasure or excursion abroad that misconceptions arise in the minds of foreigners as to the practice of polygamy. A lady with slaves to dispose of dresses and otherwise "gets them up" well, and drives them out in order to advertise them, and a carriage, or carriages, filled with Turkish *hanŭms*—or what appear to the inexperienced tourist as such—are by him put down as the wives or odalisks of one pasha. And though when at home the slaves stand before their mistress in a posture of respect and address her with deference before visitors, they are allowed in private a considerable amount of freedom, both of speech and action. Food of an inferior quality is not deemed by Moslems "good enough for servants"; but, according to the command of the Prophet, the

slave fares as well as her owners. Whatever her faults and shortcomings, she may not be sent adrift into the wide world, her owner being responsible for her maintenance. At the end of seven years' servitude she can claim her freedom, and generally obtains it, together with a trousseau and a husband. It is considered by Moslems a pious and meritorious act to free a slave, and Turks on their death-beds frequently bequeath their liberty to the slaves of the household.

Occasionally, of course, slaves may fall into bad hands and be re-sold before the expiration of the seven years in order that their owners may not lose their purchase-money; or they may become the property of persons of violent character and cruel temper, who take advantage of their helpless position to ill-treat them, as in the case of two poor little girls who obtained the aid and intervention of one of Her Majesty's Consuls. This happened at Monastir. One of the children in question was an Abyssinian of about six, and the other a Negress perhaps two years older, who had been brought from Africa as a present to a Turkish widow by her son, an official of considerable position. The usage to which this ancient *hanŭm* subjected her slaves often excited the indignation of her neighbours, and was the scandal of the neighbourhood. But the lady was rich and influential, and no one cared to take the initiative in calling her to account. The two tiny companions in misfortune, who had no doubt both been forcibly torn away from their homes in some slave foray, could hardly fail to draw down upon themselves the consequences of the dame's displeasure, and one day, after having received a cruel, and no

doubt unmerited, chastisement, they found an opportunity for escaping unobserved from the *konak*, probably with the connivance of one of the household, who directed them where to seek refuge, for they made their way at once to the British consulate. Her Majesty's representative happened to be away from home, but his wife compassionately took in the poor little refugees, and declined to give them up without her husband's permission. The Consul on his return home a few days later sent a statement of the case to the Foreign Office, and confidently expected instructions not to give up the children. But the *hanŭm* was not minded to relinquish them without a struggle. Finding that all her attempts to obtain forcible possession of the runaways were defeated by the watchfulness of the Consul and his lady, she intrigued at Constantinople with such success that ere long an order was received for the restitution of the children to their owner. Our Consul, however, felt so strongly the injustice of this mandate that he telegraphed to his official superiors that, sooner than carry it into execution, he would resign his post.

His firmness had the desired effect. The matter was re-considered, and the little girls were declared to be free. They were brought up, according to native Christian fashion, as "soul children" (ψυχοπαιδιά),[1] and were baptised, their godfathers, two English officers, bestowing upon them their own surnames in addition to baptismal names. The Negress subsequently became cook, and the Abyssinian girl lady's-maid, in the family of their benefactors, and were both

[1] See vol. i. p. 53.

dowered and married, the former to a German, and the latter to an Armenian.

A tragic interest attaches to the case of another runaway slave which came to my personal knowledge when at Constantinople. This girl having taken refuge at the British Embassy, the question of what was to be done with her was solved by one of the officials placing her in his mother's service as cook. All went well for a time. But an unreciprocated attachment which this poor girl, who was very plain, formed for a Turkish orderly, who had occasion to come frequently to the house, finally turned her head; and, on his returning to his home in Asia Minor, she, in despair, hanged herself. This unfortunate result of British interference was, of course, made the most of by the late owners of the girl, and no doubt placed considerable difficulties in the way of the future emancipation of runaways.

Circassians who have passed through the slavery stage are said to evince a certain amount of racial sympathy for each other, and also to be very charitable to those who have been less fortunate than themselves. The discovery that an acquaintance is also of slave origin forms immediately a bond of union between two women, though, as no odium attaches to such an extraction, and all trace of it is lost in the next generation, this race feeling is not perpetuated in their offspring, who are, of course, Osmanlis. It is only the negresses who always remain a class apart, and fall not unfrequently into penury and want. As a rule, however, they are themselves chiefly to blame for their misfortunes. For, after they have been set

free and married, it not unfrequently happens that their wild and ungoverned tempers cause them to quarrel with, and separate from, their husbands, when they are obliged to support themselves as they best can by hawking parched peas, and such trifles, about the streets. The quarter they inhabit is squalid and miserable in the extreme, consisting, as it does, merely of a collection of wretched and tumbledown hovels.

The thousands upon thousands of negroes and negresses who have been imported into the country since the Turkish conquest might lead us to expect to find a considerable admixture of black blood in the lower classes especially of the population. This is, however, not the case. Though negresses and Abyssinians are often married, either to men of their own race or to whites, the climate does not seem favourable to the propagation of the coloured races, and the few negro or mulatto children who come into the world generally die in infancy.

Low, however, in the social scale as are the negresses of Turkey, there exists among them an *esprit de corps* which has led to the formation of a society for mutual defence and protection, not only against the tyranny of masters and mistresses, but against sickness and other accidents of life. This Negro Association forms also a centre of reunion for the observance of those superstitious rites which its members have brought with them from their native land, and which they still cherish notwithstanding their profession of the Moslem faith. The society is divided into a number of local lodges, each of which is under the direction of a negress called the *Kolbashi*, who is

at the same time its president and the priestess of a divinity, worshipped by the negresses under the name of Yavroubé. This god, by becoming periodically incarnate in the priestess, is believed to endow her at the moment of such inspirations with the masculine sex. On such occasions she summons her congregation to take part in the rites and ceremonies which accompany this incarnation of Yavroubé. These *Kolbashis* are held in such reverence that no one would venture to dispute their authority or disobey their commands for fear of the vengeance of Yavroubé; besides which, the hope of being chosen as the spiritual bride of their divinity turns the head of the negresses, who would not for the world miss one of these festivals. Without permission asked or given, they leave their stoves and cooking-pots, don their gayest clothes, and, taking with them all the "perquisites" they can lay their hands on, flock to the temple of Yavroubé. The apartment of the priestess is decorated in the fashion of a nuptial chamber, and her bed is covered with cashmeres and rich stuffs. Her head and chest covered with jewels and gold coins, the *Kolbashi* lies down on this couch amid the deafening sounds of the *djef* and the *darbouka*;[1] and, excited and intoxicated by the noise, she works herself into a kind of ecstatic convulsion. It is at this moment that the pretended incarnation of Yavroube takes place, and that the devotees, who are in a similar state of delirium, hear him call the name of her whom he has chosen as his bride. When the paroxysm of

[1] The *djef* is a small hemispherical drum, and the *darbouka* an earthen cylinder, with a piece of skin stretched over one end.

excitement has somewhat subsided, sherbet is handed round to the assembly, who afterwards sit down to a repast at which highly spiced dishes are served.

This cult of Yavroubé appears to be peculiar to the women, the men taking no part whatever in its rites, although they receive assistance from the association.

The Kolbashi goes abroad richly dressed, and attended by several of her followers, who wait upon her with the utmost assiduity. Her temporal authority is also considerable, for she can, within certain limits established by custom, dispose as she pleases of her subjects and their goods. She has, however, only a life interest in the house she inhabits and the jewels she wears. She manages the property of the community which has been amassed little by little from the small contributions which its members regularly make both in money and kind. It is also her business to purchase the liberty of slaves who are on bad terms with their owners; to receive in her house freed negresses who are sick or without employment; and it is consequently to her that persons requiring free negresses as cooks address themselves.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OSMANLI WOMEN: FAMILY LIFE—HOUSES, PERSONAL APPEARANCE, AND DRESS.

THE predominating instinct of the Osmanlis is, as M. Lamartine truly remarks, "the instinct for splendid sites, shining seas, leafy shades, cool fountains, and wide horizons framed by snowy mountain summits." This passion for the picturesque has led the Osmanlis, wherever they have settled, to choose for their abodes the most charming situations, commanding views unrivalled at once in their grandeur and beauty. Besides peopling almost exclusively the seven hills on which Stamboul, like Rome, is built, they have taken possession of many a fair spot on the shores of the Bosphorus and the Ægean. At Smyrna they inhabit the slopes of Mount Pagus, below the ruined walls of the ancient citadel, the scene of the martyrdom of St. Polycarp, and of countless sieges and sanguinary struggles with invading hosts. At Salonica the Turkish quarter extends from the new street opened out by Midhat Pasha, and called after him, to the northern walls, and to the Castle of the Seven Towers at the summit of the hill on which the city is built. The streets are, for the most part, exceedingly irregular, and often unpaved, ankle-deep in dust in dry weather, and running torrents during rain. In other

respects, however, they are cleaner than the Christian and Jewish *mahallás*, owing to the presence of the scavenger dogs, which are protected by the Moslems, and also to the greater space in their courtyards and gardens for the bestowal of refuse.

Here every house, even the poorest, has its court-yard, if not garden, and its overshadowing mulberry, plane, or acacia tree. Each dwelling, too, is completely detached, so that a considerable space of ground is covered by a somewhat sparse population. The dwellings of the artisans and working classes generally differ only from those of the same rank of other nationalities in having wooden lattices on their street-ward windows, being two-storied cottages with an outside staircase and broad landing covered by the pent of the roof.

The abode of a middle-class family is much more spacious. It is generally surrounded on three sides by garden and court-yard, the fourth abutting on the street, over which the upper story projects nearly two feet. The walls are coloured a deep red, which contrasts well with the unpainted woodwork of the windows, and the latticed screens that cover two-thirds of the panes. Tall cypresses, mulberries, and acacias, cast broad shadows over house and garden, and under them blossom in luxuriant confusion, little troubled by the unmethodic mind of an Oriental gardener, the rose and jessamine, orange and pomegranate, tuberose and carnation, side by side with the leek and tomato, bringal and melon, cabbage and parsley. Two rooms on the ground floor, having a separate entrance, constitute the *selamlik*, where the

husband receives his male visitors, and the rest is occupied by the kitchen. The upper floor is reserved for the women and children, and its furniture consists chiefly of hard divans, carpets, and rugs.

A Turkish *konak*, or mansion, varies considerably in size and adornment, according to the taste, wealth, and position of its owner; according to whether it is situated in or near the capital, or in one of the cities and towns of the provinces; and also according to whether it is of ancient or modern construction. All are, however, roofed with red tiles, and stand either in large gardens, or on the banks of the rushing Bosphorus. Many of the latter are built entirely of wood, with the exception of the marble pillars of the façade, which have probably been taken from the ruins of some ancient edifice. These old *konaks*, with their overhanging upper stories, their projections and recesses, their elegant kiosks and terraces, their bright colouring and verdant setting, are most picturesque in appearance. The lattices which guard the windows of the *haremliks* are furnished with circular openings, through which the *hanŭms*, themselves unseen, may gaze from their divans on the ever-changing scene—caïques, steamers, and ships of all nations borne on the swift deep current. A towing-path only a few feet wide separates the houses from this wonderful waterway, and is here and there raised like a bridge to form a water-gate, through which the caïques reach a staircase in the basement of the house. As a general rule, a Turkish *konak*, whether in town or country, is a rambling, irregularly built edifice of two stories, divided internally into two parts, the

haremlik and the *selamlik*. The former and larger division is occupied by the women, and contains all the private apartments of the family. In the latter, of which the service is performed entirely by men, are the rooms used by the great man for the transaction of business, the purposes of hospitality, and formal receptions. The stables are often located in the ground floor of the *selamlik*—an arrangement which renders the rooms above far from agreeable quarters for fastidious people. An apartment called the *mabeyn*, or "neutral ground," serves to connect the two divisions. The key of the door leading to the *selamlik* is naturally kept by the *Effendi*, but a kind of buttery hatch, in the form of a revolving cupboard, called the *dulâp*, serves for all verbal communication between the two departments, and for the transmission of dishes from the harem kitchen when a meal has to be served in the *selamlik*.

The *haremlik* has its separate entrance, court-yard, and garden. As in the generality of Eastern houses, the front door opens into a large hall, which gives access to rooms on each side of it, and has several windows at the opposite end. One of these rooms is the *kahvé-ojâk*, or "coffee-hearth," where an old woman may always be found presiding over a charcoal brazier ready to boil coffee at a moment's notice; the others are store-rooms and sleeping apartments for the inferior slaves. The kitchen, which is very spacious, is generally an outbuilding. One side of it is occupied by the great arched cooking-stove with its numerous little grates, on which the contents of brightly burnished copper pans simmer over charcoal

fires, fanned with a turkey's wing by the negress cook. A wide staircase leads from the entrance hall to the upper floor, the centre of which is generally occupied by a spacious ante-room, on which the other apartments open. In some houses the *divan-khané*, or principal reception-room, contains a large alcove, the floor of which is raised about a foot above the level of the rest of the apartments. A low divan furnishes its three sides, and in the most comfortable corner, which is the *hanŭm's* habitual seat, is a pile of flat, rectangular, and somewhat hard cushions, and here may also be found her hand-mirror and *checkmejé*, or jewel-box. If the *divan-khané* has not such a recess, one end and half the two adjoining sides of the room are usually occupied by a continuous sofa, and the fourth wall is furnished with a marble-topped console table surmounted by a mirror and candelabra, and flanked on either side by shelves in niches, containing rose-water sprinklers, sherbet goblets, and other ornamental objects. A few common European chairs stand stiffly against the wall in every space left vacant, and one or two walnut tray stools, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, are placed near the divan to hold ash trays, matches, coffee-cups, and other trifles.

Bedsteads are not used by the Turks. Each room contains a large cupboard, built into the wall, in which the bedding is piled during the day, and at night the slaves come in, when summoned, to make up the beds on the floor. Other bedroom furniture in the shape of washstands, dressing-tables, and wardrobes is dispensed with as superfluous. For every-

day ablutions there is a small washing-room with a hole in the floor for the water to escape through, and if the *hanŭm* would wash her hands and face only, a slave brings the *leyen* and *ibrik* and pours the water over her hands. For special ablutions she will go either to her own private *hammam* or to the public baths. She "does her hair," or has it done for her, seated cross-legged in her corner of the divan; and the old walnut-wood chests and coffers in her treasure-room suffice to store her gauzes and brocades, her silks and embroideries. Here also may often be found priceless treasures in metal, porcelain, glass, and gems, which, were they displayed in the reception-rooms, would add greatly to the cheerfulness of their appearance. But such is not the practice of the Osmanlis.

The partiality of the Turks for light and air leads them to construct their houses with a superfluity of windows. In the upper story of a *konak* the space between them seldom exceeds a few inches in width, and, as they are exceedingly ill-constructed and warped alternately by sun and rain, they let in the wind and wet in all directions. Roller blinds have no existence in the country, even in the houses of Europeans, Venetian shutters rendering them unnecessary; and the curtains, which partially disguise the unpainted ugliness of Turkish windows, are often, even in the *konak* of a Governor-General, made of common gaudy chintzes with the edges "pinked."

The warming apparatus in most common use is a brass or copper pan containing charcoal, half-buried in wood ashes. This is placed either on an elegantly

shaped receptacle of wrought metal, or on a heavy stand of polished wood from two to three feet square, and about eight inches high, which occupies the centre of the room. The *tandūr*, which I have already described in connection with the Levantine women,[1] is also used by the Turks of Asia Minor, though it has fallen into disuse in the capital and in the European provinces. The use of American stoves is, however, increasing every year; and the picturesqueness of most of the larger houses and *konaks* is destroyed by the hideous black stove-pipes, which make their way through the windows or walls, and climb up to the roofs.

Such a mansion as I have just described may be found in every provincial town, and is a fair specimen of the average dwelling of a Turkish family of good position, even in the capital and its suburbs, if they do not happen to be exceptionally wealthy, or to have been infected with the *à la Franca* mania for imitating European fashions. On visiting with Mrs. Blunt the wife of the *Mushir*, or Field-Marshal, Dervish Pasha, who is reputed to be a man of great fortune, I found the *haremlik* of the Government House furnished with the utmost plainness and simplicity, and, on a subsequent visit to the wife and daughter of Dervish Pasha's successor in the governorship, I observed that the only addition to the furniture of the *divan-khané* was a cottage piano for the use of the young *hanŭm*.

There are, however, at the capital, and on the Bosphorus, a considerable number of new houses,

[1] Vol. i. p. 372.

handsomely and solidly built, and in outward appearance not to be distinguished, except by the wooden lattices at the windows, from the dwellings of Europeans. The disposal of the rooms is naturally that best suited to Ottoman customs, and the furniture a compromise between East and West. Native costume and native furniture, however rich and varied in colour and material, never offend a cultured Western eye when used in accordance with Oriental custom, as evidenced by our appreciation of the varied tints to be found in Oriental carpets, textiles, and embroideries. But the Oriental mind generally seems to get confused in endeavouring to assimilate its own notions of magnificence and luxury to those suggested by Western upholstery and French fashions; and this bewilderment finds expression in combinations of material and colour which would harrow the soul of the least æsthetic Englishwoman. Crimson is trimmed with scarlet, and blue with violet; shabby chintz hangs side by side with the richest brocade and velvet; and a glaring European hearth-rug in the worst possible taste is spread side by side with a costly Persian carpet.

A description of the dwellings of the Osmanli women would hardly be complete without some mention of the insect pests which never fail to make one aware of their presence before Ottoman hospitality has been enjoyed for many minutes. Though with Moslems "cleanliness is next to godliness," their unwillingness to destroy life, combined with the apathy that seems a part of their nature, prevents their taking any efficient means, or making any sustained efforts,

to get rid of these pests, which increase and multiply unchecked. What agonies, mental and physical, have I not suffered during and after visits to and from harems, the results of which could only be exorcised by the combined spells of "small-tooth" combs, spirits of wine, and eau-de-cologne! And what sleepless and watchful nights have I not passed until the whole of the black and white kinds, which had changed their quarters, were completely exterminated.

Having described the surroundings among which Osmanli women spend their lives, I will now endeavour to give some idea of their personal appearance. As has already been pointed out in the Introduction, Osmanli women have in their veins some of the best blood, not only of the Alarodian Circassians and Georgians, but also of the Aryan Greeks and Slavs. We may consequently be prepared to find among them no small proportion of the beauty for which all these races are not unjustly famed.

An Osmanli woman is usually about, or perhaps slightly above, the middle height, with softly rounded contours, small hands and feet, and a waist innocent of stays. Her abundant hair is soft and silky, and ranges in colour from light brown to glossy black; her eyes, now languid in their expression, now sprightly, may be brown, black, blue, or grey, and are shaded with long sweeping lashes, and surmounted by finely marked eyebrows, "curved like a Frankish bow;" her nose is either straight or slightly aquiline, and delicately shaped, and between her rosebud lips

gleam the pearliest of teeth. But not satisfied with what Nature has done for her, the Osmanli belle, to enhance her charms, calls art largely into requisition. Instead of attempting a description of these mysteries of the toilet, I will give some verses of the poet Fuzūlī, who, while enumerating the beauties of a fair maiden of his race, describes at the same time their effect on the male Osmanli.

Attar within vase of crystal,
Such thy fair form silken gowned;
And thy breast is gleaming water
Where the bubbles clear abound;[1]
Thou so bright none who may gaze on
Thee upon the earth is found.
Bold wert thou to cast the veil off,
Standing forth with garland crowned;
Not a doubt but woe and ruin
All the wide world must confound.

* * * *

Ah! thy face the rose, and rose-hued
Is thy vest and *shalvâr's*[2] shade—
Burns us with its flame the fiery
Garb in which thou art arrayed.
Ne'er was born of Adam's children
One like thee, O cruel maid!
Moon and sun, in beauty's circle,
At thy fairness stand dismayed;
Seems it thou the sun for mother,
And the moon for sire hast owned![3]

[1] The "bubbles" are drops of perspiration. Moisture on the face is frequently praised by Eastern poets and compared to dew.

[2] The full silken trousers. See pp. 430 and 482.

[3] In Turkish and Arabian poetry, as in old Teutonic lore, the greater luminary is represented as of the female, and the lesser as of the male sex. The same idea, with the sexes reversed, is to be found in Greek folk-song.

Captive bound in thy red fillet,
Grieve I through thy musky hair;
Prone I 'neath those golden anklets
Which thy silver limbs do wear;
Think not I am like thy fillet,
Empty of thy grace, O Fair!
Rather to the golden chain which
Round thy cheek hangs me compare;[1]
In my sad heart wounds a thousand
From thy glances' darts are found.

Eyes with antimony darkened,
Hands with henna crimson-dyed;
Through these beauties, vain and wanton,
Like to thee was ne'er a bride.
Bows of poplar green, thy painted
Brows; thy glances shafts provide.[2]
Poor Fuzūlī for thine eyes and
Eyebrows aye hath longing cried:
That the bird from bow and arrow
Flies not well may all astound.[3]

But the beauty of an Osmanli woman, especially if it consists more in freshness of complexion than in regularity of feature, fades perhaps even more quickly than that of Southern women generally; and though a well-preserved woman of middle age may occasionally be met with, they are usually at thirty, and often at twenty-five, quite *passées*.

The outdoor dress of a Moslem woman of Constan-

[1] This line contains one of those ingenious, but untranslatable, *jeux de mots* of which Eastern poets are so fond, and to which the Turkish language is so well adapted.

[2] Alluding to the *surmeh*, with which Eastern ladies intensify their eyebrows and eyelashes. *Green* and *blue* appear to be considered as but varieties of the same colour.

[3] Gibb's *Ottoman Poems*, p. 60.

tinople consists of the *feridjé*, or mantle, and the *yashmak*, or veil. The former is a loose sleeved garment reaching to the ankles, with a wide rectangular cape of the same material hanging over it from the neck almost to the hem. The *feridjés* worn by poor women are usually of black alpaca, while those of the wealthy are of fine cloth or silk, the younger and more fashionable ladies affecting light tints, such as pink or lilac, often with trimmings of lace on the rectangular cape, and the elderly ladies more sober tints. The *yashmak* is composed of two squares of white tarlatan, folded corner-wise. A small cap, made of some bright-coloured material and decorated with pearls, or even diamonds, is placed on the top of the head, and serves as a foundation for the upper part of the veil, the doubled edge of which is brought down to the eyes, the ends being pinned together at the back. The other and larger square is then placed with the folded edge upwards across the mouth and lower part of the nose, the ends being pinned to those of the upper square. When paying visits, the *feridjé* is taken off, and the lower part of the *yashmak* removed. Among the poorer classes, however, and in the interior, thin calico is used for veils instead of tarlatan, which is a modern innovation.

In the interior of Asia Minor, the outdoor disguise of a Moslem woman is much more complete, the upper part of her face being entirely concealed by a screen made of black horsehair, and the lower part, together with the rest of her head, being swathed in folds of white calico. The *mahrema*, which is another complete disguise, is also frequently seen in all parts

of Turkey. It may be best described as a double petticoat of large checked, printed cotton, the upper one of which is drawn over the head and held under the chin, the face being entirely concealed by a kerchief of dark-coloured silk or muslin.

With regard to indoor dress, it is difficult to say what is not worn at the present day by Osmanli women of the wealthier classes, as so many have, unfortunately, either wholly or in part, exchanged their own picturesque costume for what is only too often a caricature of Parisian fashions. As I have already had occasion to remark with regard to their furniture, Orientals seem to lose all sense of congruity, as regards both colour and material, when once they attempt to substitute foreign surroundings for those to which their race has always been accustomed; and the result of the recent abandonment by Turkish ladies of their national garb for imitations of Western finery is for the most part both ludicrous and lamentable. The ancient indoor costume of an Osmanli lady, which may still occasionally be seen in the remoter districts, is extremely handsome. It consists of a loose gauze shirt with sleeves, edged with *oya* lace, and a *shalvar*, or full trousers, of red silk, over which is worn the *yelek*, a kind of jacket tight-fitting about the waist, and buttoned from the bosom to below the girdle, but open at each side from the hip downwards, and trailing a few inches on the floor. The girdle is worn over this, and for full dress another, but wider and looser, jacket is worn, also open at the sides and trailing a little. The sleeves of this robe, and also of the *yelek*, are long, tight-fitting, and

open at the wrists, where they are often cut *en sabot*. The robe is generally of some rich material, and worked either round the borders, or all over, with elaborate patterns in coloured silks or gold thread, to which pearls are sometimes added. The head-dress is a little, round, flat cap, covered with pearls and precious stones, or, if these cannot be afforded, with embroidery and gold braid.

The bridal dress of women of the middle and lower classes is also made on this model, the materials varying according to the wealth of the bridegroom.

The every-day dress of women and children of the middle and lower classes generally is of common printed cotton, made up in winter into quilted jackets and other garments, which are worn over trousers of the same material. Before going out a Turkish woman tucks up her skirts about her waist as high as possible, and secures them there with one of the square muslin kerchiefs that with her do duty for so many purposes. Having thus made a shapeless bundle of herself, she throws over all her *feridjé*, puts on her yellow *babouches* and black overshoes, and sallies forth. Owing to the disposition of her primitive "dress suspender" and her heavy *chaussure*, the gait of an Osmanli woman when out of doors is most peculiar, and in its combination of waddle and shuffle resembles, I think, that of no other human being.

The manners of a well-bred *hanŭm*, while simple and unaffected, are at the same time most elegant and dignified. Although, owing to her limited education, her topics of conversation are not many, she possesses a fund of witty repartee and natural eloquence,

and a command of the niceties of her melodious native tongue, which give a great charm to her conversation. The characteristic which forces itself upon the notice of Europeans who come into occasional contact with Turkish women of all except the very highest rank and breeding, especially young women, is their naïve childish curiosity and irrepressible inquisitiveness with regard to everything that may attract their attention. This is carried by some to an extent that would be resented as downright rudeness in any other women, but comes to be looked upon as part of the programme of a harem visit.

CHAPTER XIX.

OSMANLI WOMEN: FAMILY LIFE (*continued*)—STATUS, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE.

ALTHOUGH the law of Islam allows a man to marry four wives and to be the owner of an unlimited number of slaves, an Ottoman household is by no means, as is generally believed, composed of a large number of women all of whom stand in wifely relations to their lord and master. As a matter of fact, at the present day among Turks of the labouring class one wife is the rule, and among those of the wealthier classes more than one is the exception; and so it has apparently always been. For the Khalif Ali, the nephew and son-in-law of the Prophet, married a second wife only on the death of his beloved Fatima; and if we search the biographies of the eminent philosophers, theologians, historians, and poets who flourished in the palmy days of the Ottoman Empire, we shall find that few of them took advantage of their privileges in this respect. For, besides the other considerations which make a plurality of wives undesirable, there is also the grave question of expense. A second wife means an extra suite of apartments, an extra slave, or train of slaves, according to her rank, for each *hanŭm* must have her own special attendants, and an extra allowance of pin-money, for

a Turkish bride rarely brings a dower to her husband. There is, besides, no great superabundance of women in the country, notwithstanding the influx of slaves, and every mother of a marriageable girl naturally prefers to see her daughter become a *Bash Kadin*, or chief wife, as she takes rank before later married spouses. Lack of progeny by the first consort is often the reason which induces a Turk to incur the extra expense and the risk of having his domestic peace disturbed by taking a second wife. He might, of course, divorce the first, if so minded. But in that case he would be obliged to pay to her the sum stipulated in the *nekyah*, or marriage contract,[1] and incur the odium attaching to such a course of action.

Two wives, indeed, seem to be the limit nowadays; and only once during my long residence in different parts of the country had I the opportunity of visiting a harem containing even this number. It was in the remote, but picturesque and ancient town of Magnesia—Magnesia under Sipylus—in Asia Minor, to which I made an excursion with a small party invited by the Imperial Commissioner of the Railways. The season was winter. Yet, though the wind swept down, keen and fresh, from the snow-crowned summit of the steep and rugged mountain, on the lower slopes of which the town is built, it was so tempered by the glorious sunshine of that southern latitude that we were able, without discomfort, to eat our luncheon in the open air. The obliging Levantine station-master not only placed his garden at our disposal for the purpose, but contributed a

[1] See below, p. 482.

bowl of the delicious native clotted cream, called *kaimak*, and also one of the luscious, scented winter melons for which Cassabá, a town further down the line, is so justly famed. The repast concluded—of course with Turkish coffee and cigarettes—we set off up the town, the gentlemen to pay their respects to the Sheikh of the *Mevlevī* Dervishes, who was well known to the Commissioner, and the ladies to his wives, a messenger having been sent on beforehand, according to Turkish etiquette, to announce our coming. The court-yard gate was opened to us by an old slave woman, who kept her face concealed with unnecessary care from the gaze of any chance male passers-by while she held the door open, and then conducted us up an outside staircase to a broad wooden balcony on which all the rooms opened. Over the doors hung the carpet *portières* so common in Turkish houses; and, raising one of these, the slave held it back while we entered the *divan khané*, or reception-room, already described. A rather pretty and pleasant-looking young woman, with brown hair and blue eyes, uncurled herself from the divan as we came in. She salaamed low in acknowledgment of Madame N—— Pasha's *temenlá*, and, seeing with ready tact that we others were unequal to the performance of this graceful salute, she offered her hand to each in turn, and motioned to us to be seated. I doubt very much whether a middle-class Englishwoman in a provincial town would have received foreign visitors who were complete strangers to her with anything like such dignified politeness and *savoir faire*. This lady was the Sheikh's second wife,

to whom he had been married only a few weeks. With her sat a visitor, a fat little woman, nursing a baby, whose red cap was adorned with the usual bunch of charms against the Evil Eye, both mother and child being clothed in uncouth garments of wadded print, which gave them the appearance of animated bundles of bedding. Into the ear of this sympathetic friend, the *hanŭm* had evidently been pouring the tale of her grievances against the *Bash Kadin*, or first wife; and our entrance had, it seemed, interrupted the flow of commiseration and sage counsel which these confidences had called forth. For, in the intervals of general conversation, the fat little lady continued her exhortations with great volubility, and accompanied them with such lively gesticulation that I feared every moment that the queer little baby would roll off her lap. She, however, always seemed to recover it in time; and when it protested against this style of nursing, she proceeded to half smother it in her quilted jacket, reminding me of the "Pig and Pepper" scene in *Alice in Wonderland.*

When, after a little while, the *Bash Kadin* herself came in, we could not but admit to ourselves that, to judge by appearances, the poor gentle-looking second wife was much to be commiserated. The former lady was a tall, dark, imperious-looking person, just beginning to lose the freshness of youth. Her long black hair hung in two thick plaits below her waist, and her dark eyebrows were artificially extended until they met over the nose. She was dressed, like the *Ikindji Kadin*, in a long trailing *intarie*, a

garment much resembling a dressing-gown, over which she wore a jacket of printed cashmere, lined with fur.

The *Bash Kadin* saluted us much more formally than her companion had done; and with a frigid acknowledgment of the other visitors' *temenlá*, she swept to her own corner of the divan, from whence she directed her conversation solely to her Frankish guests. The fat *hanŭm*, feeling snubbed, retired within herself, and divided her attention between her baby and the coffee and sweets that were now handed round by two slaves. Half an hour is the minimum of time in which a Turkish visit can be paid. But as soon as etiquette permitted, we rose to take our leave. A pretty Circassian girl was waiting below to open the gate leading to the *selamlik*—here quite a separate building—where we expected to find our cavaliers. As Madame N—— Pasha passed her, she patted her fair cheek, saying admiringly, "*Pek Guzel*" (Very pretty!), at which compliment the little Tcherkess blushed with a retiring modesty which could hardly have been surpassed by any rustic beauty in "merrie England." She was the favourite maid of the *Ikindji Kadin*, or second wife, whom she accompanied as a slave from her father's house. But so far is it from being true, as is usually believed, that a "Turk" may do what he will with all the women of his household, that no relations with this Circassian girl would have been possible for the Sheikh save she had been presented to him by her mistress, to whom alone she belonged, and who was not likely to be thus complaisant. She might not,

however, go beyond this gate, and, following her directions, we found our own way into the public apartments of the house.

Having described the harem, it may complete the picture if I say something of the husband. The *Sheikh Effendi*, who received us with the greatest cordiality, was a tall, dignified man, in the prime of life, with noble and refined features, and dressed in the flowing fawn-coloured *khirka*, or mantle, and the tall, sugar-loaf-shaped *kulah*, or hat, of camel's-hair, always worn by *Mevlevī* Dervishes. In his quality of *Seyyid*, or lineal descendant of the family of the Prophet, he also wore round his *kulah* a green turban; and we were afterwards informed that he ranked next in his Order to its General, who always resides at Konieh, the Sacred City of the *Mevlevīs*. After some general conversation, the Sheikh asked if we would like to see the sights of the town—the *Turbéh*, or mausoleum, of the Sainted Sultan, Murad II., who twice relinquished the pomps and cares of a throne for the companionship of the Dervish Brethren of Love; the ancient wooden clock, which was not far off up the hill; and, above all, the magnificent view to be had from the building which contained it. He would send one of his probationers with us as a guide, he himself having an engagement. The Sheikh clapped his hands, and in answer to this summons a fine youth of sixteen or thereabouts, also in the *Mevlevī* costume, and with a most pleasing expression of countenance, appeared at the door. On receiving the orders of his superior, Selim bowed respectfully to him with his hands crossed on his breast,

saluted us with the customary *temenlú*, and then led the way into the street. We were soon fairly climbing the mountain, for the street became a perfect staircase. Our guide good-naturedly took up on his shoulder Madame N—— Pasha's little girl, a child of eight, to save her the fatigue of climbing. As he did so, some Moslem boys loitering in the street, with the fanaticism and assurance only to be found in conjunction with complete ignorance and inexperience, asked him "if he were not ashamed to be seen going about with *Giaours?*" The neophyte made no reply; but turned again with a benign look on his young face, and a mute apology in his eyes, to Madame N—— Pasha. Had this mere boy already learned the main precept of his Order, which may be summed up in the one word—LOVE?

Such were my experiences in the only one of many harems visited in which there was more than one wife. And yet it was but the other day that I found the following passage quoted in the learned pages of *The Academy*, and of which the writer said in all seriousness that the authoress showed herself, though a Churchwoman, "neither narrow nor bitter."

"A visit to a harem was said to be a desirable conclusion to our sojourn in the East, but I, for one, declined to enter such a place of degradation. Were it possible by such a visit to help our poor sisters out of their slavery, I should only have been too thankful to make it, but to go and see them penned up in their detestable prison was a great deal more than any Christian woman ought to bear."[1]

[1] *Academy*, February 14, 1891: *Forty Days in the East*, by E. H. Mitchell.

M. Servan de Sugny, however, who, as an Oriental scholar, might really have been expected to know better, appears also to have imagined that the Turks are in the habit of loading their women, bond and free, with chains, and keeping them in dungeons, when he said, "Will it be believed? Even the women in this country, where their sex is reduced to the most frightful and degrading slavery, have dared to seize in their fetter-galled hands the poet's lyre!"[1]

On the other hand, Lady Craven, who, during her visit to the Turkish capital a hundred years ago, had ample opportunities for forming a correct opinion, says, speaking of the Osmanli women, "I think I never saw a country where women may enjoy so much liberty, and free from all reproach, as in Turkey;"[2] and every one familiar with Constantinople must, I think, agree with her.

In the foregoing division of this chapter we have just seen what kind of place the harem, or rather haremlik—for the latter term is applied to the building itself, and the former to its occupants collectively—is, and that the haremlik, far from meriting the epithet of "detestable prison" bestowed upon it by the first-mentioned author, is, as a rule, the most commodious and cheerful division of a house; while the term *harem* simply means a sacred enclosure, the same term being applied to the sanctuaries of Islam. The haremlik is consequently the *sanctum sanctorum*,

[1] "Le croirait-on? Les femmes mêmes, dans ce pays où le sexe est reduit au plus affreux, au plus degradant esclavage, des femmes ont osé saisir d'une main meurtrie de fers la lyre du poëte," &c.—*La Muse Ottomane*, préface, p. xv.

[2] *A Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople*, p. 205.

the place safe from all intrusion, into which not even the husband may enter if a pair of goloshes at the door of the *divan khané* announces that his wife has guests.

We have already seen how incomparably more humane is the treatment of slaves under Islam than under Christianity; let us now see what is at the present day, and has been for the last 1300 years, the legal position of a free Moslem woman. As a daughter she is entitled, on the decease of her father, to inherit his property in common with her brothers, in a proportion determined by law according to the number of his children. As a wife she has the un controlled possession and disposal both of the wealth of which she was possessed before marriage and of that which may subsequently accrue to her. She can inherit property without the intervention of trustees, and dispose of it either during her lifetime or at her death as she pleases. No doctrine of coverture exists for her; she can sue or be sued independently of her husband, and also sue or be sued by him. A husband is legally bound to support his wife and her slaves or servants according to her rank and his means, and to furnish her with a suitable residence. To quote from the *Hedaya*,[1] "It is incumbent on the husband to provide a separate apartment for his wife's habitation, to be solely and exclusively appropriated by her, because this is essentially necessary to her, and is therefore her due, the same as her maintenance," &c.

Though great facilities appear at first sight to be given to a man in the matter of divorce, women are,

[1] The *Hedaya*, or "Guide," a Commentary on the Moslem Law.

on the other hand, safeguarded from an arbitrary exercise of this prerogative by certain wise regulations which to a great extent modify such facilities in practice. "The curse of Allah," said the Prophet, "rests on him who capriciously repudiates his wife"; and, besides religious and social restrictions, a serious obstacle to divorce is offered by the *nekyah*. This is the settlement upon the wife at the betrothal of a considerable sum of money to be paid to her in the event of such dismissal from his roof, and without the payment of which no divorce can legally take place. So essential is such a dower considered, that, even were it not mentioned in the marriage contract, the law would presume it by virtue of the contract itself. A Moslem marriage being a civil contract consisting of a proposal on one side and acceptance on the other, and rendered legal by the testimony of two witnesses, it can also be dissolved by the contracting parties according to one of three methods of procedure. If a couple are not on good terms with each other, and all the attempts at reconciliation made by their friends are unavailing to restore harmony, a divorce by mutual consent (*mubarat*) is pronounced, and the woman returns to her father's house, taking with her, besides the dowry, everything she brought with her or of which she has become possessed since her marriage. If a man divorce his wife without her consent, the case is the same; and she can also claim her release, with the payment of the dowry, for various reasons, among which are his desertion, cruelty, or refusal to maintain her in the degree of comfort to which she is entitled. If, however, the

wife, without such adequate reason, and contrary to the desire of her husband, requests a divorce, she obtains it only by foregoing her dower.

As to the much discussed question of the custody of children, this was settled for the Moslems at the outset by Mohammed, who decreed that a son must remain with his mother so long as he requires her care, and a daughter until she arrives at puberty. And if a child is born to the couple after their separation and the mother nurses it, the father must pay her for doing so; and if he is wealthy, he is required to "expend proportionately for the maintenance of the mother and nurse out of his plenty." Should the mother die, the right of custody reverts to her female relatives, if any are living, the child's maternal grandmother having the first right, and on her death, and failing a sister of suitable age, its aunts. Should the mother be without female kin, the father's mother and sisters bring up the children.

As we have already seen in the case of the Validé Sultana, the mother occupies the most honourable position among a man's female relatives. Osmanli women are perhaps the most indulgent mothers to be found anywhere, especially to their sons, who naturally in their early youth take advantage of their devotion and make of their mothers their slaves. Arrived, however, at years of discretion, a young Osmanli, realising the Prophet's words that "Paradise is under the feet of the mother," becomes in his turn her devoted slave. Debarred from social intercourse with all who are not nearly connected with him by ties of blood, a man's mother and sisters are his only

female friends, and to this fact may perhaps be traced the strong affection which exists between mother and son, brother and sister. I heard only the other day of a young Turk, an attaché at one of the Ottoman legations, who denied himself a long-looked-forward-to visit to England during his holiday in order that he might gratify his grandmother's desire to see him at Constantinople. By the law of Islam the maintenance of indigent parents, and especially mothers and grandmothers, is incumbent on Moslems; and it would be hard to find in Islamiyeh a parallel to a case which came to my notice not long ago, in this most Christian country, of an old couple who, though they were the parents, grandparents, or great-grandparents of some seventy living descendants, were yet left entirely dependent on charity, and would have passed their old age in separate parts of the county workhouse but for the generosity of "The Squire."

The seclusion of Moslem women, instead of being, as is generally assumed, a result of their "degraded position," is, on the contrary, the outcome of the great respect and regard entertained for them by the men of their own nation. Surrounded as they are by people of alien race and religion, in no other way than by restricting them, when at home, to the inviolable harem, and by hiding their charms, when abroad, from the public gaze with veil and cloak, could they be shielded from the impertinent curiosity of the mixed horde, Christian, Moslem, and Jew, who throng the streets of their cities and towns. As I have already mentioned in the preceding volume, similar customs were formerly, and are still in some parts of the country,

observed by the Christian women for the same reason. And, as a matter of fact, the veil and cloak of a Turkish woman render her perfectly safe from insult or molestation, whether on foot in the streets, in train or tram, or on the deck of a Bosphorus steamer, and whatever the provocation she may give; though Christian women and girls, even when escorted by duenna or servant, are exposed not only to impertinent remarks, but often to graver insult while traversing the public thoroughfares, and more especially in Constantinople.

The following note by Mr. Stuart Glennie, contrasting Moslem with Christian Marriage-laws, not only summarises what I have above stated in detail, but at the same time shows that the status of Christian women compares by no means favourably with that of their Moslem sisters.

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NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

THE MOSLEM AND CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE LAWS.

1. In the history of Civilisation five general classes of Marriage Laws, and hence Forms of the Family, each including numerous varieties, may, I think, be distinguished: (1) the Matriarchal, (2) the Archaian, (3) the Patriarchal, (4) the Roman, and (5) the Modern. In Matriarchal Families descent is traced from women only; property and dignities go with such descent; and women consequently enjoy the highest consideration and authority. Our knowledge of what may be distinguished as Archaian Forms of the Family is chiefly derived from ancient Egypt, where we find descent traced from men as well as women; and along with other features of the Matriarchal Family monogamous marriage already established, though legal rights are given to other women than the one specially privileged woman of the man's own white race. For the Semitic, and still more for the Aryan, tribes who made themselves masters of the Archaian Civilisations, falling into decadence chiefly through the mixture of blood caused by Matriarchy, maintenance of the purity of their white blood was a more or less evident condition of success, and hence the Patriarchal Forms of the Family.[1]

[1] See below, "Folk-lore and Historical Origins," sect. iii.

In these, descent is traced, not as formerly from women only, or from both men and women, but from men only; property and dignities go, therefore, with male instead of female descent, and in order to secure the great object of the institution—purity of blood—power is concentrated in the hands of the house-father, and women are subjected to more or less severe restrictions. Differing, however, as did Semites and Aryans both racially and in the conditions of conquest for each respectively, the Patriarchy of the former was polygamous, and that of the latter monogamous. When, however, the Romans had ceased to be an Aristocracy fighting for existence, and had become a People, the masters of the Mediterranean world; and when, therefore, the old concentration of power in the father's hands had become a disadvantage rather than an advantage in the struggle, the old restrictions, that had for long been falling more and more into disuse, were wholly abolished by the great Antonine Jurists (138–180 after Christ), who reconciled with monogamous marriage the complete enfranchisement of women, and originated what may be distinctively called Roman Forms of the Family. And what I term generally Modern Forms of the Family may be defined as either Matriarchal or Patriarchal Families modified by the Moral Religions dating or derived from the great Moral Revolution of the sixth century B.C., and the commencement of the Aryan age. Patriarchal in substance are both the Christian and the Moslem Forms of the Modern Family. But Islamism modified the Polygamous Patriarchal Family of the Semites greatly to the advantage of women; while

greatly to their disadvantage Christianity modified the Monogamous Patriarchal Family of the Aryans. Some odium may, however, attach to pointing out this fact, and it seems therefore desirable that the Editor rather than the Authoress should be guilty of this breach of decorum. But I may say in mitigation, perhaps, of such odium, that I think the Mohammedan Marriage Law no more adapted to the present economic and social conditions of Christendom than is the Christian law without much further modification than it has yet received in the direction of restoring the Roman Marriage Law. Yet it is no doubt true that, in the words of Sir Henry Maine, "no society which preserves any tincture of Christian institution is likely to restore to married women the personal liberty conferred on them by the middle Roman Law."[1]

2. The distinctive provisions of the Moslem Marriage ensure that there shall be no relations whatever between men and women, whether free women or slave women, in which the woman, from the very fact of such relations, shall not have enforceable legal rights against the man, and for her children as well as for herself. As to free women, the provisions of Moslem Law are so enforced by the customs of Moslem Society that no relations other than those of marriage between a Moslem and a free woman even exist save most exceptionally. Strictly, the Moslem Marriage is only a civil contract. But the Imam offers a prayer on the signing of the contract, and also, I believe, when he obtains the assent of the bride to marriage with the husband proposed to her. And there is also the

[1] *Ancient Law*, p. 158.

finely significant rite of the bridegroom's kneeling on the bridal veil and offering thereon a prayer, while on the edge stands the bride. Most careful are the provisions in the marriage-contract for securing to the wife the free and uncontrolled possession of her own property; such maintenance during her marriage as is in keeping with her husband's rank and wealth; and the settlement on her of such a sum of money as shall suitably maintain her in case of divorce, when she also takes with her all her personal belongings, from slave-girls down to bed-linen and kitchen-utensils. And these legal provisions are further strengthened by such domestic customs and ceremonial observances as secure for the Moslem wife a position of great dignity and independence as mistress of her household, and often master of her husband. No doubt, however, if the Moslem wife has advantages which the Christian wife does not —or did not till the recent partial abrogation of the Christian Marriage Law—enjoy, she is subject to one disadvantage from which the Christian wife is, at least theoretically, guarded—a rival in another wife, or even wives. But not only did Mohammed restrict the previously unrestricted polygamy of the Arabs to four wives; nor only do Moslem parents further restrict it by unwillingness to give their daughters as second or third wives; but Moslem Law, by requiring maintenance, with separate apartments and attendants, &c., for each wife, has made such provision for four wives, or even for two, so difficult—save in the remoter districts, where living is cheap and manners are primitive—that none but the wealthiest

can, and few of them care to, indulge in a polygamy, or even bigamy, which is practically found to be more of an inconvenience than of a luxury. As to odalisks, who are, of course, all slave women, though slave women are not all odalisks, an odalisk must, if she have a child, be either maintained for life, or be set free and married; in either case her children succeed to their father's estate equally with the children of his wife; and on his death the slave mother, if she has not been already emancipated, becomes a free woman.

3. These details may here sufficiently illustrate what I have above stated as the distinctive principle of the Moslem Marriage Law—namely, that in relations between men and women, the woman, whether slave or free, shall have enforceable legal rights against the man, and for her children as well as for herself. The distinctive principle, on the other hand, of the Christian Marriage Law[1] is, that in relations between men and women, no woman, and no children of any woman, shall have any legal rights whatever against a man except the one woman with whom a man is united in an indissoluble monogamous marriage; and that even such rights as this one woman may possess shall in no way avail against that absolute subjection of the wife to her husband, both as to person and property, by which the Christian, is especially dis-

[1] By the "Christian Law" I mean, more particularly, that Canon Law, the principles of which were incorporated in the Common Law of every people of Western Christendom, and, more generally, the Law common to both the Roman Catholic, and the Greek Orthodox, Church—disregarding here, with respect to marriage, certain mitigations introduced at an early period into the Law of the Greek Church, as also the far more numerous mitigations of the Christian Marriage Law recently introduced by secular lawyers, in restoring to women some of the rights they enjoyed under the Roman Law.

tinguished from the Roman, Law. In sad, in tragic contrast to the rights secured by Moslem Law even to slave women in their relations with men, is the absolute rightlessness in these relations of Christian women, not wives, and their offspring—a son born in such relations being, in the expressive language of our Christian Law, *nullius filius*, "no man's son." For, not as the bondwoman of the Hebrew, or as the freewoman of the Christian, can the slave woman of the Moslem be turned adrift with her offspring, provisioned only at most with a crust of "bread and a bottle of water."[1] And the consequence, of course, is that "Social Evil" which is the correlate, and necessary correlate, or other side, of the Christian Marriage Law. For I believe that all students of mankind, adequately acquainted both with contemporary and historical facts, will admit that, notwithstanding the differences in Marriage Laws and Customs, the facts of sexual relations have been everywhere, and always, much the same, except under special, temporary, and restricted conditions. In other words, there has been very much more difference as to the rights of the woman in these relations than as to the facts of these relations. Monogamy has, in Christendom, been a conventional fiction rather than a social fact. And Christianity having denied to women all rights in sexual relations except under the sanction of an indissoluble monogamous marriage, the Social Evil has, in no Civilisation whatever, been so hideous in its degradation and misery as in Christendom. But as the existence of this Evil is the necessary correlate of the rightlessness

[1] Genesis xxi. 14.

of women under the Christian Law, so the absence of this Evil is the necessary correlate of the rights of women under the Moslem Law. It exists in Turkey, but exists only as a consequence of the corruption introduced by Christianity, and as the consequence more particularly of the Capitulations which make its suppression by the Ottoman authorities impossible. But when Moslems dare to act for themselves independently of the authorities and their treaties with European Powers, as did the Albanian Chiefs in their last Revolt, one of the first steps of their Government is to suppress the houses of ill-fame kept by Christians and Jews.[1]

[1] I was in intimate personal relations with the Albanian Chiefs during their last Revolt, and admitted to their Councils as an affiliated member of the Albanian League.

CHAPTER XX.

OSMANLI WOMEN: THEIR FAMILY LIFE (*continued*)—OCCUPATIONS, AMUSEMENTS, AND EDUCATION.

HAVING now, I trust, disabused the reader's mind of the popular idea that a Turkish harem is a "detestable prison," and that all its occupants are oppressed and rightless "slaves," I will attempt to give some slight description of their daily life. It is generally assumed that a Moslem woman has absolutely no occupation beyond a certain amount of servile attendance on her Bluebeard of a husband, and that she passes her days on a sofa, "eating sweets and playing with her jewels," as lately described by one of our enthusiastic advocates of the so-called political enfranchisement of women. Let us, however, see if, on the whole, the life of an Osmanli woman is less profitably spent than are the lives of thousands of uncultured women of our middle and upper classes, to whom shopping, dressing, and the pursuit of frivolous amusement are the end and aim of existence.

Like all Orientals, the *hanŭm* is an early riser, and after partaking of a cup of coffee and a cigarette, and making a slight toilet, she is ready to wait upon her husband. She places his slippers by the side of the mattrass, and holds his pelisse ready, and as soon as he is comfortably seated in this *négligé*

on the divan, pours out his coffee from the little brass *ibrik* in which it has been brought in by a slave, places the cup in the silver *zarf*, and hands it to him. The *hanŭm* then fills his tchibouk, and lights it by placing a tiny piece of glowing charcoal on the bowl. She remains in attendance, seated on a cushion at his feet, while the slaves roll up the bedding and stow it away in the wall-cupboard. The little ones then come in, uncombed and unwashed, in their night gear—wide trousers and jacket of coloured cotton—to kiss the hand of their father, and be caressed by both parents. There is no nursery breakfast awaiting them; and they presently begin to clamour for pence with which to purchase their morning meal. The ten and twenty para-pieces distributed, the children troop down to the court-yard gate, near which they are almost sure to find the *simitji*, or itinerant vendor of ring-shaped cakes, or, if he is not within sight, make their way to the nearest *bakal's* shop, where they have their choice of *halva*—a sweetmeat made of sesame seed and honey—cheese, and fruit as a relish to their bread. After this irregular meal, the elder children, boys and girls, are tidied up and sent, escorted by a male slave called the *lala*, to the *mekteb*, or parish school, where rich and poor sit side by side. The younger ones roam freely about the house, looked after by the *dádi*, a slave who performs, after a fashion, the duties of nursemaid. The *effendi* finally makes his outdoor toilet, and departs to his office, leaving the womenkind to follow their own devices for the rest of the day. For the *hanŭm* is perfect mistress of her time,

as we have seen her to be of her property, and disposes of both as she pleases. She will probably first inspect, with the negress cook, the provisions brought in each morning from the market by the *ayvas*, or purveyor—who is often an Armenian—and passed into the *haremlik* through the revolving cupboard before mentioned. If any special culinary feat in the way of pickling, preserving, or *tatlou* making is to be undertaken, the *hanŭm* will remain in the kitchen to superintend or assist in the operation; on washing and ironing days, too, she and her daughters will take a more or less active part with her slaves in the day's work. And the mistress, however high her rank, will not fail to rinse out with her own hands every article of clothing belonging to her husband, in order to prevent spells being cast upon him, through the medium of his garments, by any designing slave anxious to supplant her in his affections. For, as will be seen further on, the *hanŭm* has a firm belief in the power of love-spells and potions.

In the capital, however, these domestic occupations are gradually being abandoned by the younger and more fashionable *hanŭms*, who, emulating the pursuits of the foreign ladies with whom they are now often brought into contact, occupy themselves with learning European music and languages, and in doing fine needle and fancy-work. There is no regular time observed for dressing. A lady may "do her hair," and make herself tidy for luncheon; or, if she remains in the house, she may wear her nightgear and slippers all day, even receiving her visitors in this *négligé*, if their call has not been announced beforehand.

The Turks indulge in but two meals a day—the *karvaltó*, a luncheon, or rather *déjeûner*, eaten about eleven o'clock, and the *yemek*, or dinner, partaken of at sunset, and varying accordingly between five o'clock in winter and eight in summer. Ladies generally invite their friends to the *karvaltó*, as Moslems are rarely abroad after nightfall. Sometimes they give large luncheon parties, at which the most rigid etiquette is observed. When the meal is announced, the hostess leads the way into the *yemek oda*, or dining-room, where the covers are laid on *sofras*, circular tables, or rather stands, raised only some eight inches from the floor, and accommodating at the most eight persons. If the company is large, there will be two or more of these *sofras*, at which the guests are distributed according to their rank. The covers at a genuine Turkish table consist only of a spoon and a piece of bread. Round the leather pad which occupies the centre of the *sofra* are grouped small saucers containing *hors d'œuvres*—olives, cubes of melon or cucumber, radishes, anchovies, &c., together with a salt-cellar and pepper-box. As the ladies sit down cross-legged on the low cushions, slaves approach bearing soap, water, and towels. One holds the *leyen*, or basin, made with a little stand in the centre on which the ball of soap is placed, and a "well," into which the water disappears through the perforated bottom; another pours the water over the hands from an elegantly-shaped brass *ibrik*; while a third tenders the embroidered towel on which to dry them. Other towels with embroidered ends—the *chevrés* of which the East has been almost emptied since the last war

by the demand for them in Europe as antimacassars, and what not—are handed round to serve as table napkins, and the repast commences. A tureen of soup is first placed on the *sofra*, very thick, rich, and nourishing, and containing a certain amount of meat and vegetables. The hostess politely invites, with a wave of her hand and a "*Boyourn, Effendi,*" the principal guest to dip in her spoon. If all her guests are of inferior rank to herself, she takes precedence, and dips hers in first. When the spoons have returned a few times to the tureen, it is removed at a signal from the *hanŭm*, and replaced with other dishes in succession. The *hors d'œuvres*, and various sweets, fill up the intervals between the courses, until the pilaf is placed on the table. This national dish is composed chiefly of rice and butter, and is, like the others, eaten with the fingers, which may sound a difficult feat. But "practice makes perfect;" and one is often surprised to see with what neatness and dexterity the loose grains of rice can be picked up by the two henna-stained fingers and thumb, and conveyed from the dish to the mouth. *Hochaf*, a dish prepared from stewed fruits, and iced, is the last to be placed on the table.

Should the hostess desire to honour any one of her guests with a mark of special attention, she will select a tit-bit from the dish, and offer it with her own fingers to the person so selected with a polite "*Boyourn, Effendi.*" When I first saw this act of courtesy performed, I was apprehensive that it would go round among all the guests, and that my turn would come next; and I was considerably relieved to

find that the only recipient of the honour was Mrs. Blunt, who, being inured to it, calmly opened her mouth, and acknowledged the dainty with a salaam.

Water, and occasionally sherbet, are the only beverages partaken of in the *haremlik*, and these are not placed on the table, but asked for half apologetically, and handed in goblets by the slaves standing behind. At the termination of the repast the *ibriks* and *leyens* are again carried round, and coffee and cigarettes, or *tchibouks*, are served in the *divan-khané*, with all the ceremonial described in the preceding chapter.

With the exception of the provincial families, in which the title of *Bey* is hereditary, and who form the landed gentry of the country, the Ottomans have never had an aristocracy properly so-called. All the Moslem subjects of the Sultan who are not slaves are on a level beneath him. And there is nothing in the social system of Turkey to prevent the poorest Osmanli attaining the highest dignity, that of Grand Vizier. On the other hand, a deposed Minister may descend to an inferior employment without either losing caste, forfeiting any of his civil rights, or becoming less eligible for office when Fortune's wheel has again revolved for him. To the Oriental mind there is, consequently, nothing extraordinary in Joseph's becoming the Grand Vizier of the King of Egypt, nor in the marriage of handsome and adventurous "Widows' Sons" with kings' daughters in fairy tales. The Oriental possessor of wit and audacity may indeed say with Pistol—

"The world's mine oyster."

With a few exceptions, of which the famous house of the Kiuprilís is an example, family names are unknown in Turkey, a still further proof of the absence of aristocracy from her institutions.

The highest dignitary of the empire for the time being is the Grand Vizier, or *Seraskier*. After him come the other Ministers, who, like the members of our own Cabinets, are of the Prime Minister's appointment. The wife of this functionary plays a very important part in politics during her husband's term of office, and her voice has no small weight in determining the distribution of portfolios to the other Ministers, as well as in filling up the subordinate offices of the State, for backstair influence is nowhere more paramount than in the sunny land of the Sultan. While Ministers and functionaries of every degree are crowding the reception-rooms of the newly-created dignitary's *selamlik*, his *hanŭm's* drawing-room is also thrown open. Brougham after brougham sets down its load of white *yashmak'd* and many-coloured *feridgéd* ladies, wives of Ministers and civil and military officers; and troops of humbler persons arrive on foot to offer their felicitations or to request promotions, appointments, and other favours for their husbands, sons, or brothers. All are first conducted to an ante-room, where they divest themselves of their outdoor garb, settle their head-dresses, shake out their skirts, which have been tucked up under their *feridgés*, and adjust their jewellery to the best advantage. The interval between their arrival and their reception, which sometimes extends over several hours, is spent in conversation with the other callers, or with

some of the ladies of the household. Light refreshments, such as sherbets, coffee, sweetmeats, and the never-failing *glico*, under its Turkish name of *tatlou*, are handed round from time to time, and cigarettes smoked continually, so that the hours pass much more comfortably and pleasantly than during the "weary wait" at one of her Majesty's drawing-rooms. The door of the *divan-khané*, or reception-room, is opened several times every hour for the departure and admittance of guests, and as each is ushered in she makes profound and repeated *temenlás* while advancing towards the *hanŭm effendi*, and perhaps essays to kiss her foot or the hem of her garment—a common salutation in the East from an inferior, especially when a favour is about to be asked. This act of homage is accepted from those of inferior position, but when offered by persons of high rank the Sadrazam's lady draws back, and with simple dignity protests against such an action, saying, "*Istafourlá*" (Pardon me, you should not do that!). and making in her turn a graceful *temenlá*, which consists in dropping the right hand towards the floor and then raising it successively to the heart, lips, and forehead.[1] The style of conversation which ensues depends entirely upon the character of the hostess, who may be a clever woman of the world—that is to say, the Ottoman world—a nonentity, or a person without delicacy or principle; but it is certain to be responded to in terms of obsequious flattery and fulsome adulation, often carried to a ridiculous

[1] The significance of this appears to be, "I take up dust, and place it on my heart, lips, and forehead in your presence."

extreme. The manner of the *hanŭm* will be urbane and conciliatory towards the relatives of her husband's partisans, slightly frigid to those of his opponents, but, in its general tone, patronising and propitiatory towards all her visitors. The subject of the *hatir*, or favour, desired will then be delicately broached by the suppliant, and politely listened to by the great lady, who, with the diplomatic evasiveness characteristic of her nation, succeeds in making a graceful and gracious reply without committing herself in the least.

We are becoming very "emancipated" in the West, no doubt, but we are yet far from having attained such an "equality of the sexes" as would allow a Cabinet Minister to divide with his wife the responsibility of choosing his colleagues and subordinates in office. Such, however, is the influence often possessed by the clever and intriguing wife of a Grand Vizier, not only directly over her lord, but indirectly through her friends in the Imperial Serai, that the dismissal of old, and appointment of new functionaries of the Porte often rests to a great extent virtually with her.

Next in rank to the Vizier's lady come the wives of the other Ministers, of the generals, and of civil governors. I have lately been hearing a great deal about the little court held by Madame H—— Pasha, the wife of one of the Imperial aides-de-camp. This lady, who is a grand-daughter of the famous Fūad Pasha, and consequently a member of the same family as the poetess Leyla Hanŭm,[1] is the most emancipated woman in Ottoman society. In public she dare not, of course, so far outrage Moslem opinion as to appear

[1] See p. 544.

with her daughters unveiled. A Greek friend related to me that one day, while calling upon this lady, she was seated on the balcony with her hostess, who was unveiled, when a Mollah appearing in sight in the street, Madame H—— Pasha immediately hid herself, fearing to scandalise the doctor of law by such a disregard of Moslem conventionalities. And although Madame H—— Pasha ventured to allow her youngest daughter, who had not yet arrived at the dignity of wearing a *yashmak*, to have the advantage of equestrian exercise, the indignation to which her public appearance in a riding-habit gave rise among the stricter orthodox compelled her mother to abandon the idea of making a horsewoman of her daughter. In the privacy of her home, however, this lady's European proclivities have met with no opposition. *Haremlik* and *selamlik* have disappeared, and instead the Pasha has his office and library, his wife her boudoir and drawing-room, and the young ladies their schoolroom, where they have been educated by an excellent English governess. Madame H—— Pasha is well known to the foreign residents of the capital, and every new arrival is anxious to obtain an invitation to her parties and receptions. Unveiled and elegantly dressed in the prevailing fashion, the hostess and her charming daughters do the honours of their house, and entertain guests of both sexes with as much ease and *savoir faire* as any European lady in the city of the Sultan. These exceptional proceedings no doubt greatly shock and scandalise the orthodox mind, and it is whispered in foreign circles that the Sultan and his advisers either wink at, or authorise, Madame

H—— Pasha's transgression of Moslem customs for the sake of profiting by any political information which may come to her knowledge through such social channels. Be that as it may, notwithstanding her disregard for Moslem conventionalities, Madame H—— Pasha is known to be a warm patriot, and, though a friend of foreigners, is no foe to her own people.

Paying calls, attending *dughuns*, or wedding festivals, promenading, driving, shopping, and going to the bath, are the chief amusements of the general run of Osmanli women. Before setting out with any of these objects, a *hanŭm* must first obtain the permission of her husband. If the *Effendi* is inclined to be jealous and strict, he may object to seeing his family often out of doors, and permission may sometimes be withheld. But in the majority of households this is merely a polite formality, and leave for an expedition is granted as soon as requested. When a walk or drive is proposed, the children all clamour to accompany their mother; and scarcely is this question settled by dint of coaxing and the distribution of pence than another arises among the slaves as to whose turn it is to be of the party, contested with tears, prayers, and even little quarrels and disturbances. At last the mistress herself selects her companions, and the important business of the toilette commences. Faces are first blanched, and then rouged, eyebrows and eyelashes touched up with *surmĕh*, and numerous other little coquetries resorted to which, toned down by the semi-transparent *yashmak*, are calculated to

"Put beholders in a tender taking."

Then follows a scramble for seats in the carriages. The *hanŭms*, of course, take their places first, and the slaves, regardless of comfort, pack themselves close together, or sit upon each other's knees. It is quite curious to see how many can be thus accommodated in one vehicle, and how patiently they support the cramped and constrained positions into which they are squeezed by their companions. An Osmanli, be it observed, never, under any circumstances, goes abroad in company with the women of his household. Little girls, before adopting the *yashmak*, are constantly seen in public with their fathers, and are also allowed free access to the *selamlik*. But the veil once donned, a girl enters the ranks of womanhood, and is thenceforward amenable to the law of *namĕkhram*, under which she must submit to all the restrictions of the harem. The reason of this separation of the sexes out of doors is sufficiently obvious. For a father or brother could not frequent the public promenades and drives in company with his womenkind without bringing them directly under the notice of his male friends and acquaintances, and thus infringing the fundamental principle of the *haremlik*.

The behaviour of a party of Turkish women when in the public thoroughfares depends naturally upon the character of the *Bash Kadin*. If this lady belongs to the well-bred and dignified class of *hanŭms*, they will proceed quietly and decorously to their destination, whether this be the bazaars, the suburbs, or the harem of a friend, and, their object accomplished, return home in a few hours. But should the *hanŭm* be of a gay and frolicsome disposition, or have passed

part of her life in the seraglio, the behaviour of her party will be strikingly different. The occupants of the carriages divert themselves by flirting with the coachmen and attendant *aghas*—if these are sufficiently young and handsome—and make salaams and little speeches to the passers-by, when they can do so unobserved by grave Moslems. Arrived at the European shops, they flirt with the shopkeepers and their assistants, wander about and inspect the goods, asking the most absurd questions concerning the use of articles not familiar to them. Still greater, however, is the *abandon* when a picnic or long drive into the country is the object of the day's outing. Osmanli women are passionately fond of the open air; and the number of charming resorts within easy reach of the capital, added to the most magnificent climate in the world, offer every facility for the indulgence of this taste. Nearly every provincial city and town also possesses in its vicinity a choice of delightful situations, where the eye can drink its fill of beauty from verdant earth, azure sky, and sunlit sea; and it is almost impossible to visit any of these spots without finding there a group of Osmanli women "taking their *kaif*." Among the resorts most affected by the inhabitants of the capital are the "Sweet Waters of Europe," the "Sweet Waters of Asia," the "Sultan's Valley," and the "Vale of Lindens" (*Filamour*). The "Sweet Waters of Europe" is the popular designation of the valley of the river Barbyses, which here meanders among green meadows and shady trees before losing itself in the waters of the Golden Horn. Pretty wooden bridges of Chinese pattern cross the

river at intervals; in the neighbourhood elegant villas are dotted about; while among the meadows may be found a number of verandah-surrounded *cafés*, whose customers, seated outside, listen to the strains of wandering musicians, or are amused by the exhibitions and feats of wandering showmen and mountebanks. When on their way to this or some other suburban promenade, the gaiety and fun indulged in by the *hanŭms* and their attendants baffle description. Their provocative behaviour towards Christians and others with whom they may come into contact is no doubt largely prompted by the assurance of their immunity from insult, for they are perfectly aware that no one would dare to take advantage of it, and that the only punishment to which the coquetry of their conduct lays them open is the stern rebuke of a grave and reverend *Hodja*. I heard not long ago of an English gentleman who, when visiting the "Sweet Waters of Asia," was much attracted by the "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" of a carriageful of Osmanli ladies as they passed and repassed him. Knowing very little of the language, he ordered his servant to approach them and take the message they evidently wished to convey to him. But not even a sovereign, I was told, would tempt him to undertake any such dangerous errand. For he pointed out that though the *hanŭms* chose thus 'to divert themselves, their men-servants were close at hand; and that to respond to their advances could only result in unpleasantness to his master.

Arrived at their destination, the *hanŭms* and their slaves abandon themselves to unrestrained enjoyment. Seated cross-legged on the carpets which they have

brought with them, they pass the time in eating fruits, sweets, cakes, and other dainties, sipping coffee, and smoking cigarettes, varying these pursuits with singing and dancing, or they roam over the green meadows, romping and racing with shouts of merry laughter and joking indescribable. As soon, however, as the shadows begin to lengthen, they prepare to depart; for they have set out early in order to have a long day, and are careful to arrive home before sunset in order to receive their *effendi* on his arrival.

Going to the public bath is an occasion of great festivity and ceremony. A complete outfit of fine garments for each lady is carried by a slave, tied up in a *boktcháh*, or bundle-wrap—the primitive and universal portmanteau—made of silk, and often embroidered with pearls and gold thread. These garments are donned after the bath, together with all their most handsome jewels, for the admiration and perhaps envy of the other ladies they may meet at that rendezvous. Other slaves carry mattrasses, rugs, towels, brass basins, and a score of other mysterious articles considered necessary for this important ablutionary ceremony, besides fruits and refreshments of all kinds. And here the ladies with their attendants and children remain for the best part of the day, eating, drinking, singing, and frolicking, in the intervals of the various operations they undergo of repeated soapings, rinsings, rubbings, applications of crushed laurel berries to the hair to render it black and glossy, of henna to the finger- and toe-nails to stain them of an orange colour, and other details of the toilet impossible to describe.

The culture of the Ottomans of the present day

having entirely lost the distinctive character which it possessed in the palmy days of the Empire, and become a mere imitation of that of the West, their methods of education have also changed, and the schools and colleges of the modern era, for boys at least, are organised more or less on European models. In the "good old times," and indeed, until some twenty or thirty years ago, the Osmanli maiden of high degree was taught to read and write her own language, to compose verses, sing, dance, and play upon the lute or guitar, and committed to memory chapters of the Koran and passages from the poets. Occasionally, too, as in the case of the poetesses described in a subsequent chapter, a man of culture, finding his daughter endowed with more than ordinary talents, would take pleasure in fostering them to the best of his ability, and, like the father of Zeyneb, the fifteenth-century maiden, instruct her in all the cycle of Oriental lore.

When a Turkish girl of rank had acquired the degree of knowledge considered necessary to her position, she was subjected to a public examination, which was attended with great festivities and display. Besmí Sultana related that on the occasion of her thus completing her education, all her mother's friends were invited to a grand luncheon party, the palace was profusely decorated, and the gardens illuminated for an *al fresco* fête to be held in the evening, and a great feast was spread for the poor at the house of her grandfather. At the appointed hour, the ladies who had been invited to the ceremony were seated cross-legged in indoor dress in the principal *divan-*

khané, or reception-room of the palace. Some—those of the highest rank—occupied the semicircular divan, and the rest were accommodated with cushions on the floor. In the centre was a low table or desk, which held the beautifully bound books and jewelled writing implements, and in front of it was placed a white satin cushion, richly embroidered, for the candidate. In front, at a little distance, was another row of cushions for the accommodation of the examining *Hodja Kadins*. When all was in readiness, Besmí, wearing a beautiful and costly white dress, and with a diadem of pearls and brilliants on her head, was led into the room, salaaming low to the assembled company. After kissing the hands of all present, she took her place on the cushion amid a loud murmur of complimentary remarks from the *hanŭms*, accompanied as a preventive of any casting of the *nazar*, or "evil eye," by frequent simulated spittings.[1] Every question put by the examining *Hodjas* having been readily and fully answered, and the recitations from the Koran and the poets having been given in the most approved style, Besmí-árá was pronounced by the presiding *Hodja Kadin* to have passed out of the grade of the *djahíl*, or "ignorant," and attained that of the *khamíl*, or "perfect." She was then called to the divan to receive a perfect ovation of congratulatory speeches from the guests, and caresses and gifts from her proud and gratified parent.

After taking her degree, the next event of importance in the life of a Turkish girl is her *début* in society.

[1] One of the most usual antidotes.

As the Osmanlis have no equivalent for our presentation at Court, an entertainment at the *konak* of some dignitary of the State is generally chosen for the purpose, and the subject of the dress to be worn on this occasion is quite as important a one for the Eastern as for the Western *débutante*. Besmí's full-dress robe was, according to her description of it, of pale green *moiré*, richly embroidered with pearls and silver thread, among which gleamed a large number of emeralds of great value.

Nowadays, however, the education of girls belonging to wealthy families of the capital is almost entirely in the hands of foreign governesses, English, French, and German, resident or visiting. Foreign languages, pianoforte playing, drawing and painting, are the great desiderata of Osmanli mothers, for which the native language and literature are entirely neglected. Whether the change is of any real benefit to them I am hardly in a position to say. Learning, pursued for the love of it, is, under any circumstances, its own reward; but I much doubt whether the present fashion for Western education—for I fear it is in the majority of cases nothing more—will have any result beyond rendering irksome the restraints imposed by Moslem religion and customs, and which no woman can with impunity disregard.

So much for the "upper ten thousand." For the girls of the middle classes there are now day schools in the capital and the larger provincial towns. One of these institutions at Stamboul has developed into a training college for teachers, but, owing to the national prejudice in favour of early marriages, their

numbers are as yet but small. Some of the pupils become fairly grounded in the Turkish language, and a few have distinguished themselves either as original authors, or as translators of French works of fiction. In the provinces, however, the instruction given is but elementary, and the attendance, in proportion to the population, lamentably small. Little girls of the poorer class are sent to the *Mahallah Mektebs*, or parish schools, where they sit side by side with the boys, and are taught chiefly by rote.

A recent writer in the *Nineteenth Century*[1] is of opinion that "a few free schools . . . . would do easily" to teach the poorer classes of Osmanli women "that servitude is no shame," and consequently, by inducing them to offer themselves as domestic servants, would at once put a stop to slavery and polygamy in the country. It is curious that a lady who has been "shut up in a harem" for ten years should not know that the great obstacle to such domestic service is the sacred law, which forbids a Moslem free woman to allow any man not a near relative to see her unveiled. Ignorance of so elementary a fact as this, and other similar errors which might be cited, suggest rather the disguised voice of one of the European governesses above alluded to, than a genuine "Voice from the Harem."

[1] August 1, 1890.

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CHAPTER XXI.

OSMANLI WOMEN: THEIR FAMILY CEREMONIES.

No dainty *layette* like that which awaits a "little stranger" in the West is prepared for the arrival of an Osmanli baby. A tiny cotton shirt and a miniature *libardé*, or quilted dressing-gown of the same material, are its first garments. Its little limbs are pulled straight down and tightly swathed, while a number of other quilted wrappers, secured with swathes, convert its body into a shapeless bundle. On the head is placed a little cap of red silk, with a tassel of seed pearls, to which are also attached a number of amulets against the *fena guz*, or *nazar*—the "evil eye." Its toilet so far completed, the baby is laid in the cradle[1] on a handsome quilt, one corner of which is brought over its head, and a veil of red gauze is thrown over all. The mother has meanwhile been placed on a state bedstead, used only on such occasions, which is spread with quilts of the richest material decorated with costly embroidery, and sheets of fine native gauze with borders elaborately worked with silk and gold thread. Half a dozen long pillows of silk, covered with richly embroidered pillow-cases, open

[1] The Turkish cradle, or *kundak*, is of the same pattern as the old-fashioned English one to be seen in the South Kensington Museum, having raised ends connected by a bar.

at the ends, occupy the head and one side of the couch. A red kerchief is bound round the mother's head, and a gauze veil of the same colour is thrown over her temples. To the former is attached a bunch of charms similar to those which decorate the baby's cap, and a head of garlic fastened to a stick is propped up in a corner of the room. The Peris of the Moslems do not, like the Nereids and Vilas of the Christians, appear to be in the habit of carrying off new-born babes, but they are not the less to be guarded against, and the mother and child should not be left alone until after the bath ceremony has taken place, for fear of their being possessed by them (*albalghan mish*). If, as among the poor, this is sometimes unavoidable, a broom is placed by the bedside as a preventative of evil consequences, and the red veil and kerchief are also calculated to drive away all uncanny visitors.

When all these arrangements are complete the happy father enters to congratulate his wife and give the baby the name by which it is henceforward to be distinguished. For no formality equivalent to registration or baptism is customary among Moslems, and Eastern biographers fix the date of famous men and women by their death instead of by their birth. The infant is carried by the father outside the door, where he repeats a prayer suited to the occasion, and then pronounces three times in the baby's ear the name chosen for it. If the father is unacquainted with the form of prayer, an Imām is called in to assist the parent in the fulfilment of this duty.

For several days after her confinement a Turkish

mother is not allowed to have water, either for drinking or ablutionary purposes. If she is thirsty she may drink a kind of sherbet made from sugar-candy and flavoured with spices, or a tisane prepared from the maiden-hair fern. Little rest, too, is her portion; for as soon as the event is made public her room is crowded with friends and neighbours, who flock in to offer their felicitations, and sit for hours discussing the sweets, coffee, and other refreshments served on these occasions.

On the third day a *djemiet*, or grand reception, is held by the mother, for which invitations are issued on the preceding day. Bottles of the above-named sherbet accompany the invitations, which are verbally given by old women whose profession is that of *mūsdadjís*, or "bringers of tidings." Open house is also kept on this day, and all visitors, whether invited or not, are hospitably received, with this distinction, that the bidden guests are regaled with luncheon, and the unbidden with light refreshments only. Bands of musicians are in attendance to receive and accompany upstairs the most distinguished guests, who arrive in parties preceded by servants carrying baskets of sweets prettily decorated with flowers, and tied up with gauze and ribbons. After divesting themselves of their veils and cloaks in an ante-room, they are ushered with great ceremony into the state bedchamber.

"*Mashallah!* long lived and happy may it be!" exclaim the matrons one after the other to the happy mother, who kisses their hands in acknowledgment of their good wishes. Little or no notice, however, is

taken of the baby personally, as the mother and her near relatives are best pleased when it is altogether ignored and spared the risk of the evil eye being cast upon it. If, however, feminine curiosity and interest in babies are too strong to allow of the infant's being entirely overlooked, the *hanŭms*, after spitting on it, conceal their admiration under some such disparaging remarks as "Nasty, ugly little thing!" to show that they bear no malice. For, as has been already remarked, it is never safe in the East to speak admiringly of either persons or things, any future accident or misfortune being certain to be attributed to the ill-feeling or malice underlying the honeyed words of commendation.

But spittings and abusive epithets notwithstanding, it is desirable to make sure that no ill effects of the dreaded *nŭzar* have been left behind. No sooner, then, is the *levée* terminated than the women of the household, with the *Ebé Kŭdin*—the Turkish Mrs. Gamp—at their head, proceed to ascertain this by throwing a clove on the hot embers in the *mangal*, one for each visitor. If a clove explodes it is proof positive that the person named with it has cast the evil eye on mother or child, or, it may be, on both. Snips of their hair are immediately cut off and placed on charcoal, and the supposed sufferers are fumigated with the noxious smoke arising therefrom; prayers, intermingled with spittings, blowings, and divers mysterious incantations follow, and are persisted in until a fit of yawning proclaims that the evil effects have been dispersed. An old servant is, however, next despatched to the house of the suspected person

on some pretext or other, with the object of surreptitiously possessing herself of some scrap of her clothing with which to make a second fumigation; and, this feat accomplished, the minds of the mother and her relatives are set at rest for the time being.

A similar *levée* is held among the poorer classes, with whom the presents take the shape of coffee, sugar, and fruits, and the refreshments consist merely of sherbet and coffee. If the father of the child holds any official post it is customary for his fellow employees to send with the baskets of sweets more or less valuable presents.

Among the poorer classes, it is customary for the bath ceremony to take place three days after the birth of a child, but with the wealthy it is often deferred until the eighth day. If this ceremony is to be held at home, the *Ebé Kadin* and a number of friends are invited to join in the ablutions and partake of luncheon or other refreshments; and if at the public *hammam*, the company assemble at the house and proceed thither in procession, the baby being carried in front by the *Ebé Kadin*. After being divested of her clothing and wrapped in a silk bath-sheet, the mother puts on a pair of high wooden pattens inlaid with silver, and, supported on one side by the *Hammamdji Hanŭm*, or chief bathwoman, and on the other by one of her friends, enters the inner bath-room. The baby is first taken in hand, and after it has been well rubbed and scrubbed, and carried into the outer apartment, the *Ebé Kadin* turns her attention to the mother. Before commencing operations, however, she throws a bunch of keys into the basin, mutters a spell of a religious

character, and then blows three times into the water. These preliminary precautions taken, the usual ablutions are proceeded with, and at their conclusion the *hanŭm* is placed in a reclining position on the central platform, with her head supported on a silver bowl. Her whole body is now thickly plastered over with a mixture, composed of honey and various aromatic condiments, which is believed to possess strengthening and recuperating properties, and which is left on for about an hour. The tedium of this process is enlivened by the ladies of the company with songs and conversation. Every now and again, too, they transfer with their fingers some of the spicy compound from the mother's body to their mouths, it being considered of good augury to obtain even a taste of it. What remains after these ladies have been thus regaled is finally washed off.

The *hanŭm* is then wrapped in her *havlu*, or burnous of Turkey towelling, the fringed borders of which are worked in gold thread, and proceeds to kiss the hands of all the elderly ladies present, who acknowledge the salute with the words "May it be to your health!" (*Shifalū olsūn*). Refreshments are offered at intervals during all these ceremonies, which take up the greater part of the day. It is only, however, after the birth of a first child that all the above described formalities are *de rigueur*, their observance on successive occasions being optional.

The circumcision of a child is made the occasion of another important family ceremony, called the *sunnet dughun*, the festivities attending which extend over a whole week. The Turks, hospitable on all occasions, are more especially so on this, when they consider it a

religious duty to show special regard and attention to the poor and needy. Poor people, consequently, who cannot individually afford the expense of a *sunnet dughun* for their boys, defer it until they hear that the son of some grandee in their neighbourhood is about to be circumcised, when they send in to him the names of their children with the request that they also may be allowed to participate in the rite. The rich man, if pious and charitable, will grant such permission to as many of the children of the poor as his means allow of, as such acts of piety are held to be pleasing to Allah. When the ceremony takes place in the Imperial Palace, custom requires the Sultan to place no limit to the number of those allowed to participate in it. As the head of the house in which the ceremony is held is also expected to furnish each candidate for initiation with a complete suit of clothes, and to defray all other attendant expenses, a *sunnet dughun* is an exceedingly expensive affair for people of rank. Among the middle classes, who limit the festivities to one day, the minimum expenditure is usually from £10 to £12.

On Monday morning the boys are sent to the bath, where their heads are shaved with the exception of a tuft on the crown, which is plaited with gold thread. The chief candidate is richly dressed, his clothes and fez being covered with jewels. The number of precious ornaments considered necessary for the boys on this occasion is indeed so great that they have to be borrowed in part from relatives and friends, who are in duty bound to lend them, and the caps and coats of his humbler companions are equally studded with jewels. Thus bedecked, and escorted

by a number of old ladies, the boys make a round of calls at the various harems and invite their friends to the ceremony. On this day and the following a series of entertainments is given in the *selamlik*, Wednesday and Thursday being reserved for the festivities in the *haremlik*, which are enlivened with music and amusements of various kinds. On the morning of the latter day, the ladies of the house busy themselves in preparing couches for the boys, who meantime, mounted on gaily caparisoned horses, and accompanied by the *Hodja* or tutor, the family barber, and a number of friends, make a progress through the streets of the town preceded by music.

On their return to the house of festivity they are received at the door of the *sélamlik* by their respective fathers. When the horse of the young boy is brought to the mounting-block, and his father is about to help him to dismount, his hand is stayed by the *Hodja*, who asks, "With what gift hast thou endowed thy son?" The father mentions the present he has destined for his son, which may be landed property or some object of value, according to his means, and then lifts him down from the horse. The other boys in their turn claim and receive a present from their respective fathers or next of kin, or, if they are destitute of either, from their entertainer, who is held to supply a father's place for the occasion.

The rite of circumcision is performed on the morning of Friday in the *selamlik*, after which the children are again consigned to the care of the women, who place them on the beds prepared for them on the preceding day, and make every effort to amuse and

distract them. The boys are visited by their friends, who offer money and other presents to them, to the officiating barber, and to the *mūsdadjí*, or person who announces to the mother the completion of the sacred rite. On the following morning the guest children are removed to their respective homes, but the entertainments are continued in the principal house until Monday.

Early marriages are the rule among the Osmanlis, who, in common with Moslems generally, hold the estate of matrimony in great honour.[1] When it has been decided that the time has arrived for a youth to be married, his mother, if she has not already settled upon a bride for him, inquires among her friends, or of the women who hawk goods for sale from harem to harem, and act as go-betweens (*koulavouz*), in what families pretty and marriageable girls are to be found. This ascertained, she asks the *koulavouz*, and some relative or relatives, to accompany her, and, without troubling about introductions, drives to each harem in turn, and is at once admitted. It is customary to announce the object of the visit at the moment the slave approaches to remove the visitor's *yashmak* and *feridgé*. The mother of the girl, when informed of this, hastens to receive her visitors with all honour in the

[1] It is related in the *Hadith*, or "Traditions," that Mohammed said, "When the servant of Allah marries, he perfects half of his religion." On one occasion, the Prophet having asked a man if he was married, and being answered in the negative, he asked again, "Art thou sound and healthy?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," said the Friend of Allah, "then thou art one of the brothers of the devil" (*Mishkāt*, bk. xiii. ch. i). In consequence of the injunctions of the Prophet concerning marriage, members of the celibate Orders of Dervishes as a rule ultimately marry.

divan khané, and her eldest daughter proceeds to dress and adorn herself with the utmost care in order to make a favourable impression on the *guerudjis*.[1] The two mothers meanwhile exchange conventional compliments until the *portière* is raised, and the maiden enters the room, when all eyes are turned upon her. She approaches, kisses the hands of all the guests, and then presents to them the coffee which has been brought in at the same time. After removing the empty cups, she salaams and disappears.

"*Mashallah!*" the visitors are required by custom to exclaim: "what a beauty! Your daughter, Effendi, is like a full moon. What hair she has, and what eyes!" And the chief *guerudji* proceeds to expatiate on the excellent qualities and prospects of her son, states the amount of dower he is prepared to settle on his bride, and the sum to be paid to her parents; makes inquiries as to the girl's age and fortune, if any, and finally departs, saying, "If it is their *Kismet*, they may perhaps become better acquainted." After some half-dozen girls have been thus inspected, the mother returns home to describe them to her husband and son; and, the selection made, intermediaries are despatched to the family of the fortunate maiden to settle the preliminaries. If no hitch occurs during these negotiations, the bridegroom sends to the bride the betrothal presents, which consist, as a rule, of a silver jewel-box, hand-mirror, and other toilet requisites; and receives in return a jewelled snuff-box, cashmere shawl, &c. His mother also visits the house

[1] "The viewers," from *guermek*, to view.

of the bride, taking with her some yards of red silk and some sugar-plums. The former, which is subsequently made into a *shalvar*, is spread on the floor in front of the divan, and the bride steps upon it when she approaches to kiss the hand of her future mother-in-law, who presents her with the sweets and her blessing. Half a sugar-plum, which has been bitten in two by the maiden, is given back to the bridegroom's mother, who carries it to her son as a first love-token.

A few days afterwards the bridegroom sends to his future father-in-law the *aghirlik*, a sum of money which is practically his contribution to the expenses of the *dughun;* and eight days after the betrothal the legal marriage takes place. According to the law of Islam, marriage is not a religious but a civil act. The *Imām* or priest is invited merely as a matter of courtesy, the validity of the contract consisting in its being attested by at least two witnesses. On this day the bridegroom and his witnesses proceed to the house of the bride, in the *selamlik* of which the amount of the *nekyah*—the sum to be paid to the bride in the event of divorce, or on her husband's death—is discussed and settled. The contract drawn up, the bridegroom declares three times his desire to wed the daughter of So-and-so, upon which the *Imām* proceeds to the door of the *haremlik*, behind which the bride and her friends are assembled, and after declaring the amount of the *nekyah* money agreed upon, asks the maiden if she accepts such an one for her husband. When the question and the affirmative answer have been thrice repeated, the *Imām* returns to the *selamlik*

and attests the consent of the maiden, the contract is forthwith signed, and the parties are married. They do not, however, see or hold any communication with each other until the conclusion of *dughun*, or week of festivities, which may not perhaps take place for some months.

The wedding dress and sundry other accessories which it is customary for the bridegroom to furnish are sent with great pomp to the house of the bride a week before the day fixed for the *dughun*. The rest of her *trousseau* is provided by her parents, and includes, besides a large quantity of wearing apparel, an extensive assortment of mattrasses, pillows, quilts, and sheets; kitchen utensils, all of copper; and a number of *sofras*, or dinner-trays, with their various services, one of which among the wealthy is usually of silver; furniture for two rooms covered with costly material, a handsome *mangal*, or brazier and stand, various articles of walnut-wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl or silver, such as tray-stands, dustpans, bath-pattens, &c. &c.

The *dughun* or wedding festival extends over a week, and however ill a father can afford the expenses inseparable from its celebration, he is obliged by custom to incur them. Such festivities are, in fact, the delight of Osmanli women, and it is a point of honour with a mother to celebrate the *dughun* of her daughter with as much *éclat* as possible. Like the *sunnet dughun*, it begins on a Monday, when a number of relatives and friends assemble to convey the *trousseau* and "plenishing" to the bridegroom's house, and to decorate the apartments destined

for her occupation. The luggage is carried by *hammals* or porters in charge of the *koulavouz*, or go-between, who is responsible for its safe delivery. On arriving at their destination the porters receive, in addition to their fee, a *chevré*, or embroidered towel, from the bridegroom's mother. The bride's party soon follow, and, after having partaken of coffee and sweets, proceed to the decoration of the bridal chamber. Some fasten strings along the walls, on which they display all the articles of the *trousseau*, the shawls, prayer carpet, *boktchas*, or bundle-wraps, embroidered towels and sheets, disposing them with great taste. In one corner of the room a bower is constructed with gauzes, embroideries, and artificial flowers made from coloured crêpe, beneath which the jewels and other precious objects are displayed under glass shades, and garlands of similar artificial flowers surmount the four walls of the room. This completed, the party proceed to the second apartment, where they set out the furniture and bedding, the stools of inlaid walnut-wood, the *hochaf* tray and its service of crystal bowl and ivory spoons, the candelabra, brooms, dustpans, and kitchen utensils.

On Tuesday the bride is taken with great ceremony to the bath, the fees being paid for her by the bridegroom. When ready to leave the inner apartment of the *hammam*, she is led three times round the central platform, on which the other ladies are seated, and kisses the hand of each. The clothes she puts on after this bath must not belong to her, but be borrowed for the occasion.

On Wednesday the lady friends of the bridegroom

proceed in a body to the home of the bride, preceded by the *koulavouz*, who announces their arrival with great formality. The bride's mother and all her assembled friends hurriedly descend the staircase, and, forming a double row, the first couple place each a hand under the arms of the bridegroom's mother, as if to support her as she ascends the stairs, the rest following suit with the other guests. The new arrivals are then conducted to rooms set apart for them, as it is not customary on this day for the respective friends of the bride and bridegroom to meet. When they have been divested of their *yashmaks* and *feridjés*, and are seated round the room on the divan, unsweetened coffee and cigarettes are handed round, followed half an hour later by sweetened coffee. The bride is presently led into the room by two *hanŭms* who have only been married once, and kisses the hands of all present, beginning with her *Kaïn Validé*, or mother-in-law, and not omitting this salute even to the youngest child present. A chair is placed for her close to the bridegroom's mother, on which she sits for a few minutes, during which this lady transfers some sugar from her own mouth to that of her daughter-in-law, symbolising the harmony which, it is hoped, will always exist between them. After they have been entertained for some time by the performances of the musicians and dancing girls, the bridegroom's mother and her friends prepare to depart. On leaving they receive an invitation to return in the evening for the ceremony of the *Kena*. The bride again appears and accompanies them to the foot of the staircase, where they throw over her a shower of small coins, which

are scrambled for by the beggars, children, and hangers-on, always found in great numbers at the door of a house in which a *dughun* is going on.

When the company are again assembled in the evening, a taper is handed to each of the younger members of the party, and, led by the bride and accompanied by the musicians and dancing girls, they descend to the garden. Winding in a long and wavy line, now around the fragrant flower beds and now in the shadow of the clumps of shrubs and trees, their rich dresses, bright jewels, fair faces, and floating hair, dimly lighted by the flickering tapers, their feet moving to the rhythm of the castanets and wild music of the dusky-hued Gipsy girls, one might fancy them a troop of Peris holding their midnight revels.

On their return to the house, the bride, after being divested of her gay attire, enters the reception-room, holding her left arm across the upper part of her face, and seats herself in the middle of the apartment. Her right hand is then covered thickly with the henna paste, on which the bridegroom's mother sticks a gold coin, and her friends do the same. This hand is covered with a silken bag, and held across her eyes, while the left hand is plastered and gilded in like manner by the bride's mother and friends. When her feet have been similarly stained, the ceremony is brought to an end with a pantomimic dance called the *Sakusum*, which is said to be even more immodest in character than the performances generally of these Gipsy women. At its conclusion the performers fall into extraordinary postures before the principal ladies in order to receive their guerdon, which is looked for

as much from the guests as from the hostess. The bride is allowed to repose until the henna is considered to have stained her skin to the requisite hue of a ruddy orange, when it is washed off. If left too long, it turns black, which is considered an evil augury for her wedded life.

The bride is usually conducted to her new home on the Thursday morning, accompanied by an immense concourse, the women in carriages and the men on horseback, and preceded by music. Before leaving the paternal roof, the bride's girdle is put on by her father in the presence only of her mother and sisters. While performing this ceremony, he is usually deeply affected, and weeps in company with his wife and daughters. The bride, also in tears, falls at his feet and kisses both them and his hand. He raises and presses her to his breast, and, after winding the girdle about her waist, gives her his blessing. Arrived at her new home, the bride is received at the door by the bridegroom, who conducts her, through the crowd of *hanŭms* already assembled, to the bower in the bridal chamber, and then retires to the *selamlik*. The bride's veil is now raised, and she and her *trousseau* are for some hours on view, not only to the invited guests, but to all the women who desire to inspect them. The festivities are continued in both divisions of the house until evening.

At the hour of the fifth *namāz*, or daily prayer, the *Imām* recites the customary evening prayer, to which he adds a benediction on the young couple. This concluded, the bridegroom hurries towards the door of the harem, pursued by his friends, who administer

smart blows on his back, and also throw old shoes at him with no gentle hand. The door of the harem once shut behind him, he is led to the door of the nuptial chamber by a eunuch, who there consigns him to the charge of the old *koulavouz*, or some other experienced matron, who on this occasion acts as mistress of the ceremonies to the couple. The bride rises as he enters and kisses his hand. Her veil, removed by the *koulavouz*, is spread on the floor, and on it the bridegroom kneels and offers a short prayer, the bride standing meanwhile on its edge behind him. The couple are then seated side by side on the divan, and the old lady shows them in a mirror the reflection of their united faces, expressing at the same time her best wishes for the continuance of their present harmonious union. Sugar is also transferred from the mouth of the one to the other in order to remind them of the sweetness of their future relations with each other. After serving them with coffee, the *koulavouz* leaves them to make each other's acquaintance while she superintends the preparations for their supper. The hour of this meal, however, depends on the humour of the bride, whose shyness or obstinacy must be overcome to the extent at least of making her speak to the bridegroom before he can assume any authority over her. Brides are recommended by experienced matrons not to respond too readily to the advances of their husbands, who are occasionally compelled to resort to stratagem in order to get their supper. Once a word has been extorted, the husband makes a signal, and the meal, which usually consists of a chicken and a few trifles, is served.

On the following morning the couple enter, hand in hand, the principal reception-room of the house, where all the family await them, impatient to ascertain "whether their stars have met," which the women at least have little difficulty in discovering from the expression of their respective faces. Both husband and wife salute the bridegroom's parents by kissing their hands, and receive the customary presents from them in return. At noon a grand reception is held, called the "Feast of Sheep's Trotters," from the dish which it is customary for the couple to partake of on this occasion. The two subsequent days are also devoted to festivities, during which the bride in her wedding array sits in state to receive the visits and congratulations of the matrons.

All these elaborate formalities are, however, dispensed with in the case of a widow or woman who has been divorced, and, as I have before mentioned, no *dughun* is considered necessary at the wedding of a slave.

In spite of all the social and religious conventionalities which, as we have seen, surround the lives of Osmanli girls, love occasionally surmounts the barriers of harem restraint, and romance ends happily in marriage. It is said that "an old maid" does not exist in Turkish society, so rarely is it that a husband cannot be found for a girl of marriageable age. For the plain or deformed daughter of a wealthy man will be bestowed on some needy youth, to the furtherance of whose ambitious schemes the patronage of her father is necessary; and many pashas of high rank, and even Grand Viziers, have owed their success

in life to the influence and interest possessed by their wives.

The divine calm of the Islam spirit—the spirit of profound and complete resignation to the will of Allah—is perhaps on no occasion more strongly manifested than in the presence of death. The pious Moslem has ever present to his mind the termination of earthly existence and the life beyond the grave; he considers himself but camped in the world, as the Osmanli nation has been said to be camped in Europe; and he regards the joys and allurements of earthly existence as but illusions and shadows in comparison with the delights which await him in Paradise. *Kismet*, which determines the events of a person's life, and *Edjel*, his "appointed time," are decreed by Allah, who has inscribed them in invisible characters on the brow of every human being.[1] As the unfortunate Sultan Abdul Aziz wrote on a dust-covered table in his prison:

Man's destiny is Allah's will,
And power is given by Him alone;
My fate is written on my brow,
I lowly bend before His throne.

This unquestioning submission to the decrees of fate renders death terrible to Moslems only in the abstract, and when viewed from a distance. In polite society it is never alluded to save under some poetical name, such as the "Cupbearer of the Sphere," and prefaced by the wish, "Far be it from you!" and the common people, before uttering the word, invariably spit, an

[1] See *The Koran*, *Sura* lvii. v. 19.

action which has much the same signification. Such a fatalistic view of life and death naturally causes the Osmanli to put little faith in the medical art. If a person's *Edjel* has called him he will die, doctors and "charmers," notwithstanding; if the "appointed time" has not yet arrived he will recover, so why trouble him with drugs?

When the "Cupbearer of the Sphere" is believed to be approaching, the relatives of the moribund gather round the couch, weeping silently, or repeating prayers to keep at a distance the evil spirits who are ever on the alert to annoy a departing soul. If the dying person is conscious and able to speak, *helal*, or free forgiveness of injuries, is requested and granted on both sides. Pious bequests, too, are often made on deathbeds and slaves set free, charity of this kind having been specially commended by the Prophet.[1]

When the last breath has been drawn, the wailing of the women commences. Those most affected by the sad event often beat their breasts and tear their hair in a passionate outburst of genuine grief. As soon, however, as this first expression of sorrow has exhausted itself, preparations are commenced for performing the last sad rites to the dead, and invitations are at once issued for the funeral, which will take place either on the same or the following day. When the eyes of the dead have been closed and the chin has been bandaged, the body is placed, covered only with a sheet, on the *rahat latak*, or "Couch of Ease." This is a kind of stretcher, on which, if the corpse be that of a man, it is carried to the court-yard to be washed by the

[1] See p. 412.

Imām and his subordinates. This duty is, however, performed for a woman by her own sex in private.

A sacred character is attached to this rite of washing the dead, and great reverence is observed in carrying out every detail of the ceremony. The body must be kept covered as much as possible and handled with great gentleness and care, as any roughness or want of respect would draw upon the washers the "wrath of the dead."[1] The traditions of Mohammed as well as the works of Moslem doctors teach that a dead body is conscious of pain, and consequently great care should be taken to prevent any pressure upon it. Seven portions of wadding enveloped in calico, over which warm water is poured, are successively used for this purpose, and the unconscious corpse is made to perform for the last time the *abtest*, or ablution before prayer. This ceremony, when fully performed, consists in washing the hands and then conveying water in them three times to the nose and the lips, and from the crown of the head to the temples; three times from behind the ears to the neck, from the palm of the hand to the elbow, and then to the feet, commencing with the right. When this formality has been twice gone through, the coffin, or rather shell, is brought in, and placed by the side of the *rahat latak*. Three long scarves of stout material are laid across the coffin, and on them are placed three strips of linen or calico. The shroud is spread above

[1] A curious story is told by Evliya Effendi, illustrative of this belief. A subordinate washer, having manipulated somewhat roughly the body of a holy Sheikh, received from the insulted corpse a kick, and shortly afterwards sickened and died (*Narrative of Travels*).

these, and a thousand and one drachms of cotton are weighed out with which to envelop the corpse. Small portions of this cotton are also placed under the armpits and between the fingers and toes. The body, dressed in a sleeveless gown called the *kaftet*, is then gently laid in the shell. Pepper and other spices are sifted, and rosewater sprinkled on the face; and the head and body are finally enveloped in the cotton and shroud, which are secured by the three strips of calico before mentioned.

When these observances are concluded, and the hour fixed for the funeral has arrived, the apartment is thrown open, and the guests enter, preceded by the *Imām*. The latter turns, and, addressing those present, says, "O congregation, what do you consider this man's (or woman's) life to have been?" "Good," is invariably the response. "Then give *helal* to him (or her)." The *helal* given, the coffin is draped with rich shawls and stuffs, and, raised on the shoulders of four or more men—for the Turks have not, like the Greeks, adopted the use of hearses—is borne to the cemetery, followed by a long procession of male mourners. It is considered a meritorious act to carry a dead body even for a little way, and the bearers at a Moslem funeral are consequently continually relieved by others who wish to obtain the benefits which the performance of this religious duty is believed to confer. The only distinction made in the decoration of the coffins of men and women is that that of a man carries the turban or fez of its occupant suspended on a peg at the head, and that of a woman her *chimber*, or coif. No lugubrious chants or noisy demonstrations of woe,

such as attend the funerals of Eastern Christians and Jews respectively, mark the progress of the Moslem to his last resting-place. The procession takes its way in reverent silence to the mosque, where the first part of the burial service is read, which, for a woman, includes the following prayer:

"O Allah, pardon Thou our living and our dead, those of us looking on, and those of us absent, our little ones and our adults, our men and our women.

"O God, unto whomsoever Thou grant life, cause Thou him to live resigned to Thy will (*i.e.*, a *Moslem*); and whomsoever Thou call away, make Thou him to die in the faith (a *Mamin*).

"Cause thou This departed one to possess Thy solace and Thy ease, Thy mercy and Thy grace.

"O God, if she have been a worker of good works, then do Thou add unto her good works, and if she have been an evil-doer, do Thou pass it over. And may security and glad tidings surround her with honour and privilege. And free Thou her from the torment of the grave and of hell-fires, causing her to dwell in the abodes of the Paradises with her children. O Allah, make Thou her tomb a garden of the gardens of heaven; and let not her grave be a pit of the pits of perdition. For Thy mercy's sake, O Thou most compassionate of the merciful."

When the deceased has not arrived at years of discretion the following prayer only is used:

"O Allah, make Thou her unto us a forerunner, a means of reward and of future provision, and an intercessor whose supplication is acceded to."

The graves of Moslems point, like the holy places of their mosques, in the direction of the *Kaaba* at Mekka. That of a woman is dug to a depth corresponding to her height up to the shoulder. On the arrival at the cemetery of the procession, the coffin is placed by the side of the excavation, the lid is removed, and the body gently lifted out by six persons, who hold the ends of the three scarves before mentioned, and lowered into the earth. When the remainder of the prayers for the dead have been recited, one or two boards are fixed a few inches above the corpse, the grave is filled up, and the mourners return home. The *Imām*, however, remains a short time longer by the grave in order, it is said, to prompt the deceased in his replies to the "Questioners." These are the two angels, Mounkir and Nekir, who, according to the Moslem creed, enter the grave with the dead in order to interrogate them concerning their faith. For, according to a belief common to many Oriental races, the soul retains after death some mysterious connection with the body, which cannot be buried without it. If the dead has been a devout Moslem, his reply will be, "My God is Allah; my Prophet, Mohammed; my religion, Islam; and my *Kibla*, the Kaaba."[1] If, however, he had been but an indifferent follower of the Prophet, he will not be able to remember the words of his creed. In the former case the angels give the dead a taste of all kinds of delights, and in the latter they afflict him with various torments.

The following curious little Dervish story may

[1] The point to which Moslems turn when performing their devotions.

serve as an illustration of this Moslem belief in the inseparableness before burial of soul and body.

As the corpse of Kera Kadin, the sainted wife of the great Founder of the *Mevlevī* Order, was being carried to the grave, accompanied by an immense concourse of the Brotherhood, the bearers suddenly found themselves, for the space of half an hour, unable to proceed; an occurrence which greatly puzzled the Brethren of Love. A holy man of the Order, however, found the explanation the same night in a dream. At the spot where the procession had been brought to a standstill a man and woman had, on the preceding day, been stoned to death for adultery, and the lady's soul had left her body in order to intercede for them with the All-merciful. Having obtained their forgiveness, her spirit had immediately returned to earth, and the bearers were enabled to proceed to the cemetery.[1]

If the deceased has been well-to-do, gifts are made to the poor from among her personal effects, and money is also distributed. Three days afterwards dishes of *loukmás*, a kind of dough-nut or *baignée*, are sent round to the houses of friends, and the poor also receive their portion of these funeral cates, in return for which their prayers are requested for the soul of the departed. This ceremony is repeated on the seventh and fortieth days after the funeral, and on the latter occasion a dole of loaves is added. Prayer for the dead, indeed, is considered by Moslems an act of religious duty of the greatest importance. On their tombstones may be seen engraved appeals to the

[1] See the "Acts of the Adepts," in *The Mesneví*, Redhouse's translation.

passers-by to offer on their behalf a *Fatiha*, or recitation of the opening chapter of the Koran, a customary act with all True Believers on visiting the tombs of friends or the shrines of Holy Men.

No external signs of mourning are used, or periods of seclusion observed by Osmanlis after the death of a relative. Female friends who arrive to pay visits of condolence are entertained by the ladies, who, after receiving their expressions of sympathy and good wishes for their future exemption from bereavement, speak calmly and resignedly of the deceased. Excessive sorrow for children is considered not only sinful, but detrimental to their happiness and rest in Paradise. It is, however, an act of filial duty to mourn constantly for lost parents, and to pray continually for their forgiveness and acceptance with Allah.

CHAPTER XXII.

OSMANLI WOMEN: THEIR CULTURE- AND FOLK-BELIEFS.

As I cannot here attempt to enter into an exposition of the tenets of Islam, I will limit my remarks on the culture-beliefs of the Osmanlis to those which refer more especially to women. Various European writers, from Montesquieu downwards, have assumed and asserted—though on what authority it is impossible to ascertain—that the religion of Islam denies to woman the possession of a soul, and consequently admission to Paradise.[1] Although such an assertion could not honestly be made by any one acquainted either with the religious books or the religious thought of Islam, this assumed Moslem debasement of women has been eagerly seized upon by the "Subjection of Women" theorists; and it may not, therefore, be superfluous to point out briefly how utterly at variance with facts is such an assumption. In the first place, the Koran is most explicit on this point, and numerous

[1] In a paper read before a meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at Milwaukee, October 2, 1878, the Rev. Mr. N. G. Clark, Foreign Secretary of the Board, informed his hearers that "The faith of Islam teaches its followers that woman does not possess a soul." A statement to the same effect was also made not long ago by the late Lord Granville at a public meeting, notwithstanding the conclusive refutation so long ago given to this absurd assumption by Mr. Sale in the preliminary discourse to his translation of the Koran (see Chandos Classics Edition, p. 80).

texts, of which the following may serve as examples, promise the joys of heaven to all "resigned and believing women."[1]

"God has promised to believers, men and women, gardens beneath which rivers flow, to dwell therein for ever, and goodly places in the garden of Eden."[2]

"The gardens of Eden, into which they shall enter with the righteous amongst their fathers and their wives and their seed."[3]

"Verily men resigned and women resigned, and believing men and believing women, and devout men and devout women, and truthful men and truthful women, and patient men and patient women, and humble men and humble women, and almsgiving men and almsgiving women, and fasting men and fasting women . . . . and men who remember God much and women who remember Him—God has prepared for them forgiveness and a mighty hire."[4]

"Enter ye into Paradise, ye and your wives, happy."[5]

The *Hadith*, or Traditions, also record that the Prophet of Islam imparted to his followers his divinely acquired knowledge that certain of their deceased friends had been rewarded for their faith by admission to Paradise. Among them, he said, was his departed wife and first convert, Khadija, whom

[1] See on this subject Sir James Redhouse's *Essay on the Character and Varieties of Turkish Poetry*, p. 13 *et seq.*

[2] *Koran*, chap. ix. v. 73.

[3] *Ibid.* chap. xiii. v. 23.

[4] *Ibid.* chap. xxxiii. v. 35.

[5] *Ibid.* chap. xliii. v. 70. For other similar passages see chaps. ix. v. 66; xxxvi. v. 56; xlviii. v. 5; lvii. v. 12, &c.

he had been "commanded to gladden with the good tidings of a chamber of hollow pearl, in which is no clamour and no fatigue."[1] And in the following little elegy on a lady who died in the bloom of her youth, the poet Fazil admirably depicts the Oriental belief in both physical and spiritual consciousness after death:

Ah! thou'st laid her low, yet flushed with life, Cup-bearer of the Sphere![2]
Scarce the glass of joy was tasted when the bowl of Fate brimmed o'er:
Cradle her, O Earth! full gently; smile on her, O Trusted One![3]
For a wide world's king this fair Pearl as his heart's own darling wore.[4]

As I have already mentioned,[5] prayers and alms-deeds are considered by Moslems most beneficial for the souls of the departed. It is also customary to read or recite passages from the Koran on their behalf. At the conclusion of the *Khotba*, the sermon or address delivered in every cathedral mosque on Fridays after the congregational service, a collect is recited, praying for the bestowal of the divine mercy and grace on Fātima, the daughter of the Prophet and mother of all his descendants; on Khadija and 'A'isha and the remainder of his wives; and on all resigned (*Moslem*) and believing women, living or dead. It

[1] Redhouse, *op. cit.*, p. 11, quoting from Wustenfeld's *Ibnu-Hishan*, vol. i. p. 156.
[2] The poetical name given by Moslems to Death. See p. 490.
[3] The Angel Gabriel.
[4] Gibb, *Ottoman Poems*, Appendix.
[5] Pp. 491 and 496.

is also customary for all Moslems to conclude their *namaz*, or daily devotions, with a prayer for the forgiveness of the sins of the suppliant and of his or her "two parents."

That the slavish subjection of women, which is generally assumed to be inseparable from Islam, was neither preached nor practised by its Prophet is sufficiently evidenced by the honour and regard paid to his wives, and especially to Khadija and 'A'isha. The latter had been married at the age of nine, and was the favourite wife of Mohammed, who had taken the greatest pains with her education. She was esteemed the most polished and learned of her compatriots, and, after enjoying for eleven years the confidence and affection of her husband, was, on his death, honoured by the Believers with the title of "Prophetess" and "Mother of the Faithful." 'A'isha lived in virtuous and honourable widowhood for forty-eight years, and, having been the confidant of the Prophet, she was consulted in all difficulties that arose respecting points of religion and law. A large proportion of the *Hadith*, or Traditional Sayings of Mohammed, were, according to the Moslem doctors, made up from her replies, which were based on the opinions she had heard him express. Moslems, after uttering the names of 'A'isha and other holy women, add, "May they find acceptance with Allah!"

Although regular attendance at public worship is not required of Moslem, any more than it is of Christian, women in the East, all the usual ordinances of their religion—daily ablutions, prayers, fasting, pilgrimage, and "good works"—are as obligatory

for Moslem women as for Moslem men. Children of both sexes are taught their prayers at the age of seven, and the honourable title of *Hafiz* is conferred on women as well as on men who have committed the whole of the Koran to memory.[1] Friday, the holy day of the Moslems, on which is also commemorated the creation of Adam, is attended with no Sabbatarian observances beyond the noon service in the mosques. And though the remainder of the day is generally devoted to rest and relaxation, no censure attaches to the pursuit of manual toil.

Although as many as seven annual fasts are observed by devout Moslems, one of these only, the thirty days' fast of Ramazan, is held to be of divine institution, and consequently compulsory for all True Believers over the age of fourteen, invalids and travellers only being exempted from its observance. Ramazan is celebrated in the ninth month of the Mohammedan year, during the whole of which food, drink, and tobacco are rigidly abstained from between dawn and sunset. As the Moslem year is lunar, this fast makes the round of the seasons every thirty-three years, and is naturally most trying when it falls in summer. To the rich this period of penitence is no great hardship, as they merely turn night into day. But to the labouring classes, who have not this alternative, and who pursue their usual avocations, exposed to the heat of a long summer day without venturing even to moisten their parched lips with water, the

[1] Evliya Effendi mentions in his *Narrative of Travels* that Angora at the time of his visit (seventeenth century) contained two thousand boys and girls who were *Hafiz*. Book ii. p. 231.

merit of keeping the Ramazan is infinitely greater. This period constitutes the great revival time of Islam. Services are held every night in the mosques, hospitality is largely exercised, especially to the poor; foreign innovations are, to a great extent, discarded, and old native customs reverted to. The early part of every night is consecrated to religious duties, feasting, and social amenities, little rest or sleep being indulged in.

At Stamboul, when the *Terravi* prayers, which are offered in the mosques two hours after sunset, are over, every one resorts to the esplanade of the Sulimanieh, which is soon crowded with pedestrians and elegant carriages containing Turkish beauties. The bazaars are illuminated, all the fruit and refreshment shops are open, and eating, drinking, and flirting are the order of the evening. This indiscriminate *mêlée* partakes somewhat of the character of the Carnival in continental cities, liberties of all kinds being taken by the crowd with the occupants of the vehicles, and acts permitted towards women, such as throwing petty missiles, or even pinching, which contrasts strangely with the respect ordinarily paid to them out of doors. Half an hour before dawn "the awakeners" go through the Turkish quarters beating little drums and singing verses as a signal that it is time for the Faithful to take their last meal before sunrise. I can still recall the dreamy romantic impression produced upon me soon after my first arrival in the East by the sound of these drums and voices in the streets of Bournabat in the early winter mornings.

The conclusion of Ramazan is celebrated by the

"Festival of the Breaking of the Fast," also called the "Feast of Alms," which lasts for three days, and on which no work whatever is done. Besides a considerable donation to the poor, every well-to-do person gives a small present to his slaves and to all those in his employ. Congratulatory visits are exchanged, and after the service in the mosque is over the day is given up to rejoicings of all kinds. Though charity and hospitality are more especially exercised at this religious season, these virtues are at all times held in high esteem by the Moslems, and many are the charming stories by which they are inculcated. I have, however, space here only for one.

In the days of the Prophet there lived a man who had a wife and two children, and this poor family for a whole week had nothing to eat. One day, however, they received some victuals which were hardly sufficient for a single person, and at the same time a stranger arrived and demanded hospitality. The husband said to his wife:

"Praised be Allah, who gives us His blessing in sending to us this guest! Is there anything to give him?"

"There is no more than will suffice for one person," replied the woman.

"Then have the goodness to put the children to bed, for our guest must eat what food we have; we cannot do otherwise. As soon as it is dark, thou wilt light the lamp, and bring in at the same time the food. Thou must then upset the lamp and say, 'The lamp went out in falling, I will re-light it,' and I will say, 'No, let us sit down; we can sup without

a light.' Then in the darkness we can put our hands into the dish, and our guest will think that we are eating, and will not perceive that he alone eats."

They did as he said. The guest passed the night in the house, and in this way he ate all the food they had. When morning dawned, the stranger rose and departed. The master of the house, after performing the ablution, betook himself to the noble mosque, where he saw the Prophet seated with his back leaning against the pulpit (*mihrab*).

Mohammed observing him said, "Blessed be thou, for Gabriel has promised to thee Paradise, and Allah has promised to thee and to thy wife blessings innumerable."

The Qurbān Bairām, or "Feast of Sacrifice," is the greatest of all Moslem festivals, and besides forming a part of the rites of the pilgrimage to Mekka, is observed equally in all parts of Islamiyeh. Though there is nothing in the Koran to connect this sacrifice with the history of Ishmael, it is generally held by Moslems to have been instituted in commemoration of Abraham's willingness to offer up his son as a sacrifice, Ishmael being substituted for Isaac in the Mohammedan account of the occurrence. Each head of a house provides beforehand an animal for this sacrifice, generally a lamb, which is led about by the children before the day of its doom, its fleece dyed with henna or cochineal, and its budding horns covered with gold leaf.

When the lamb has been sacrificed, its flesh is divided into three portions, one being given to the

poor, a second to relatives, the remaining third being kept for the use of the family. This festival is observed, like the Lesser Bairām, with great rejoicings, which are continued for four days. As evening fades into night the whole of Stamboul begins to glitter with the lights from myriads of tiny oil lamps, placed round the windows of houses, festooned from minaret to minaret, or hung in double or triple coronals round their slender pinnacles. Along the banks of the Bosphorus an endless range of lambent blue flames, interspersed with lamps and cressets innumerable, and here and there a bonfire, illuminate the darkening waters and the elegant caïques which dart swiftly over their surface, adding to the natural charm of the scene an effect that savours almost of enchantment.

In addition to the pilgrimage to Mekka and the other holy cities of Islam, Moslem women make frequent visitations to the shrines of famous saints, who are generally the deceased Sheikhs of Dervish Orders. These lesser pilgrimages are generally undertaken in fulfilment of a vow, or for relief from sickness or other distress, for the *Hadith* say, "If thou art perplexed in thine affairs, go seek assistance from the inhabitants of the tombs;" and "If thine heart be oppressed with sorrow, go seek consolation at the graves of holy men." Such *Ziarets*, as they are called, are generally made on the day of the annual *Mevlud*, or Feast of the Saint, but are also frequently undertaken at other times when his assistance is desired. It is customary for suppliants or visitors to bring with them, besides

other gifts such as draperies for the sarcophagus, a lamb or sheep, which is sacrificed, its flesh being the perquisite of the guardian of the *Turbeh*, who is generally a Dervish.

Although Osmanli women are perhaps, generally speaking, less given to mysticism than are the men, yet it would appear that societies of pious women have been, ever since the foundation of the Dervish Orders, from time to time affiliated with them. These holy women are frequently mentioned in the biographies of Dervish saints, either individually, or collectively by some such name as "The Sisters of Rūm."[1] Nor is such mystical devotion entirely unknown among Osmanli women of to-day. At Kaválla, the ancient Neapolis, there existed a dozen years ago, and probably still exists, a society of female Dervishes, presided over by the widow of a holy Sheikh who, having predicted the day and hour of his departure from the world, was, immediately after his death, elevated to the rank of saint.

The Osmanlis have many graceful folk-beliefs connected with animals, most of which have also some religious significance. According to one of these, the stork goes every autumn on a pilgrimage to the holy Kaaba at Mekka, and hence it is called by Moslems *Baba Hadji*, "Father Pilgrim."[2] This stork, they say, builds his nest on the mosques and

[1] The term *Rūm* is applied by the Turks and Persians to all the territory comprised within the ancient Byzantine Empire.

[2] The Greek children of Ioannina, when they see the stork, sing a song beginning Λέλεκα παπᾶ χατζῆ (Stork, O Father Pilgrim !). See *Greek Folk-songs*, p. 173.

monuments of the True Believers, but never on the towers or cupolas of the Greek churches, nor in the Christian quarters. When the Father Pilgrim returns, the women and children look anxiously to see what he bears in his beak. If it happens to be a bit of glass, it is a sign that the year will be free from war, plague, and famine, and that every one will be happy; if a rag, that it will be a year of sickness; if an ear of corn, that cereals will be abundant. If the stork arrives with his beak raised to the sky, it is a bad sign, for the Pilgrim Father is dissatisfied with men and will not deign to look at them; if, on the contrary, his beak is pointed earthwards, and towards the town, they say that he murmurs, "*Salaam aleikūm!*" (Peace be with you!), and the pious Moslems reply, "*Aleikūmē es Salaam! Khosh gueldiniz, Hadji Baba!*" (On thee be peace! Welcome, Father Pilgrim! Welcome!)

A description of all the superstitious beliefs and practices of the Osmanlis would occupy much more space than I have here at my disposal, and the following account of them must therefore be necessarily incomplete.

The Supernals of the Osmanlis are by no means so numerous as those of the Albanians, and fall for the most part under the denomination either of *Djins* or *Peris*. Under the former term are comprised Supernals generally, the *tellestims* which guard ancient buildings or buried treasures, and other imaginary beings whose propensities are rather those of our goblins or fairies. Some houses are believed to be frequented by Djins of the last description, who are

called *Ev-Sahibi*, "The Masters of the House." If these are good Djins they bring all kinds of prosperity to their hosts; and no matter how idle or extravagant the housewife may be, everything goes well with the household. They are said to be clothed in bridal garments edged with tiny bells, the tinkling of which announces their passage through the house, and sometimes to allow themselves to be seen by those they honour with their favour. The wicked *Ev-Sahibi*, on the other hand, are most mischievous in their dispositions, and destroy everything that comes in their way, besides annoying the inhabitants of the houses they enter by making most intolerable noises. Like most Supernals, the Djins have the power of assuming any shape they please, from that of a shadowy being of colossal proportions, or a beautiful youth or maiden, down to that of a cat or mouse, or even a pitcher or broom. Both the good Djins or Peris, who serve Allah, and the Evil Djins, the followers of Eblis, are believed to have been created before man, the rebellion of Satan having consisted, according to Moslems, in his refusing to pay homage to the newly created being when commanded by Allah to do so.

The magical practices of the Osmanlis, though derived in great part from legendary lore, are also borrowed to a considerable extent from "Occult Science." Not only all classes of Turks, but also, as I have already mentioned, the more ignorant, and consequently the more superstitious, among the inhabitants of the country, both Christian and Jew, credit the Dervishes, who are the chief exponents of

this "science," with the faculty, not only of healing mental and bodily diseases, but of counteracting the dreaded effects of witchcraft and sorcery, of interpreting dreams, and of recovering lost or stolen property. As sickness, together with every other calamity, is usually attributed to the influence of a magical spell cast upon the sufferer by an evil-minded person, when any one falls ill the women—for it need hardly be said that the firmest believers in this mode of spiritual cure are of the female sex—send for some saintly Sheikh in order that he may remove the spell, or avert its maleficent influence. This holy man, whose breath, sanctified by the constant repetition of the name of the Deity (*Zikr*), has acquired a supernaturally healing power, proceeds to make a series of mysterious breathings on the head and the afflicted parts of the patient, accompanied by the imposition of his hands. These concluded, he produces a tiny scroll of paper inscribed with some holy words or with a passage from the Koran, and orders it either to be swallowed by the sufferer, to be soaked in water and the liquid to be drunk, or perhaps to be worn on his person as an amulet for a given number of days.

The efficacy of these little scrolls, called by the various names of *nushka*, *yafta*, and *hammâil*, can only be relied upon, according to the Sheikhs who prescribe them, when administered by their own hands. But whatever the success of these remedies may be in individual cases, nothing shakes the belief in them of the meek-minded. If they fail, it has been from a want of faith on the part of the recipient, so that by accusing their clients of neglecting to fulfil this

condition the Dervishes are able to screen themselves from the reproaches their disappointed patients might feel disposed to utter against them. The holy man in every case receives an honorarium for his services, either in coin or kind; but if a speedy recovery is the result of his ministrations his reward will be large in proportion.

The words used as counterspells and exorcisms are, as a rule, taken from the two chapters of the Koran which relate to witchcraft and malevolence:

"Say, I fly for refuge unto the Lord of the Day-break, that he may deliver me from the mischief of those things which he hath created and from the mischief of the night when it cometh on,[1] and from the mischief of women blowing on knots, and from the mischief of the envious when he envieth,"[2] &c.

The commentators relate that the reason for the revelation of the above chapter of the Koran and the one following it was that a Jew, named Lobeid, had, with the assistance of his daughters, bewitched Mohammed by tying eleven knots in a cord, which they hid in a well. The Prophet falling ill, Allah revealed this chapter and the following, and Gabriel acquainted him with the use he was to make of them, and told him where the cord was hidden. The Prophet sent Ali to fetch the cord, and the same being brought he repeated the two chapters over it;

[1] According to Mr. Sale, these words may also be rendered "from the mischief of the moon when she is eclipsed."

[2] Chaps. cxiii. and cxiv. Compare *Cymbeline*, act ii. scene 2:

"To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies and the tempters of the night, guard me, beseech ye!'

at every verse a knot was loosed, till, on finishing the last words, he was entirely freed from the charm.

Calculations intended as talismans or charms are made, among other methods, by cabalistic calculations based on the numerical value of the letters composing the name of the person interested. In a divination for the purpose of fortune-telling these numerical values are multiplied and divided, and their cubes and squares are added and subtracted according to some conventional method of calculation, to obtain a result, odd or even. If even, it is considered lucky; if odd, the reverse. Some of the charms purchased from these diviners are believed to have the power of invoking visits from beneficent Djins, who cure the suffering in body, ease the troubled in mind, or grant the desires of the invoker. Other charms are placed under the pillow at night to influence the dreams of the sleepers.

The idea of the sacred and mysterious character of letters has given rise to a belief that each one has its special Djin appointed by Allah to wait upon it, and who may be invoked either severally or collectively. In order to secure the invisible presence of these "Slaves of the Letter," the calculations must be drawn up on certain days and hours and at certain periods of the moon and positions of the stars. These and other "occult" talismans are also frequently engraved on stones brought from the holy cities of Mekka, Medina, or Damascus, or from the neighbourhood of the tombs of such holy men as Hadji Bektash or Hadji Bairam. Sometimes the inscription consists of a verse from the Koran, or of

an invocation to the Prophet or the Khalif Ali. When a charm is concocted for the purpose of inspiring a person with the tender passion the Djins invoked by it meet in council and devise a series of influences which will compel the devoted person to obey them. The only remedy is to be found in procuring a counter-charm, composed of letters that will ensure the attendance of other Djins, who will either overcome the first or compel them to agree to a compromise, and so to release the victim from their influence.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OSMANLI WOMEN: THEIR FOLK-POESY—FOLK-TALES.

THE folk-tales of the Osmanlis are very numerous, and are also exceedingly varied in character. There are religious and semi-religious legends connected with the Prophet and his family, and with the holy men of Islam; mythical stories concerning the magical exploits of King David and King Solomon; wild romances of Djins and allied Supernals; fables with a moral; and comic and humorous stories innumerable. The origin of the numerous legends, the heroes of which have the same names as the second and third kings of Israel, and of which the following may serve as an example, will be pointed out in the Conclusion.

Saint Solomon and the Sparrow.[1]

There was in the blessed service of Saint Solomon —on whom be peace!—a little Sparrow, whose many tricks and gambols were ever pleasing to Saint Solomon. One day Saint Solomon saw not the Sparrow by him, and he commanded the Simurgh bird to go fetch the Sparrow wherever he might find him. For

[1] Compare also the Circassian story, p. 203.

a long time the Sparrow had not been to his mate, and his mate had upbraided him, saying:

"For this long time thou hast left me and been with Solomon: dost thou love him more than me, or dost thou fear him? Tell me."

The Sparrow answered, "By Allah, I would not exchange thee for the world: I am come but once to earth and shall not come again. I go to Solomon for diversion; I have no dread of him."

While he was talking with many such vaunts and boasts, the Simurgh arrived in haste, and hearing the Sparrow bragging, said harshly:

"Up, up! Let us be off, for Saint Solomon asks for thee."

Then the Sparrow, being with his mate, plucked up courage, and replied, "Be off with thee. I will not go!"

Said the Simurgh, "But I will indeed take thee."

"Off with thee," again replied the Sparrow, "or I will seize thee and rend thee in twain!"

Quoth the Simurgh, "I will not go without thee."

But the Sparrow heeded him not; and the Simurgh waited awhile, but in vain. So the Simurgh said again to the Sparrow, "O, my life, give me an answer!"

"I tell thee to begone," replied the Sparrow. "If thou speak to me again my heart will bid me do somewhat else—but no! I will not slay thee. Yet begone, or I shall do thee some hurt, and then will I go to Solomon's palace, and smite it with my foot, and overturn it from its foundations, and pull it down on his head. So away, fool; return the road thou

camest. Thou chatterest here and sayest not, 'This is the Sparrow's harem, he is ill,'" and he gave the Simurgh a kick. The Simurgh felt it not, but he flew thence, and reported the Sparrow's words to Saint Solomon.

"Where was the Sparrow when he spake these words?" asked Solomon.

"With his mate," replied the Simurgh.

"Then," quoth Saint Solomon—on whom be peace!—"there is no harm in his thus boasting and bragging in his own house, and before his wife. Though every stone of this my palace was raised by the toil of these many demons, still wonder not at his saying, when beside his wife, that he could shatter it with one foot."

And this was pleasing to Solomon—on whom be peace!—and when the Sparrow came back, he made him one of his boon companions.[1]

The following Moslem explanation of why a cat always falls upon its feet will be new to most readers:—

The Prophet and the Cat.[2]

The Prophet Mohammed had one day gone far into the desert, and after walking a long distance, fell asleep, overcome with fatigue. A great serpent—may this son of Satan be accursed!—came out of the bushes and approached the Prophet, the Messenger of Allah—whose name be glorified! The serpent was

[1] Adapted from Mr. Gibb's translation of the *Tales of the Forty Viziers*.

[2] *Les Littératures Populaires*, tom. xxviii, p. 232.

on the point of biting the Servant of the All-Merciful, when a cat, passing by accident, fell upon the reptile, and, after a long struggle, killed it. The hissing of the expiring monster awoke the Prophet, who understood from what danger the cat had saved him.

"Come hither!" commanded the Servant of Allah.

The cat approached, and Mohammed caressed him three times, and three times he blessed him, saying, "May peace be upon thee, O cat!" Then in further token of his gratitude, the Messenger added, "In return for the service thou hast done me, thou shalt be invincible in combat. No living creature shall be able to turn thee on thy back. Go, thou art thrice blessed!"

It is in consequence of this benediction of the Prophet that a cat always alights on its feet from whatever height it may fall.

The following description of the death of the chief martyrs of Islam is not, I believe, historically correct, Hassan having died some years previous to the massacre of the descendants of the Prophet by the followers of the usurping Khalif, Moaviah, and his son Yezeed.[1]

The Partridge and the Sons of Ali.[2]

Hassan and Hussein, the sons of Ali, the fourth Khalif after Mohammed—may he be blessed!—were

[1] See Hamilton's Preliminary Discourse to his translation of the *Hedāya*, p. 18.

[2] *Les Littératures Populaires*, tom. xxviii. p. 234.

fleeing from the *Khafirs* (infidels) after the battle of Kerbela, when they came to an old poplar, hollow with age.

"May Allah be praised," said the sons of Ali; and hiding in the hollow, they waited till their enemies should have gone away. Several days passed. Hassan and Hussein were giving thanks to the Almighty for deliverance from the unbelievers, when they repassed the place where the fugitives were hidden. Close by a partridge called, according to its wont:

"*Kac-kabac! Kac-kovac!*"

(Now *Kabac* signifies in Turkish and Arabic "poplar," and *Kovac* "the hollow of a tree," so that the pursuers understood her to say, "The poplar! The hollow tree!")

"What can this mean?" asked the infidels of each other. "Doubtless some one is hidden in the hollow of that old poplar, perhaps Hassan and Hussein—whom may Allah confound at the last day!" And running to the tree, they found the enemy, whom they had pursued since the great battle. The brothers were massacred on the spot, and the infidels went away leaving the bodies.

When they were gone, the partridge approached the spot where the grandsons of the Prophet had been massacred. She dipped her claws and her beak in the blood of the servants of Allah.

Since that day the partridge is accursed; and to her eternal shame her beak and claws remain reddened with the blood of Hassan and Hussein. It is forbidden to men to nourish in their houses the bird stained with the blood of the martyrs, and it is a

meritorious action before Allah and men to kill the red-legged partridge.

On the other hand, it is a crime to hunt the grey-legged partridge. For this charming bird, after the massacre of Hassan and Hussein, abused their infidel persecutors with its cry of "*Tchifut ! Tchifut !*" which signifies in Turkish and Arabic "Jew ! Jew !" and the name of "Jew" is the grossest insult which can be given to a creature of Allah.

Many stories similar to the following are told of eminent Dervishes. A number of these, of which the hero was the famous Poet-dervish, Jelalū-'d-Dīn, the founder of the Mevlevī Order, are related in *The Acts of the Adepts*,[1] written in the fourteenth century by Eflakī, a member of the same Order.

Hadji-Ephraim Teuvetlu.

In the neighbourhood of Cosan Dagh, near the village of Havatan, which is inhabited by half a score of Turcoman families, there is a *turbéh*, or mausoleum, which bears the name of Hadji-Ephraim Teuvetlu.

This holy man was a shepherd in the service of the lord of that place. One day his wife, having cooked a most appetising meal, exclaimed :

"How I wish that our master was here to taste of these dishes ! "

The lord had set out on a pilgrimage to the holy Kaaba at Mekka.

[1] *The Mesnevi*, translated by Sir James Redhouse, p. 61, &c.

"Put his portion in a dish," said the shepherd, "and place a cover over it."

"But our master is far away," objected the wife. "How can it reach him?"

"Do as I tell thee, disbelieving woman; our master will take his part of the feast."

The woman obeyed. The shepherd took the dish, set out for the Holy City, and arrived the same day at Mekka. The lord was much astonished to see him.

"What hast thou done with my flocks?" he asked.

"Do not be uneasy; thy sheep are tranquilly grazing on thy pastures."

"Why hast thou come to Mekka?"

"My wife had this morning prepared a delicious meal, and I hastened to bring your portion—here it it is." And with this he handed him the dish, the contents of which were still steaming.

"I thank thee, shepherd. Return to thy flock."

The same evening Ephraim re-entered his house and told his wife what he had been doing.

"It is quite impossible," she replied. "The distance from here to Mekka is too long!"

When the lord returned from his pilgrimage he gave back to the shepherd's wife the dish which her husband had carried to Mekka.

"Ephraim is a saint!" exclaimed at once both master and wife.

Hadji-Ephraim Teuvetlu continued to tend his sheep on the slopes of Cosan Dagh. One day, when the shepherd was seated in the shade of a rock, he fell fast asleep. The flock, left to themselves, fell into the river which runs at the foot of the mountain,

but still the shepherd slept. News soon came to the lord that his sheep were drowning. He sprang on the back of one of his best horses, and rode to the mountain, where he found Hadji-Ephraim sleeping the sleep of the just. Several kicks were required to awake him.

Seeing the sheep in the river, Hadji-Ephraim jumped in too, and, walking on the water as if on dry ground, he brought them one by one to land, and delivered them to his master.

"There is not one missing," he said. "But I will remain no longer in thy service."

The shepherd disappeared, and for several years no one knew whither he had gone. He lived in the mountains far from the eyes of men, and finally died the death of the saints.

Hadji-Ephraim appeared subsequently to several of the villagers of the neighbourhood, and commanded them to build a mausoleum on the spot where he died. The pious country-folk obeyed, raised a shrine to the saint near the village of Havatan, and also bestowed upon him the title of *Teuvetlu*, "The Happy."

Of the following story there are many interesting variants.

The Magician and his Pupil.

There once lived in the city of Cairo a woman, and that woman had a worthless son, who, no matter to what trade she put him, did no good. One day the woman said to the youth:

"My son, to what trade shall I put thee?"

"Let us go out together," he replied, "and whatever trade takes my fancy, to that do thou put me."

So the woman and her son went to the bazaar, and as they were walking about they saw a magician, and the youth took a fancy for his trade, whereupon his mother made him over to this man. The magician took the youth, and began to instruct him in the magic art.

After some days the master said to his pupil, "To-morrow I will become a ram. Thou must sell me, but take heed thou give not the rope with me."

"Very good," replied the youth.

The master became a ram, and the youth took him, and led him to the bazaar and sold him for a thousand aspres. But he gave not the rope, but took it away with him; and when it was evening his master reappeared.

After some days the master said, "Now, youth, to-morrow I will become a horse. Take and sell me, but see that thou give not the headstall with me."

And he became a horse; and the youth took him to the bazaar and sold him; but he gave not the headstall. And he took the money and went to his mother's house. When it was evening his master returned home, and when he found the youth was not there he said, "He will come in the morning," and went to bed. The youth on his side went to his mother and said to her, "O mother, to-morrow I will become a dove; sell me, but take heed not to give my key."

And he became a dove without peer. The woman put the dove up to auction, and the bidders began to

raise their bids at the rate of five piastres. But the fame of this dove, which spoke the language of the people of that city, being noised abroad, the master heard of it, and he came thither. As soon as he saw him he knew him to be the youth, and he said :

"Out on thee, misbegotten wretch, doest thou such a deed while I am still alive? Now, see what I will do to thee." And he went and bought him from the woman.

The woman said, "I will not give the key!"

Quoth the master, "Take fifty piastres more, and go and buy another key such as thou pleasest." And he gave her the whole sum.

The woman was greedy, and took the money; and she drew the key from her girdle and threw it on the ground. As soon as the key fell, it became a pigeon and began to fly, and the master became a hawk and pursued the pigeon. While they were flying about, the king was seated in the plain taking his *kaif;* and the youth looked, and, seeing no way of escape, he became a red rose, and fell in front of the king. And the king wondered and said:

"What means a rose out of season?" and he took it in his hand.

Then the master became a minstrel, and he came to the king's party with a mandolin in his hand, and sang a stave in a sweet voice. And the king marvelled, and said to the minstrel, "What desirest thou from me?" The minstrel answered, "What I desire from thee is the rose that is in thine hand." Said the king, "The rose came to me from Allah; ask something else." But the minstrel was silent.

He then sang another stave, and again the king said, "What desirest thou from me?"

Again the minstrel asked for the rose; and this time the king stretched out his hand to give it to him, whereupon the rose fell to the ground and was changed into millet. Then the minstrel became a cock, and began to pick up the millet. But one grain of the millet was hidden under the king's knee, and that grain became a man, who seized the cock and tore off his head. And the king and the nobles wondered, and they asked the youth of these matters, and he explained them.[1]

The Moslem belief in fatalism, or *Kismet*, is well illustrated in the following story:—

The Woodcutter and Fortune.[2]

In a forest in the island of Mitylene there once lived a woodcutter with his wife and his two children. All the fortune the poor man possessed was his axe, his billhook, and his pair of mules. Every morning, at break of day, the woodman rose and proceeded to the depths of the wood to cut down trees. Having laden his two mules with faggots and logs, he returned and then set off with them to the neighbouring town, where he sold the result of his daily toil.

Thus for twenty years he had lived. Fortune had for him no favours, and each succeeding day he found himself as poor as on the last. Weary of such a life,

[1] Adapted from Mr. Gibb's translation of the *Tales of the Forty Viziers*.

[2] *Les Littératures Populaires*, tom. xxviii. p. 168.

and seeing no hope of any improvement in his condition, he finally lost heart entirely.

"Since this is the case," said he to himself, "what is the use of toiling? If I were to lie in bed from morning till night, perhaps Fortune would take pity on me, and come to me while I slept. It shall be so; I will go no more to the forest."

So on the following day the woodman remained in bed. His wife, finding that he did not get up as usual, came to awake him.

"Come, husband," she cried, "it is time to get up; the cock crowed long ago."

"It is time, sayest thou?—time for what?"

"To go and cut wood in the forest."

"Yes, indeed, to earn what will keep us for one day, since that is our wretched lot."

"What canst thou do, my poor husband? We must submit to the caprices of Fortune, who has never been favourable to us."

"Well, wife, I am weary of the caprices of Fortune. If she wishes to find me, she will come to my poor hut and seek me here. But I will not go to the wood, that is certain."

"Come, come, my poor husband, are you mad? Do you think that Fortune will come to you if you do not run after her. Get up, take your axe and billhook, and go to the forest, or we shall all die of hunger—don't you know there is no bread in the house?"

"I don't care. I have told you that I shall neither get up nor go to the forest, and nothing shall move me. Leave me alone."

In vain the poor woman wept and entreated; her

husband was determined to lie in bed and wait for the arrival of Fortune.

Not long afterwards a man from the village came to the door.

"Friend," said he, "I have a load to remove. Can you bring your mules and help me?"

"I am sorry, neighbour, but I have sworn to lie in bed, and nothing will make me break my oath."

"Then lend me the mules, and I will pay you for them."

"Very well, neighbour, take them."

The villager had found a treasure in his field, and wished to remove it to his house. He took the mules, loaded them, and then led them homewards. He had nearly arrived at the village when he saw not far off some *zaptiehs* (armed police). He knew very well that all treasure trove belongs to the Sultan, and that to appropriate it is punishable with death. So he ran off, abandoning the mules, who went straight home with their loads.

The woodman's wife, seeing the beasts return heavily laden, and fearing to see them sink beneath their burden, ran to inform her husband.

"Quick, my dear! Get up! Here are our mules come back into the yard, I don't know how, bringing sacks filled with something so heavy that I fear they will sink under them."

"Wife, I told you that I shall not get up. I lie in bed."

The good woman, finding it impossible to make her husband listen to reason, went to the yard, and, taking a knife, set about cutting the cords which

bound the sacks to the pack-saddles. Immediately a shower of gold pieces, sequins, piastres, and medjidiehs,[1] fell to the ground with a cheerful ring. The sacks were brimming with them, and to right and left the court-yard was covered with a golden carpet more costly by far than the carpets of Smyrna or the Indies.

"A treasure! Great Allah," she cried, and ran again to the woodman's bedside.

"My dear, quick, get up! You were quite right not to go to the forest, but to wait in your bed for Fortune. She has come! Our mules have come back laden with gold pieces. All the gold in the world is in our court-yard! We are richer than the richest!"

The woodman now rose at once and ran to the yard, where for a minute or two he stood dazzled by the glitter of the sequins and golden piastres.

"You see, my dear wife," he finally cried, "that I was right to stay in bed to wait for Fortune. She is so capricious! Run after her, and you will never catch her; but stay and wait for her, and she will come to you!"

[1] Dollars.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

OSMANLI WOMEN: POETESSES OF THE RISE, DECLINE, AND FALL OF THE EMPIRE.

THE foregoing chapters will have presented Osmanli women under their more familiar aspect. I now propose to describe another phase of their existence with which Europeans are as yet but little acquainted.

Since the days of Aashik Pasha, the "Father of Ottoman Literature," who, in the reign of Orchan (fourteenth century), wrote his mystical *Divān*, the land of the Sultans has not lacked poets to sing the prowess of Moslem arms, the charms of harem hūrīs, or the beauties and mysteries of Nature. And now and again, too, a poetess has arisen whose genius has entitled her to rank with the literary celebrities of the age. Zeyneb, the first of whom there exists any biographical record, wrote in the fifteenth century; and Mihri, her successor, at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, a period at which Ottoman learning and literature, fostered by Sultans and Ministers who were themselves poets and men of culture, as well as warriors, had perhaps attained its zenith. Both these ladies, though as gifted in person as in mind, and notwithstanding Oriental prejudice against celibacy, elected to remain unmarried, devoted to literary pursuits, and honoured

with the friendship and esteem of contemporary men of culture and learning.

Zeyneb (Zenobia) was the daughter of an eminent *Kadi*, or judge, of Amāsia, in Asia Minor. According to her biographer, she gave evidence, at a very early age, of great intelligence, as well as of the possession of considerable poetic talent. Encouraged by her father to cultivate this natural gift, she studied under his direction the immortal works of the Persian and Arabian poets, and made herself mistress of the languages and various verse-forms in which they wrote. Having thus completed her poetical education, she began the composition of a *Divān*, or collection of poems, partly in her own musical Osmanli tongue, and partly in the more classical Persian. For, as her biographer remarks, "One easily writes poetry when one has collected a goodly number of thoughts." Zeyneb may be considered the poet-laureate of her day. Living, as she did, at an epoch when the passion for conquest and military renown filled every Osmanli breast, the successes of her country's arms fired the poetess with a patriotic enthusiasm which found expression in pæans extolling the high destiny of the conquering Mohammed—homage to which, it is said, the proud Sultan was not insensible. The following is one of the *gazels* in which Zeyneb apostrophises her Padishah in phraseology characteristically Oriental.

Cast off thy veil, and heaven and earth in dazzling light array!
As radiant Paradise, this poor demented world display!
Move thou thy lips, make play the ripples light of Kevser's pool!
Let loose thy scented locks, and odours sweet through earth convey!

A musky warrant by thy down was traced, and Zephyr charged:
"Speed, with this scent subdue the realms of China and Cathay!"
O heart! should not thy portion be the Water bright of Life,
A thousand times may'st thou pursue Iskender's darksome way.
O Zeyneb, woman's love of earthly show leave thou behind;
Go manly forth, with single heart, forsake adornment gay![1]

This *gazel* of Zeyneb's, like most Eastern poetry, contains allusions which require, perhaps, a few words of explanation *El Kevser* is the name of a river in Paradise, here used in the sense of "kindly speech," the words of a lover being often compared by poets to the soft rippling of water. The *down* upon the cheek of the "loved one" is frequently alluded to in Oriental poetry. It contains, in the original, a favourite pun upon the word *khatt*, which means alike "down" and "writing." The poetess would say, "When thou movest thy face, the down (*khatt*) upon thy cheek traces in the air lines of writing (*khatt*) so fragrant that they form, as it were, a written command to the breezes to go, and by means of the sweetness with which they have been impregnated, conquer the native land of musk."[2] "Iskender's darksome way" is an allusion to that most favourite Oriental myth, describing the journey of Alexander the Great in in search of the "Fountain of Life," which is said to spring forth in a "Land of Darkness," surrounded by a "Sea of Darkness." If any drink of this Fountain he will live for ever; but so great are the dangers and terrors of the way that one man only has succeeded in overcoming them and obtaining the reward

[1] Gibb, *Ottoman Poems*. [2] *Ibid.* note 55, p. 236.

of immortality. He is the mysterious being called Khidhr, or Khizr, the traditions concerning whom connect him, as I have already mentioned,[1] with the Prophet Elias, with St. George (of the Dragon-adventure), and with the Egyptian mythical hero, Horus. Alexander is said to have wandered long in the Land of Darkness, and at last to have given up, in despair, his search for Khidhr and the Water of Life. The Ottoman poet and author, Latifī, quotes the foregoing poem of Zeyneb in his *Teskera*, and appends to it, as a reply (*Nazirā*), this complimentary *gazel*.

Hūri, again our feast as shining Paradise array!
With thy sweet lip the beaker fill brim-high with Kevser's spray.
O Sūfī, if thy cell be dark and gloomy as thy heart,
Come then, and with the wine-cup's lamp light it with radiance gay;
Heap up like aloes-wood the flames of love within thy breast;
From thine own breath to all earth's senses odours sweet convey.
O Zephyr! shouldst thou pass the home of her we love so well,
Full many blessings bear to her from us who her obey.[2]

* * * * *

Turkish chroniclers and authors, both contemporary and subsequent, with one accord pay tribute to the genius of Zeyneb, which was equally successful in the portrayal of virile and of tender sentiments. Kimāli Zadé, who compiled in the sixteenth century a biography of poets, thus extols this gifted lady: "The learning and poetry of this Bride are not covered and concealed by the curtain of secrecy and the veil of bashfulness; but the rosiness of her beauty

[1] Vol. i. p. 191. [2] Gibb's *Ottoman Poems*, *note* 54, p. 235.

and the down and mole of her comeliness are beheld and admired by the world, and are the object of the gaze of every man and woman." The same writer applies to Zeyneb an Arabic verse from a German translation, which I have thus rendered:

> Her woman's sex dims not the Sun's effulgent ray;
> Though masculine the Moon, he lighteth not the day.[1]

And Latifī, the poet-biographer and critic, speaks of her as "an exception among women." "May Allah," he continues, "veil her shortcomings. She was a noble daughter, a chaste and virtuous maiden, endowed with many agreeable mental qualities. Learned men marvelled at her understanding. Her father, when he saw sparkle the rare jewels of her talent, supplied her with masters in the arts and sciences, and placed in her hands the Persian and Arabian poets."

The Asiatic town of Amāsia had also the honour of giving birth to the poetess who wrote under the *takhullus*, or "pen-name," of *Mihri*, a term which, signifying equally "Follower of Love" and "Follower of the Sun," admirably describes the spirit of her poetry. Mihri had, at the outset of her literary career, formed a sincere attachment for a handsome and accomplished youth, Iskender (Alexander) Tchelebi, the son of Sinan Pasha, an Italian convert to Islam. Iskender, who, like the generality of Osmanlis of position in those days, was well versed in Oriental literature, appears to have invited her

[1] The respective genders of the Sun and Moon are the same in Arabic as in German.

regard in the first instance by presenting her with an album containing extracts from Persian and Turkish poets, which he had arranged and illuminated in those curious and artistic designs affected by Eastern calligraphers. His regard for the poetess, however, was either of a brotherly character, or his affection was but transitory, for he seems to have remained insensible to the fervid and passionate appeals contained in her poems, in which she frequently alluded to him, sometimes even by name.

But though Mihri sang loudly of her love, so irreproachable was her conduct that the voice of slander never assailed her fair fame. Contemporary and subsequent chroniclers are unanimous in their praises of her talent and virtue. The learned biographer, Aashik, thus testifies to her spotless reputation: "She was complaisant to no one . . . . and her virgin neck knew no embrace but that of her amber collar." And Latifi, when putting on record her saying, that "A woman's words require forbearance; doth not the proverb say—'Long is her hair, but short her understanding'?" at the same time thus poetically describes the Osmanli poetess of Love: "Her cultured mind harmoniously blended the rosy tints of metre and rhyme with the lily hue of virginal rhetoric. . . . . Like the poet Nedjati, whom she imitated, Mihri wrote of love and love's bliss in order to have something to write about; for no man could boast that he had lifted the veil of her innocence even a hair's-breadth." The vein of inconsolable sadness which runs through Mihri's poetry would, however, seem to show that the subject of love was not

with her merely "something to write about." For, in one of her poems, after lamenting the fatal day on which she first saw Iskender, and enumerating all the sufferings his cruelty had caused her, she exclaims, "And yet I could not but have loved him!" Though love was ever her theme, no lover could again find the way to her heart. As she sings:

Like rose that droops while yet a bud, 'neath summer's torrid ray,
By love's fierce flame am I consumed at dawning of my day.

The two following *gazels*, addressed to the faithless Iskender, are from Mr. Gibb's *Ottoman Poems*. Though the talented translator, in retaining the metre and rhyme of the originals, has, perhaps, given them a special value for those interested in Oriental verse-form, the totally different word-order of the Turkish language renders their reproduction in this form less pleasing to English ears than a freer translation would have been.

I.

Faithful and kind, a friend I hoped that thou wouldst prove to me;
Who would have thought so cruel and fierce a tyrant in thee to see?
Thou who the newly-oped Rose art of the Garden of Paradise,
That every thorn and thistle thou lov'st—how can it fitting be?
I curse thee not, but of God most High, our Lord, I make this prayer—
That thou mayst love a pitiless one in tyranny like to thee,
In such plight am I now, alack! that the curser saith to his foe:
"Be thy fortune dark, and thy portion black, even as those of Mihri!"

II.

Once from sleep I oped my eyelids, raised my head, when full in sight

There before me stood a moonfaced beauty, lovely, shining, bright.
Thought I; "In th' ascendant's now my star, or I my fate have reached,
For within my chamber sure is risen Jupiter[1] this night."
Radiance from his beauty streaming saw I, though, to outward view,
(Whilst himself a Moslem) he in garb of infidel was dight.
Though I oped my eyes or closed them, still the form was ever there;
Thus I fancied to myself: "A fairy this or angel bright?"
Till the Resurrection ne'er shall Mihri gain the stream of life;
Yet, in night's deep gloom, Iskender gleamed before her wond'ring sight.[2]

But though Mihri lived and died unwedded, it was not for want of suitors. Among the literary aspirants to her hand were the poets, Zāti and Guvāhi. The latter called into requisition all the poetical eloquence of which he was master to prove himself worthy of her affection. But in vain he declared that "were he surrounded by enemies as a falcon royal by crows, a glance from the divine splendour of her eyes would console him;" in vain, as Madame Dora d'Istria says, "il faisait parler ses larmes;" in vain he represented to Mihri the fleeting nature of youth, and urged her to consecrate to love the beauty that years would soon destroy. The poetess replied to his protestations only by a poem expressing her wishes for his wedded happiness, and at the same time hinting facetiously at what might

[1] Jupiter is called in Oriental astrology "the Greater Fortune," and is considered the most auspicious of all the planets.

[2] Alluding to the above-mentioned myth of Alexander the Great and his search for the Water of Life.

be to him the future consequences of his present devotion to her.

From the fair of His creation,
Thee may Allah send
One in whom all charms that please thee,
Sweetly meet, and blend.

One who, with her ringlets' meshes,
Takes thee in a snare;
In the well of whose chin's dimple
Fallest unaware.

One, the lips of whose sweet spirit
Still shall present shine,
When to crystal cup from flagon
Runs the ruddy wine.

Beauty's Queen her slaves will summon—
At her sovereign word,
Round Guvāhi's throat they'll tighten
Straight the fatal cord.

When thou askest, "Why this sentence?'
Plead'st thou'st done no ill;
She'll reply, "Because thy sonnets
Name but Mihri still."

Mihri's subsequent refusal of an offer of marriage made to her by a professor of the College at Eyoub (a suburb of Constantinople) prompted an epigram from the poet-laureate Zāti, which may be thus rendered:

The Pasha asks for Mihri's hand!
Will she be tied in wedlock band?
Will she, who bid the best begone,
An ass's yoke at length put on?

Among her literary friends and correspondents,

Mihri included, besides those above mentioned, the poet-chancellor, Medjīd Zadé, the trusted friend and confidant of Bajazid II. when, as Prince Bajazid, he held the post of Governor of Amāsia. So highly admired and esteemed was this functionary, that the poet Nedjati dedicated to him his *Divān* of poems, instead of, as was usual, to the reigning Sultan.[1]

Mihri had, when a child, been the object of Medjīd Zadé's boyish devotion; and, on his receiving the Chancellor's seal-ring, she addressed to him the following little epigram, referring to their childish affection, and punning on the word *chatime*, which, besides being the *takhullus* he appended to his poetical writings, signifies a *seal-ring*, and also a *kiss*.

> Ere thou the seal-ring on thy hand didst place,
> Thou didst imprint the seal on Mihri's face.
> Mihri, in days when life was nought but joy,
> Loved thee, by Allah! when thou wast a boy.

After Mihri, who died in 1514, we have no record of any female writer of merit until the latter half of the seventeenth century, when a lady, the daughter of Qamer Mohammed, a distinguished legal doctor of Constantinople, began, under the *takhullus* of Sidqī ("Sincerity"), to delight with her poetry the cultured circles of the capital. Few personal details concerning this poetess are, unfortunately, available. Like her predecessors in the train of the Muses, she appears to have died unmarried; and it is recorded

[1] According to other authorities, however, Nedjati dedicated his *Divān* to Prince Mahmoud.

that she was buried at her father's side, near the Adrianople gate of the city, in the cemetery where so many poets rest. Sidqī was a prolific writer, and left behind her at her death in 1703, besides the customary *Divān*, two long mystical poems, entitled respectively the *Treasury of Lights*, and the *Collection of Information*. Unlike Zeyneb and Mihri, however, she sang not of earthly, but of heavenly love. Nearly all Persian and Ottoman poetry, whether epic or lyric, possesses, besides its apparent meaning, an esoteric and mystical signification. The romances of *Yusūf and Zulaikha*, *Leila and Mejnūn*, the *Mantic Uttair*, and other Oriental favourites have all an allegorical interpretation; while the *gazels*, or odes, though to all appearance mere erotic or bacchanalian songs, are in reality fervent hymns to the Creator. For, as the learned author of the *Dabistān*,[1] or "Book of Manners," truly says: "Man, to express his most fervent adoration of the Divinity, uses the expressions by which he is wont to address the object of his most tender affections; he has but the fire of earth to kindle in sacrifice to heaven." This phraseology of Love has, to the initiated, an accepted meaning. The "Fair One," or the "Friend," upon whose perfect beauty they long to gaze, is *God;* the "Lover" is *Man;* "Wine" is the *Divine Love*, and so on, through every detail. Sidqī's poetry is full of this Sūfī mysticism, and some passages, indeed, appear to indicate that she was deeply versed in the pantheism which is so closely allied to

[1] Sheikh Mohammed Mohsan, a native of Kashmīr, and contemporary of Shah Jehan, Emperor of Delhi (seventeenth century). See Oriental Translation Fund: *The Dabistān*.

the doctrines held by the Sūfī sect. Her *Treasury of Lights* opens with this invocation:

> With Allah let us this discourse begin,
> That Allah's help we have in all our work;
> In Allah all work its beginning hath,
> So Allah's name shall now this work begin.

The following *gazel* is one of many mystical odes expressing the yearning of the human heart for oneness with the Infinite.

He who union with the Lord gains, more desireth not;
He who looks on charms of Fair One, other sight desireth not.
Pang of love is lover's solace, eagerly he seeks therefor,
Joys he in it, balm or salve for yonder blight desireth not.
Paradise he longs not after, nor doth aught beside regard:
Bower or garden, mead, and youth, and Hūri bright desireth not.
From the hand of Power Unbounded, draweth he the wine of life;
Aye inebriate with knowledge, learning's light desireth not.
He who loves the Lord is monarch of an empire, such that he—
King of inward mysteries—Suleymān's might desireth not:
Thou art Sultan of my heart, ay, soul of my soul e'en art thou;
Thou art soul enow, and Sidqī other plight desireth not.[1]

A contemporary of Sidqī, Fatima, the wife of a Kadi of Salonica, and a member of the family of the great Muftī and historian, Sa'ed ed Din, also composed a *Divān*, under the *takhullus* of "Ani." Ottoman critics, however, while extolling her domestic virtues, ridiculed the pretensions of Fatima to poetic talent. The learned Orientalists, Servan de Sugny and Von Hammer Purgstall, have, however, done her the honour to translate one of her verses into French and German respectively, as follows:

[1] Gibb, *Ottoman Poems*.

J'ai, quand je me depeins ton visage enchanteur,
Des roses dans les yeux, des lilas[1] dans le cœur.

Mein Aug is Gulistan, Durch deines Wangenbildes Phantasien.
Syringen blüh'n heran, In Wunden welche tief die Brust durchziehen.

Of Fitnet Hanŭm, who wrote in the latter half of the eighteenth century, little is personally known, except that she was the daughter of a Muftī named Esad, and that Izzet Molla, in one of his poems, refers to her as married to a man unworthy of such a wife. Her name signifies "Restlessness." The passionate adoration of, and delight in, the beauties of Nature, which are inborn in every Osmanli breast, find eloquent and melodious expression in this *museddes* (hexastich) of Fitnet.

The fresh spring clouds across all earth their glistening pearls profuse now sow;
The flowers, too, all appearing, forth the radiance of their beauty show;
Of mirth and joy 'tis now the time, the hour to wander to and fro;
The palm-tree o'er the fair one's picnic gay, its grateful shade doth throw.
O liege, come forth! From end to end with verdure doth the whole earth glow;
'Tis Springtide now again, once more the tulips and the roses blow.

Behold the roses, how they shine, e'en like the cheeks of maids most fair;
The fresh-sprung hyacinth shows like to beauties' dark sweet musky hair;

[1] The lilac is, in the East, the symbol of mourning; the rose, of joy.

The lov'd one's form behold, like cypress which the streamlet's bank doth bear;
In sooth, each side for soul and heart doth some delightful joy prepare.

O liege, &c.

The parterre's flowers have all bloomed forth, the roses, sweetly smiling, shine;
On every side lorn nightingales, in plaintive notes discoursing, pine;
How fair, carnation and wallflower the borders of the garden line!
The long-haired hyacinth and jasmine both around the cypress twine.

O liege, &c.

Arise, my Prince! the garden's court hath wondrous joys in fair array;
O hark, there 'midst the rose's boughs the wailing nightingale's fond lay!
Thy bright cheeks show the new-oped rose, and make it blush with shamed dismay;
With graceful air come then, thy cypress-mien before the mead display.

O liege, &c.

Enow! thy lovers pain no more, of faithful plight the days are now;
On streamlet's banks, of mirth, and joy, and gay delight, the days are now;
In hand then take the heart's dear joy, the goblet bright, its days are now;
O Fitnet, come and these thy verses sweet recite, the days are now.

O liege, &c.[1]

The most noble, but at the same time the most

[1] Gibb, *Ottoman Poems*.

unfortunate, of Ottoman poetesses was Hibetulla Sultana, the sister of Mohammed II., "The Reformer." Indeed, a more tragic history could scarcely be found in modern times than that of this gifted and unhappy lady. Her beauty, wit, and high rank commanded the homage of all with whom she came into contact; and she might well have considered herself safe from "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune." But, alas! nowhere are the revulsions of the fickle goddess' wheel more sudden and more complete than in the East; and he who seems most favoured is, not unfrequently, the first to incur her frown.

During the terrible revolt which resulted in the assassination of the worthless Mustapha IV. and the succession of Mohammed II., Hibetulla Sultana, suspected, not unnaturally perhaps, of favouring her brother's cause, was hurried by the tyrant's minions from her gilded bower to a prison in the Serai. Finding herself abandoned by the fair-weather friends on whom she had formerly bestowed favours, and dreading at every moment the entrance of a mute with the fatal bowstring, she resolved to end her life by poison.[1] And thus perished, in the flower of her days, this unhappy princess, whose career had promised to be one of exceptional brilliancy.

While awaiting, with the calm resignation to Fate characteristic of Moslems, the result of the fatal draught, she bade farewell to the world in this touching death-song. It is written in the Eastern, or Saracenic, dialect of Turkish. The metre

[1] Mahmoud II. escaped the bowstring at this crisis only through the devotion of a slave, who concealed him in the furnace of a bath.

and rhyme are, as nearly as possible, those of the original.

I have drunk the hemlock bane,
I of earth my leave have ta'en,
For my heart's consumed with pain,
And to die my soul is fain.

Laughed I on earth's flower-decked plain,
Knew not perfidy's disdain;
Now am I with anguish slain,
Now to die my soul is fain.

Kismet doth our lot ordain,
What avails then to complain?
Its decrees who can constrain?
So to die my soul is fain.

Happy hearts deem life a gain
Me the world invites in vain;
My life's star is on the wane,
And to die my soul is fain.

Faithless friends desert her train
Who grief's bitter cup must drain.
While they laugh, I weep amain,
And to die my soul is fain.

The following little love-song is one which Hibetulla Sultana composed in her happier days.

Say, who can rival thy beauty bright?
What the rose-bloom of thy soft cheeks blight?
Who trip along with such footstep light?
Humbly thy slave
One boon would crave—
Come forth and gladden my longing sight,
Pity, O lady, my woful plight.

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Arched are thine eyebrows, thy curling hair
Scents with sweet basil thy brow so fair,
I'll do thy hest, and will fail thee ne'er.
Humbly thy slave
One boon would crave—
Let me not, loving thee, still despair,
Pity me, lady, and hear my prayer!

With the family of which Leyla Hanŭm was a member are connected other names eminent for learning and talent, notably those of her brother, Izzet Mollah, the Vice-Chancellor poet, and of her nephew, Fuad Pasha, who, besides being an enlightened and able statesman, was no mean poet.

Leyla Hanŭm belongs to the first half of this century, having died in 1858. Her *Divān*, though consisting chiefly of chronograms on passing events, is admitted to possess considerable merit; and translations of some of her poems were, during her lifetime, published in Vienna periodicals. The specimen chosen by Mr. Gibb is a chronogram on the untimely death of her friend, Andelīb Hanŭm ("The Lady Nightingale"), the foster-sister of Mahmoud II.

Andelīb, th' adopted sister, from this transient world has flown,
Yonder, 'midst the flowers of Eden, while still in her youth to stray.
No physician, neither charmer on the earth her pain could ease,
So that youthful beauty bided not to smile on earth's mead gay.
With her two-and-twenty summers cypress-like[1] was she, ah me!
But the sullen blast of winter smote her life's bright lovely May.

[1] The cypress is considered by Orientals to be a model of elegance and grace.

For its tyranny and rancour might have blushed the cruel Sphere,[1]
As the Sister of Earth's Monarch pined in grief without allay.
Though her Kind Friend[2] never parted from her eyes' sweet gentle beam,
Still did she to God her soul yield, and the call, *Return*, obey.
Down the wayward Sphere hath stricken that bright jewel to the earth:
What avail, though men and angels tears of blood shed in dismay?
Length of days to that great Sultan may He grant, the God of Truth;
And yon fair pearl's tomb make rival His own Eden's bright display!
With the dotted letters, Leyla, thou the year tell'st of her death—
CaLm amid DeLightsome bowers may AnDeLīb her nest array!

The chronogram (*Tarīkh*) is a favourite form with Ottoman verse-writers. All the letters of the Turkish alphabet have a numerical value, and when the numbers represented by the letters of a verse, or sentence, give the date of the event to which the words allude, that verse, or sentence, is called a *Tarikh*. In poetical chronograms, however, the date is contained only in the last line, or, it may be, only in certain letters of that line. The "dotted letters" above referred to give, on addition, the date 1252 A.H. (1836), the date of Andelīb Hanŭm's death; and Mr. Gibb has preserved this conceit in the translation by using the Roman characters, C, D, L, &c., to make up that date.

The foregoing names of Ottoman poetesses sufficiently testify, in my humble opinion, to the willingness of men, even if "Unspeakable Turks," not only to recognise and appreciate talent in women, but also to concede to them every facility for higher education

[1] The "cruelty of the Sphere" is a favourite expression in Oriental poetry.

[2] See p. 538.

whenever a sincere desire for it has been manifested. I trust also that the reader who reflects on the facts contained in the preceding pages will realise how false is the assumption of Mr. J. S. Mill and his disciples that Woman has everywhere, and at all times, been in a position of slavish subjection to Man. The respective spheres of the men and women of the various nationalities I have attempted to describe are regulated mainly by the special social and economic conditions under which they live—some conditions necessitating a rigid seclusion of women, and others allowing them an extraordinary degree of independence. The subjection of women in the East is, consequently, so far as it exists, the result of such conditions, rather than of legal and religious enactments. Their subjection in the West has been, on the other hand, chiefly the result of the substitution of the Law of the Christian Church for the later Roman Law, under which women enjoyed greater personal and proprietary privileges than are now claimed by the most advanced champions of "Women's Rights." The personal and proprietary enfranchisement of women which has been so far accomplished was, indeed, indispensably necessary. But I believe that I am at one with the vast majority of Englishwomen in thinking that the assumptions of the Women Suffragists—the "brutality of men," and the "antagonism of the interests of men and women"—are utterly false; hence, that no political slavery of women exists, and no political enfranchisement is, therefore, required; and hence that Womanhood Suffrage would, quite needlessly, introduce into politics an element altogether incalculable.

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